

Dunton's Whipping-Post :

O R, A

SATYR upon Every Body.

To which is added,

A Panegyrick on the most deserving Gentle-
men and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms.

With the

WHORING-PACQUET:

O R,

News of the St — ns and Kept M — s's.

V O L. I.

To which is added,

The LIVING ELEGY:

O R,

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.

With the

Character of a Summer-Friend.

A L S O,

The Secret History of the Weekly Writers,
In a distinct Challenge to each of them.

To the Interloping Whipsters.

You do not Jerk the Times; are like the Fleas,
You bite the Skin, but leap from the Disease.

L O N D O N: Printed, and are to be Sold by B.
Bragg, at the Black Raven in Pater-noster-Rowe. 1706

B  L

An Alphabetical Table to the First Volume.

Note, Where the Reader finds Great [P] he must look for the Subject he wants, either in — Dunton's Whipping-Post— Panegyrick on Eminent Persons— Or in the Whoring-Parquet— And where he finds Little [p] he is re- ferr'd only to — The Living Elegy.

A Teachers, their Ill Success and Confession. p. 12, 15, 36, 57.
A ——— (Lasy) keeps Two St——ns. P. 115.
 Athenian News. P. 111.
 An Atheist (whose Name is conceal'd) Expos'd and Lash'd.
 P. 52.
 Author offers a Challenge to the whole World. P. 5.

B

Brooksbank (Bathshina) her Character. P. 86.
 Loyer (Author of the Post-Boy) his Character. P. 98 — Some Remarks on his freshest Advices. — P. 99. He is a Man of Refin'd Principles. Ibid. — Dunton draws upon him in Black and White. P. 98.
 Buckley (Author of the Daily Courant) his Character. P. 102 — Admirable Genius and Critical Learning. P. 102 — Remarks on Daniel de Foe. P. 102 — He is challeng'd to a Paper-Duel. P. 102.

C

Colton (Thomas) his Character. P. 82.
 Crouch (Nat.) his Character. P. 103 — Writes the English Post. P. 103 — Collects his News with Accuracy and Judgment. P. 103 — Unmannerly Treatment of Second Spira. P. 104 — Habit of Lying. P. 104 — Dunton sounds his Bell, and attacks him in Earnest. P. 105.
 Cuckolds (contented) a Discovery of several such. P. 55.
C — (D — s) has Two St — ns. P. 114.
 Conversion of an old Whoremaster. P. 112.
C — of J — is a Keeping Lady. P. 115.
 Concubine Parquet. P. 115.

Dunton

An Alphabetical Table.

Dunton (John) his Idea of a New Life (*Characteriz'd by a Country Gentleman.* P. 2. And by a London Divine. P. 3.)
 — Why he Erects a Whipping-Post in his own Name. P. 6
 — His Religion. p. 58 — Private Discourse with his Creditors. p. 61 — Tyes himself to the Whipping-Post P. 70 — Directs a distinct Pacquet to all Ranks and Professions of Men. P. 17 — Meets with the good Samaritan in Cheapside. p. 10, 39. — Forgives all his Enemies. P. 54 — Is very happy in his second Wife. P. 40 — Writes after he is dead. p. 7.

Dawson (Joseph) his Character. P. 83.

Dickenson (Thomas) his Character. P. 85.

Devil is Pimp General to the World. P. 113 — He is brought to the Whipping-Post. P. 119.

D — of — hates his Wife only for bring his Wife. P. 114.

Despair, a Poem. P. 54.

Discoveries to be inserted in next Journal. P. 120.

Death, a Panegyrick thereon by Dr. Will, never Printed before. P. 76.

Detachment of Devils. P. 14.

E

L — E — keeps a Miss. P. 114.

E — (Lady) has Two St — ns. P. 114.

F

Firth (John) his Character. P. 85.

Foe (Daniel) his Character. P. 88. — He is challeng'd to draw either Pen or Sword. P. 83. — Reines in his Sleep. P. 90 — Remarks on his Western Travels. P. 91.

Fonvive (Author of the Post-Man) his Character. P. 94 — Is the Glory of News-Writers. P. 95 — His Generosity to a Brother of the Quill. P. 95 — Dunton sends him a Challenge. P. 94.

F — r (Madam) has debauch'd many E — ls, L — ds, K — ts. P. 115.

Fen ty'd to the Whipping-Post for making Love to the Author of this Journal. P. 62 — A Copy of her Courting Letter. P. 64 — Dunton's Answer to it, both in Prose and Verse, P. 65, 66, 67.

Grave

An Alphabetical Table.

G

- Grave proper for an English General. P. 13.
 Golden Age, a Poem. P. 21.
 Mr. Gazet his Character. P. 105 — He's guilty of many Blunders.
 P. 106 — His Eminent Loyalty. P. 106 — He is challeng'd to
 defend his Writings. P. 106.
 G—— (Lady) has run through a System of Debauchery. P. 115.

H

- Hewley (Lady) her Character. P. 81.
 H——s (Ben) his Character. p. 41.
 Hackney Scriblers their Character. p. 34. — Their ill Fate in Stan-
 dardizing. p. 56.
 History of the lewd Keepers of both Sexes. P. 115.

I

- Interloping a base Practice. P. 7.
 Ingratitude, Essay thereon. p. 6.

K

- Keeping Lord and Lady Characteriz'd. P. 114.

L

- Letter promising the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham, Dr.
 Lee, &c. P. 72.
 Lister (Accepted) his Character. P. 85.
 Larkin (Senior) his Character. P. 108.
 Letley (Author of the Rehearsal) his Character. p. 24.
 Letter from Yorkshire, encouraging the Panegyrick on Living Men. P. 5
 Lives and Deaths of Eminent Persons to be inserted in this Journal. P. 16
 Living Elegy in Prose and Verse. p. 7, 62.

M

- Manton (Thomas) an Epitaph upon him by Dr. Wild, never Printed be-
 fore. P. 79.
 Moderator (a Hackney Writer) his Character. p. 17.
 M——s her haughty Character. p. 33 — A Poem writ to humble her. p. 35.
 Mettle a Dog of Honour. p. 5.
 Murderer of Sarah Stout Whip'd in Effigie. P. 49.
 Marry'd Woman tempted to desert her Husband. P. 112 — A Copy of the
 Letter wherein she despis'd the Title and Salary of a Kept Miss. P. 112.

N

- News-Paper which is the best. P. 107.
 Nany-House Characteriz'd. P. 117.
 New-Reformers a Poem. P. 5.

O

- O—— (Lady) meets her Si——n in the Pallmall. P. 115.

P

- Peters (Peter) his Character. P. 84.
 Priestly (Nathaniel) his Character. P. 84.
 P——s (William) Whip'd for his Drunkenness, Detraction, and In-
 terloping. P. 26 — His Character. p. 19.

Party

An Alphabetical Table.

Party of Men discover'd and fir'd for their base Ingratitude. P. 42.
 P——d of Harwich whip'd for being a (Contented) Cuckold. P. 55.
 P—— (Lady) keeps a St——n. P. 114.

Q

Quaker in Exeter promises to give the Character of 1000 Ingenious Men and Women in that City. P. 16.

R

Ridpath (George) his Character. P. 95—— His Flying-Post is the Honestest of all the News-Papers. P. 95—— Remarks on the sudden Death of his Son. P. 97—— He is urg'd to a Literal Combate. P. 98.

Roper (Abel) his Character. P. 98.

R—— keeps a Whore. P. 114.

Rake Characteriz'd. P. 118.

R——m (Lady) puts Dr. —— beside his Text. P. 115.

S

S—— (Geo.) Interlopes with the Whipping-Post. P. 8.

Sharp (Abraham) his Character. P. 87.

Sabina (Divine) her Character. P. 72.

Summer-Friend his Character. P. 4.

Sir Charles —— keeps Two Misses. P. 114.

Salmon (Female) some Remarks thereon. P. 14.

She-Plyer. P. 120.

Stocks, a Poem. P. 53.

Secret History of the Weekly Writers. P. 87.

T

Tutchin (John) charges P——s with Interloping. P. 8—— His Character. P. 92—— A Health to Captain Tutchin and Honest Roger his Countryman. P. 93—— They deserve Knighthood. P. 93—— Duntton threatens to Towel 'em both. P. 94.

T—— (Lady) has lost her St——n by Death. P. 115.

Town-Miss Characteriz'd P. 119.

W

Whipping-Post its Novelty and Usefulness. P. 9—— The Method observ'd in Whipping Offenders. P. 9—— All Persons whip'd, without Regard to their Quality. P. 9—— The Whipping-Post, a Poem. P. 47—— A Catalogue of such Persons and Things as Duntton intends to Whip. P. 11—— Whipping-Post and Panegyrick-Office Erected in every Town in Europe. P. 17—— Whipping Letter to Dr. Smirk. P. 69—— Whipping-Post blows his Horn. P. 19.

Wedding-Pacquet. P. 120.

Wandering Spy Corrected and Lash'd for his Adultery and obscene Writings. P. 30—— His Character. P. 16—— He is charg'd with Two Bastards. P. 16—— A Project to mortify his Eyes, Tongue, and Sense of Feeling. P. 30.

Wi—— (a Doggrel Poet) his Character. P. 46.

Wife (Jealous) brought to the Whipping-Post. P. 57.

Y

Yorkshire, a Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons in that County. P. 81
 The

The Introduction.

Explaining the Novelty and Usefulness of The Whipping-Project.

I Am very sensible, he that writes in hopes to have the Reputation of an Author, is like seeking Preferment that is already posses'd; since there are Mr. Norris, Collier, Garth, Addison, Congreve, &c. and many others, that claim a Preheminence in all manner of Wit and Learning, before him; that he may conclude of his Repute, and judge of his Endeavour not worth the fouling of his Pen: Besides, mine is a *Whipping-Project*, and Men are not very willing to be LASH'D into good Manners; the most being apt to conceive they are wise enough for themselves and the World without farther CORRECTION; it being as impossible that one Man's Pen shou'd give Satisfaction to the World, as that his sword alone shou'd be able to Conquer it. However, all I desire of my Reader is, That before he begins to read, he lay aside all those Common Enemies to Truth and Justice, [*Passion, Prejudice, Partiality, &c.*] and there is Reason enough for this Caution; for Montaign tells us, That there was a Book Publish'd in Paris, that being said to be writ by a Great Lord, Sold to the Ninth Edition; but the Right Author being discover'd to be a Poor Tradesman, the Tenth Impression was waste Paper. I have found much of the like Partiality with Respect to my own Writings; for *The Athenian Oracle* (of which I was the

the first Projector, and in many Places the sole Author) came to a *sixth Edition*, (a) by appearing without a Name: And my *Anonymous Sayr on King William* came to a *Fourth Edition* in six Weeks; but my *Idea of a New Life* (being Publish'd with the Author's Name) has't bore the Charge of Paper and Print. And the Prejudice shewn to this Book is the more *Ridiculous*, as a Person unknown to me [*In a Letter dated April the 10th, 1705.* (b)] has done me the Honour to say.

' Mr. *John Dunton*—— Sir, I have just now read
' over your *Life and Errors*, (as you call it) with
' Delight and Satisfaction: We that cannot be *Innocent*,
' must needs be *Penitent*; and after all, may say with the
' *Psalmist*, *Psalm. 19. 12. Who can understand his Errors?*
' This is certain, an *Ecliptick Line* may be drawn thro'
' the best Man's *Zodiack*; for in many things we offend
' all: And none of us can say that we have made our selves
' clean, or are pure from our Sins. This is our Comfort,
' That it we confess and forsake our Sins, God is just to
' forgive our Sins, &c. I like your *Idea of a New Life*
' admirably well, especially your *Oeconomicks*, than which
' nothing can be more Excellent, and for your *Characters*,
' It is Matter of Admiration to me, you have performed
' the Work with so few Coincidencies, almost, or
' all the Characters in *different Expressions*.

' Sir, I love you the more because you are a diligent
' Reader, Lover, and Writer of Books. I esteem
' such *Men of Thought* as much above the ordinary
' Sort of Mankind, as Angels are above us, allowing
' for the *Hyperbole*. I love you also for your *Universal*
' *Catholick Charity* for all Good Men. I must own my
' self to be a *Dissenter*, but no *Bigot* to any Party:
' I shou'd not have Charity for my self, if I thought I had
' not Charity to all good Men, of what *Perswasion* soever—

(a) *Viz. Three under the Title of Athenian Mercury, and Three under the Title of Athenian Oracle.*

(b) *This Letter came from an unknown Person, living as far as York.*

The Introduction.

3

‘ I am Hearty sorry for your Confinement, whether
‘ Voluntary, or otherwise : But

‘ *Who thinks Reproach or Injuries are done,*
‘ *By an Eclipse, to the unspotted Sun?*
‘ *He only by that Black upon his Brow*
‘ *Allures Spectators more, and so do you.*

‘ I doubt not but you will (at least I desire it may
‘ be so) live to see these *Clouds dispers’d*, and appear as
‘ Bright and Shining as heretofore: I hope the Pity
‘ and Prayers of your Friends will at last open the
‘ Heart and Purse of Madam Nicholas—— Sir, I have
‘ much to say to you upon other Matters, which this
‘ Letter will not contain: And therefore I shall con-
‘ clude at present:—— Your Assured Faithful Friend,
‘ *tho’ unknown, &c.*

This Letter was writ by a Person wholly a Stranger
to me; but since the Receipt of it, (as if Providence
intended to remove all Prejudice to my Name and
Writings) a Pious and Learned Divine (with whom I’m
well acquainted) in his Letter to me is pleas’d to say,

‘ Mr. Dunton, you desire my Character of your *Idea of*
‘ a *New Life*, (or Essay shewing how you’d think, speak
‘ and act, might you live over your Days again) and I
‘ shall give it to you with that Freedom that you know is
‘ Natural to me. And here, after my Reverend Friend
had given such a Character of my Style and Ideal Project
as I think not modest for me to Publish. He concludes
his Letter with saying, ‘ I am sorry that your Writings
‘ *Shou’d lose any of that Esteem that might be due to them*
‘ *by your kind Opinion of me, but bating what concerns me,*
‘ *I think your Idea of a New Life useful to all Mankind,*
‘ *and very much of it particularly serviceable to Youth; and*
‘ *accordingly I have recommended it to my Son, who has*
‘ *read it with Improvement; and I take this as the truest*
‘ *Evidence of my Opinion of it to you, because you know*
‘ *how much I value Him, and how cautious I am in his*
B *Educa-*

The Introduction.

Education—— I shall only add, That a Visit from you will be extremely acceptable to—— Your Real Friend, and Humble Servant, &c.

I had not been so vain as to have Publish'd these Two Panegyrics on my own Book, (tho' they are Printed just as they were sent to me, without the Alteration or Addition of one Syllable) but that the World may see how unjust and Ridiculous 'tis to be Prejudic'd at Mens Names before we have read their Writings: But if my Ideal Life that was merely Publish'd to please and Reform the Age, has met with such Partial Treatment, what can I expect from this Whipping Project, which is not only attack'd by an Interloper, but has as many Enemies as there are Whores and Rogues in the World. However my Subject is Good and Great, (being A New Project for Reformation) and had I handled it with that Life and Seriousness the Subject deserves. The Whipping Post (tho' written by John Dunton) would have the General Suffrage of Good Men. But whilst Bigotry and Lewdness is found in the World, this Whipping-Post (as well as its Author) must expect unmannerly Treatment: For, tho' I profess my self—— A Son of the Church—— yet I will never WHIP a Conscientious Dissenter; and a modest Papist will meet with as kind Treatment, for I'm none of those that have either Respect to Persons or Parties; but I despise Bigots of all Religions, and shall make 'em all Caper at Dunton's Whipping-Post, (from the Great Sa——rel down to the Turn-coat W——y.)

Thus Reader you see I have drawn my Pen, and defy the Devil and all his Hackneys; for shou'd I fall in the Defence of Virtue, and in a War with Vice, 'twou'd be Great and Honourable, and I shou'd only pity and pray for a prophane World—— Then I hope no Man will count me vain, or conceited, for putting my Name to a Whipping-Post; for I have fairly prov'd, That in an Age so Learned, and so full of Criticks, as ours is, a Man HUMBLER HIMSELF when ever he takes up
the

the Name of Author. For the Rigour of the Criticks is so great, that no Merit, how well soever establish'd, can escape them; and it looks like a kind of Presumption in a Man, to commit himself openly to the Judgment of the Publick — To say Truth, He that sets up for an Author, offers a Challenge to the whole World, and therefore must expect the Criticks will fall upon him, (or perhaps say he is MAD, and avoid him.) But I profess my self a Disciple of that Great Man, who being ask'd by *Heliogabalus* 'How he durst be so PLAIN, 'Because said he, I dare die; I can but die if I speak the Truth, and I must die if I flatter — I know some will think this Bold Attempt for 'tis A Satyr upon Every Body; [Man, Woman and Child that deserve it] but if the worst of Men in an Ill Cause can be Brave and Daring, why shou'd the Proselytes of Virtue be Timorous and Sneaking?

For my own share, I resolve, Every Smile that the Society for Reformation give to my Whipping Project, shall like the Blast of a Trumpet in War, incite and encourage me to a Closer Battle with Vice. And that the World may see how Zealous they are for a Reformation, I hope they'll encourage one of the weakest Instruments, (for so I count my self) that endeavours to promote it.

Yes! a Brave few there are who Firm abide,
And stem with their Bold Breasts th' Impetuous Tide!
Who DARE be Good, tho' Numbers them despise,
And spight of Ridicule, still dare be wise.
O! may I (tho' Unworthy) have the Grace
In their Bright Ranks to fill the Humblest Place;
This MITE into their Sacred Treasure bring,
Nor they disdain so MEAN an Offring;
Whilst you kind Spirit, my Frozen Breast inspire,
And Lighten with your own Celestial Fire;
So shall I with Success all Hell engage,
Above the Affons of an Ill Natur'd Age,
Safe in my close unknown Retirement be,
And love and pity those who censure me.

But seeing there cannot be a *Truer Touch-stone* to discover the Temper of this Nation, how far 'tis dispos'd towards a Reformation, than from their encouraging a *Project* that is to *whip and expose Scandalous Persons*. I hope I shall have the greater Encouragement, as I came a *Volunteer into this Service, against Vice*, and will appear Monthly (or as often as my Health will serve) in Defence of the *present Reformation*: And who knows, if *Good Men* will give their Assistance, but our *Whipping-Post* may produce a General Reformation, and (where even *BRIDEWEL* has been Ineffectual) may *Laish* the Age into good Manners, I *shan't think the Duke or his Blew Garter, too great to tie to the Whipping-Post*. Nor shall I find the *Knight, &c.* (or his kept *Miss*) above *Correſtion*: For if any of our Nobles and Gentry make use of their Power and Riches to be more Vicious than others, they are as much more guilty than others as they are Higher than they, and shall be Expos'd to as much (or if possible,) a greater Shame; for a *Star, or a Shining Title, will Exalt and Adorn our Whipping-Post*, and convince the World that *Dunton's Journal* is no Mock — Reformation, but a *Whipping-Post* to Correct and Amend the Age — Besides, shou'd I expose none but *LITTLE SINNERS*, (such as are pick'd up in the Streets, or are Whip'd in *Newgate* or *Bridewel*) the malicious World wou'd say, (and that justly too) that *JUSTICE* is not fairly Hood-wink'd, but makes a shift to get a Glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares one more than another. But this Partiality is a *Sneaking Practice* I both scorn and abhor; and for that Reason *JOHN DUNTON* does here Erect a *Whipping-Post* in his own Name, and whoever I *Laish* (be it Lord or Beggar) shall fairly know the Person that hurts 'em, that so if I wrong the Reputation of any Man, he may know *how, and where, to demand Satisfaction*. So that if ever *Satyr* has been *Impartial*, 'tis in this *Journal*. — 'Tis true, this *Whipping-Post* is not Erected in *Bridewel*, for I *shan't* presume to Correct Offenders; where a *Lord Mayor* is the sole Judge. However,

ever, 'tis an *Original Project*, (as I prove in the following Sheets) and tho' drawn by an unskilful Hand, I hope has something in it that will *Reform and Divert the Age*——

Having given a brief Account of the Partiality and Ignorance of *Danton's Enemies*, and how Impartial he intends to be in the Whipping Offenders——
'Twill be proper in the next Place, that I present the Reader with *The Secret History of the Enemies to this Journal*; the doing of which will set our *Whipping Post* in a yet clearer Light, and farther [explain the Novelty and Usefulness of it.]

The first *Furies* that undermin'd me (and wou'd fain blow up my *Whipping Project*) was *Geo. S*—— and his *Drunken Alecto* (a) of which take this following Account.

Having form'd a new and useful Project, I thought proper to entitle *The Whipping-Post, &c.* I gave Publick Notice of it in my *Fourth Edition of Plain French*, (b) as believing that no Bookfeller of *Common Honesty* wou'd Publish any thing with my Title; and I was the more Credulous in this Matter, as I never my self (in the 600 Books I have Printed) went upon any Design that interfer'd with another Man's Project or Title; for any but a *Tacking-Bookfeller* wou'd have the Honour and Sense to consider (c) ' *That this is but a Learned way of Robbery at best, and a Man may as well take the Bread from his Neighbour's Mouth, as destroy either his Project or Copy*—— And I find Mr. Turchin of the

(a) I call him *Drunken Alecto*, as he's so great a *Sot and Fury*. If you'll believe my *Living Elegy*, P. 19. or *The Gentleman's Journal*, P. 190. That all he writes is over a *Glass*.

(b) Or *Satyr upon the Tackers*.

(c) As I formerly hinted in the *History of my Life and Errors*, P. 88.

same

same Opinion; for in his *OBSERVATOR* (a) he does me the Honour to say, 'Harry Clitus has set up another Libel under the Title of the Whipping-Post, a Title Publish'd by another Person, and the Paper design'd. to be written by a much better Author; but Harry Clitus thought convenient to steal the Title, not having Sense enough to contrive one fit for his Purpose himself, as also to shew with how much Honesty he began his High-Church Drudgery— I don't pretend to deserve the Character that is here given of my Whipping-Project. But I must own Mr. Tutchin has done me Justice in saying P——s has [steal my Title] and I'll prove it upon him before we part: Nay, the Interlopers seem to be so honest themselves as to own this; for in their Whipping-Post, Numb. 1. they tell the World, 'They would not be suppos'd to Interfere with Mr. John Dunton, who has given out in Print, that he design'd to write a Paper with the same Title to it—— Thus far the Interlopers; by which it appears, that what I least deserv'd (or suspected) has now come to pass; for Tuesday July the 12th, S—— and his Whipping-Rake Publish'd a useless and silly Paper with this Title, *The Whipping-Post; or a New Session of Oyer and Terminer for the Weekly Scriblers*: As if 'twas entail'd upon S——'s Family, to steal both Titles and Projects from John Dunton; for this Bulkly Whipster is Son to that very S—— who undermin'd my *Question-Project*, till he lost about 20 l. (b) and then flung up his *Lacedemonian Mercury*, as the just Reward of an Interloper.

But whatever be the Design of our Whipping-Plagiaries, this is certain, that their calling their Paper *The Whipping-Post*, is an open and Bare-fac'd Wrong to my *First Projection*. But tho' they have STOL'N my Title *Verbatim*, yet they have neither hit on the *Novelty* of my Project, nor the Method I design in carrying it on.

(a) *Observator* Vol. 4. Numb. 38.

(b) As is further hinted and prov'd in my *Living Elegy*, P. 20.

And for that Reason I call this Journal *The Original* (or *Dunton's Whipping-Post*, &c. — 'Tis an Intellectual House of Correction; (a sort of spiritual Bridewel) and I call it *The Whipping-Post*, as I have settled a Correspondence with the Informers against Vice, in several Parts of the Three Kingdoms: And as this way of Lashing Offenders was never thought of before, I hope all the Societies for Reformation will give it Encouragement, by sending to me the Names and Lodgings of Scandalous Persons (or by discovering all such Works of Darkness as deserve Publick Correction.) So that the Interlopers have only stol'n my Title, but have wholly mist what I intended by it; for *Dunton's Whipping-Post* is not to try Offenders at — *A New Session of Oyer and Terminer* — (for Trying and Whipping are different Things) but rather to bring the First Rate Sinners of the Age upon their Knees, at Confession, that the Secret Errors and Debaucheries of their Lives being Expos'd in their own Penitential Letters, I may the better adapt my Answers (or Lashes) to the Nature and Quality of the Sinners: For, tho' I shall WHIP all Offenders, (without Regard to their Quality) yet I shall be very tender of such Penitents who fley themselves with their own Whipping: For, as *Foe* tells us,

' All Sinner ceases when the Men repent,

' 'Tis Cruelty to LASH the Penitent.

So that the Method I shall observe in Whipping Offenders will be this following.

1. I shall perswade the Criminal to a Free Confession of his Secret and Scandalous Sins; and such Penitents as these shall be very tenderly Lash'd — But for such harden'd Wreches that won't down on their Knees and own the SIN they are guilty of, I'll first prove it upon them, and then WHIP 'em severely — So that having found the Offender guilty either by his own Confession, or by some Credible Witnesses —

The

The Second Thing I shall do is to tye him up to the WHIPPING-POST, which Whipping-Post shall be something of the Nature of his Crime, and that may explain to him from the Argument of his own Feeling, how vile and abominable his Offence is—— As, if the Criminal be A Whore master, A Pockey-Filt—— If a Drunkard, the Stocks—— If a Thief, the Gallows—— If a Scold, the Ducking-stool—— And if a Tacket, young Perkin—— shall be the WHIPPING-POSTS we'll Lash them at, &c.

3. having found the Offenders, and ty'd them to such POSTS, as is most proper to answer the End of our Whipping-Project, I'll next seek out for such RODS as will best Lash and Reform their Morals—— As the Rods of Horror and Despair will be fittest for the Atheist—— of Shame and Beggary for the kept Miss—— And if the Criminal happen to be a Slanderer, &c. he shall be well Lash'd with the Rods of Truth and Honesty——

This is a Brief Account of my Whipping-Project, by which it appears, the Interlopers have taken a wrong Method in writing A Whipping-Post, and their Paper is wholly suppress'd; (and it was but Time) for 'twas A Scandalous Jacobite Make-bate, and the whole Performance gave the Lye to their Title.

Thus (Reader) you see I'm seiz'd (again) with the Athentan Itch, and I believe now I've hit on a Whipping-Project that will always please; for there is Revenge and Ill Nature in every Creature, and as long as Men are Sinners themselves, they'll love to hear of the Fallings of others, as (they think) it lessens their own.

The Diverting-Post Travell'd but little Ground, but a Whipping-Post is such an Ill Natur'd Project as must needs meet with a General Welcome; for it must be acknowledg'd, that DETRACTION doth employ a good
Part

The Introduction.

II

Part of the Eyes and Ears of the whole World. Most Pleasures leave an ungrateful Relish behind 'em; there is none but REVENGE that gives a full Satisfaction: It grows sweeter, methinks, after it has been tasted, and it continually augments in proportion to the Sufferings of our Enemy. 'Tis my Constitution-Sin and like Sam. W—— (a) I never forgive those that offend me, 'till I see 'em Penitent. The *Question-Project*, ow'd its Rise to a Flaming Injury, I receiv'd from a Near Relation; and this *Whipping-Post*, to the Wrong done me by F—— W—— and *The London Post*.

I have spent a great deal of Time in writing *Panegyrics* on Eminent Persons; (I Inserted a *Thousand* in the *History of my Life and Errors*) but as I've shewn the *Light Side*, I'll now shew the *Dark Side* of the same Men, &c. And were it possible to strip *Malice* of all its Appurtenances and Slanders, it might well be allow'd to be the *Best Informer*, since we are sure that such (where they have Prejudice) will speak Home to Truth: But we must take Care in this Case, that they come no further than the Bar, to give Evidence; for, if they shall be allow'd to give Judgment, we may expect an unjust and malicious Sentence. But however others may act, I dare and will speak the Truth; and if I only WHIP such as deserve it, I need not care who I expose.

And here to oblige the Reader, I'll give a distinct Catalogue of such Persons and Things as I intend to LASH: And they are

First, *The Devil himself*, as he's the Arch, or Grand Corrupter of Mankind.

The next I shall tie to the Whipping-Post, is Drunken P——s (the Interloper) a special Fellow to whip the Age into Good Manners!

I shall Firk no less a Man than the Duke of —— (out upon him!) for keeping Whores in his Old Age.

(a) See his 2d Satyr on the Dissenters.

C

W——y

W——y, D——ke, and M——th, must take a Turn at our Whipping-Post; and with them all the Hackney Authors in London and Westminster ———

Rehearsal—Moderator—Spy—down with your Breeches; and you Mrs. M—— off with your Smicket, for you have Midwiv'd so many Lyes into the World, as d-serve Whipping till the Blood comes.

The Two Universities must next appear—— with F I R I O S O, (I mean S——rel) and about Forty of the Cambridge Bed-makers.

All the Atheists, Thieves, Strumpets, Drunkards, Swearers, Persecutors, Cowards, Gamesters, Usurers, &c. that have been discover'd, [in the Letters directed to me, from divers Parts of the Three Kingdoms] shall be all ty'd to the Whipping-Post, and have the same (or if 'tis possible) a more Severe LASHING than I formerly gave (a) to Offenders of this Sort——

Make Room now, and be all uncover'd! for I shall next bring to the Whipping-Post his W O R S H I P the Mayor of St. Albans.

I shall take Madam Fen by the Lilly Hand, and having strip'd her of all her Furbelo's, will Lash Her till I'm out of Breath; for she had like to have Kidnap'd S O M E B O D Y into Matrimony; and 'tis necessary the World shou'd see how her Back can Blush for her Feminine Courtship.

All Detractors, whatever, shall dance at our Whipping-Post; but more especially such who (like Ben—— H——) murder Men's Fame in the Dark.

Kingdoms, Armies, Intreagues, Books and News, must expect our Saryr——

The kept Misses that Whore for Bread (as well as Common Night Walkers) will be fit Persons to be brought to a Whipping-Post: For, tho' Bridewel be the proper Place for whipping of Strumpets (be their Quality never so great) yet many of these Lewd Cattle may 'scape beating of Hemp, (and having their Backs Scarrified) that can't prevent being

(a) In my Project for Reformation, Publish'd by Mrs. Malter.

Lash'd

Lash'd in Print: For, I'll be so Impartial in Whipping all English, Irish, and Scotch Whores, that were my own Mother caught in a Bawdy-House, the World shou'd know it.

Scandalous Clergy men, Corrupt Lawyers, Ignorant Quicks, and Cheating Tradesmen, &c. must all expect to be whip'd

I'll take a Voyage to Sea, and if I find one Coward in the whole Fleet, (be he Admiral, Captain, or what he will) I'll tye him fast to the MAIN MAST, and Lash him 'till he dares fight.

Yes, like an English Gen'ral will I dye,
And all the Ocean make my Spacious Grave,
Wonen and Cowards on the Land may lye,
The Sea's a T O M B that's proper for the Brave.

Tunbridge, Epsom, &c. And the New Play-House (for I dare not call it the Queen's Theatre) shall all be brought to our Whipping-Post. Not one Actor, Rake, or Comedy shall 'scape Correction.

I shall Lash all the Ridiculous Customs, Dresses, Sayings, &c. in England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. and other Parts of the World.

The Deists, Socinians, Turn-coats, &c. and High-Flyers (of all Religions) shall be Ferk'd at our Whipping-Post.

I shall whip several Heretical Opinions (as that of the Salvation of Devils—— Men before Adam—— Mortality of the Soul, —— Resurrection of Beasts, &c.)

And in (the last Place) that the World may not think me Partial, I shall tye my self to the Whipping-Post, and will allow my Enemies (but have a Care of being provok'd by Prejudice or Misinformation) to Lash me as long as they please.

I shall WHIP—— But I won't enlarge, for I shan't only LASH what is here mentioned, but several other Things (which are so very uncommon) as I think not proper to give an Account of 'em here, but will rather surprise the World with their Novelty.

So that you see, Reader, I have Erected A Whipping Post in good Earnest, and resolve, every Thing

that deserves *Correction*, shall have it: 'Tis therefore desir'd of all that wou'd promote *The Reformation of Manners*, (the chief Design of this *Whipping-Post*) that they'd send me what Instances they can under these *Heads*, but let 'em be well attested; for no Persons shall be LASH'D here, but what are *Enemies to the present Government*, or *Scandalous Persons*: And for all such, they must expect no *Quarter*. For, as I write nothing but Truth, (and for the Good of my Country) if A Detachment of Devils shou'd oppose my Design, I wou'd dare to meet 'em half way, and bid 'em Defiance—— Defiance! Yes, for there is a Book call'd A Whip for the Devil; and sure I am, if we resist Satan, he will fly from us.

Having Explain'd the *First Part* of our *Journal*, Entitule [*The Whipping-Post; or Satyr upon Every Body*] I proceed now to the *Second*, which shall be—— A *Panegyrick on the most deserving Gentlemen and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*—— And here I must acquaint the Reader, That as in the *Satyrick* I shall Lash Offenders without regard to their Quality, so in the *Panegyrick*, Part I shall be as forward to praise Virtue, wherever I find it: And for that Reason (as it sets the Whipping Post in a better Light) I make A *Panegyrick on Eminent Persons* one Part of my *Journal*. And I count it the easier Part; for Reputation is a Tender Thing, and few can bear to be Whip'd into good Manners: But as for those I commend, my Pardon is secured against all Accusers, but only TRUTH, which Condemns if Injur'd. So that if the World were as much in love with TRUTH as it were to be wish'd, there might be good Use of A *Panegyrick on Living Men*; and all Persons, except they were unreasonably Bashful, wou'd as willingly see the Pictures of their Minds as of their Faces, and (seeing no Man knows but himself may come into this *Journal*) be as fond of making them worth the Drawing. Sr William Cornwallis saith of Montaign's Essays, 'That it was the likeliest Book to advance, Wil-

dams

dom, because the Author's own Experience is the chiefest Argument in it. And indeed, should every Man write an History of his own Life, Comprehending as well his Vices as Virtues, how useful would this prove to the Publick? But such an *Impartial History of Living Men* may rather be wish'd for, than expected, since most have preferr'd their own private Reputation, before the Real Good of themselves or others. But yet (which gives me Hopes I shall Compleat this *Panegyrick on Living Persons*) there are some to be found, (tho' their Number is VERY FEW) who prefer the Publick Good to any other Consideration whatsoever. And of this Number is my worthy (tho' unknown) Friend now living in *York-shire*; for in a Letter he sent me the last Post, he is pleas'd to say ——— ' Mr. Dunton, If you please to do me the Favour, in your *Panegyrick on Eminent Persons*, (which you promise June the 20th) to Insert the Characters of some of my worthy Friends, &c. in these Parts, I will send you a True Account, upon which you may depend.

' Such as the Noble and charitable Lady Hewly of York.

' The neat and accurate Mr. Thomas Colton of the same City.

' The never to be forgotten Mr. John Fitch, the most Famous Preacher of the Age wherein he liv'd.

' The Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Priestly, a most Excellent Preacher, and Universal Scholar.

' The Grave and Studious Mr. Thomas Dickenson, a Person of a Tenacious Memory, and Eminent in Prayer and Preaching.

' Mr. Pet. Peters, sorely afflicted with the Stone, but a most pious Man, and very accomplished Preacher.

' Mrs. Bathsheba Brooksbank, a Woman of a Noble Spirit, and great Encourager of Learning, and all Laudable Designs, &c.

' With many others, of whom these are but Hints; but I shall not fail (if this Letter find you) to send you their true Characters at Large; and you may depend upon this, that I will send none but such as will add Honour and Reputation to your Journal.

‘ I must also intreat you to Insert the Character of Dr.
 ‘ Manton; for, tho’ he is Characteriz’d by Mr. Calamy,
 ‘ yet too much can never be said of so worthy a Person.
 ‘ Then pray Sir, attempt his Character; and to encourage
 ‘ you to it, I’ll send you those Excellent Verses made upon
 ‘ his Death by Dr. Wild.
 ‘ Sir, I have much to add, but fearing the Post
 ‘ will be gone, I have now but just Time to Subscribe my
 ‘ self,

Your Assured (tho’ unknown) Friend, &c.

Thus far my York-shire Friend. And since the Receipt of this Letter, an Honest Quaker in Exeter (in a Letter to an Eminent Trader) has these Words. ‘ If thy Friend
 ‘ Dunton will come to Exeter, I will direct him to take
 ‘ the Character of a Thousand Ingenious Men and Women in
 ‘ this City and Country. And (to encourage me to go to Exeter) he adds, ‘ And every one will buy a Book. But I must here acquaint my Exeter Friend, that neither my Health, nor Circumstance, oblige me to go 200 Miles to get a Penny. But if this Generous Person will send me the Thousand Characters he here mentions, they shan’t fail of a Place in our New Journal.

I insert these Two Letters that others may imitate the Publick Spirit of those that writ ’em, and Contribute as much as they can to our History of Living Men; which if our Clergy and Gentry would do, according to the Example of these Letters, our Second Part would rather be a BREATHING LIBRARY than a Panegyrick: And as we are led by Examples more than Precepts, ’tis hop’d ’twill be of General Service.

That nothing may be wanting to render the Second Part further useful, if any Person will send me The Lives and Deaths of their Pious Relations, &c. they shan’t fail of a Place in our next Journal.

I might enlarge; but if these Considerations won’t prevail with my Reader to send me his True Character, perhaps he’ll repent it when ’tis too late; for in this Journal I’ll spare neither Saint nor Sinner: And for that Reason

Reason, I can't but think the *Pious and Learned* of either Sex, will Contribute their own Characters, (and that of their Friends) towards the perfecting our *Panegyrick on Living Men*. But whether they do or no, I shall now lead the way, 'till I have *Saiyriz'd* (or *Prais'd*, where the Case will bear it) all the *Noted Persons* in the *Queen's Dominions*. And that I may more Effectually perform this difficult Task, I do (by this Publick Notice) as 'twere, set up *A Whipping-Post and Panegyrick Office* in every Town in *Europe*.

I have now given a distinct Account of Two Parts of my Journal. [*viz. The Whipping-Post, and Panegyrick on Living Men*] But I can't expect [in a Time of War] that any thing shou'd please much that has not—*A Pacquet of News*—— belonging to it: And therefore as every Post carries different Pacquets, [*viz. The English, Dutch, French, Spanish, &c.*] so to comply with Custom, (and to Divert the Reader after he has been tyr'd with Graver Matters) every Part of *Dunton's Whipping-Post* shall have a new and different Pacquet annex'd to it——

We begin with the *Wh——g Pacquet*—— and shall proceed to *The Ladies Pacquet*—— *The Courtiers Pacquet*—— *The Scholar's Pacquet*—— *The Marlborough Pacquet*—— *The Usurer's Pacquet*—— *The Virgin Pacquet*—— *The Beans Pacquet*—— *The Projector's Pacquet*—— *The Wedding Pacquet*—— *The Spanish Pacquet*—— *The Actor's Pacquet*—— *The Cuckold's Pacquet*—— *The Tyburn Pacquet*—— *The Occasional Pacquet*—— *The Funeral Pacquet, &c.*—— And so on, till we have directed a *Distinct Pacquet* to all Ranks and Professions of Men——

So that the Pacquets which will be added to every WHIPPING-POST, will consist of Occurrences, &c. that neit er *The Gazer, Post-Man, Post-Boy, r Flying-Post, &c.* take any Notice of: And that which will render these Pacquets yet the more useful, I shall insert no NEWS, or Occurrence in them, that (like other Mails) is useless after

after 'tis read; but such as is *truly Remarkable*, and will be worth Reading as long as we live.

Thus, Dunton's Journal will consist of——
A Whipping-Post, (or Scurril on Every Body)—— of a *Panegyrick on Eminent Persons*,——and of a *PACQUET of Athenian News*; and will be so manag'd, as to be made a *Universal Entertainment*——

These are but *Brief Hints* of the Novelty and Usefulness of the *Whipping Panegyrick News-Project*, &c. But by what they are, you may judge what will follow; consider therefore this only as the Design of a Work which *Time will better polish*: And seeing 'tis a *POST* of General Use, 'tis hop'd the Ingenious will send such Discoveries, &c. in *Verse and Prose*, as may properly be inserted in this Journal, directing them to be left at *Claypool's Coffee-House in Swan-Alley, in Birchin-Lane*, [not forgetting to discharge Postage.]

As to the *Living Elegy* (annex'd to this First Journal) I own, 'tis a sort of *Paradox*, that Dunton shou'd write after he's dead; but 'tis what I prove in my *Living Elegy*, P. 7. and as it gives *The Character of a Summer-Friend*, and [*A Word of Comfort to my Few Creditors*] I hope 'twill divert and please all that read it. But my *Secret History of the Weekly Writers*, I suppose, will disgust every Body. And perhaps some will think me a little Bold, that in this Part of my Journal I shou'd send a *Distinct Challenge* to—— *The Review, Observer, Gazette, Post-Master, Post-Man, Post-Boy, Daily-Courant, English-Post, &c.* But these Eight are Authors of Credit, and for that Reason, I say all I can to provoke 'em to a *Paper-Duel*: But for the other Weekly Writers, [*viz. The Moderator, Wandering Spy, Rehearsal, London-Post, Interloping Whiffler, &c.*] they are such a Rabble of Tackers, and Hackneys, they are only fit for a Porter's Correction; and therefore some will admire, that my *Living Elegy* shou'd mix it self with [*The Lives, Religion and Honesty, &c.*] of these Fellows: But tho' I lessen my Credit with *Fighting so many Scoundrels*, yet they

they were RUBBISH, 'twas necessary I shou'd remove before I laid the Foundation of this Building. And s——ge THEFT, in stealing my (Whipping) Title, and the MURDER of others in stabbing my Name, &c. I hope will excuse me for this Time, and the rather, as I'll stain my Paper no more with 'em— Thus Interlopers and Scoundrels, avaunt! Be gone! For, Lo! — The Whipping-Post — Blows his Horn, and I have nothing further to say to you.

DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part I.

OR, THE

Whipping-Post:

BEING

A SATYR upon Every Body.

CHAP. I.

The Devil brought to the Whipping-Post (by Two Spiritual Bayliffs) for his Primitive Irregularity.

Whipping-Doings! For, having Explain'd the Novelty and Usefulness of the Whipping-Project, I come now to satyrize Every Body. (i. e. Whip such as deserve it) And the First I'll Lash is Belzebub, as he's the Arch. or Grand Corrupter of Mankind. So that now Enter Devil Trammel'd in a Parcel of Bible-Chains, with a Brace of Spiritual Bayliffs Guarding at his Elbow: After which DUNTON Addresses the Malefactor——

D

Why

Why Satan, you have beaten all this Turf (or rather Temp-
sed the Humane Race) but to purchase your self a Whipping;
like some Travellers who measure so many Acres Abroad, but
return Home Block-heads: For, I have several Weighty
Things to lay to your Charge: And in the First Place I
shall prove you——Wickedness in the Original, The Source and
Fountain of all Mischief. All the Instances of Extrava-
gance which happen in our wether Climate, are but distant
Streams, and Participations of your Primitive Irregularity.
To represent your Effigies, wou'd put Nature into a Fright,
and turn the Poles Topsy-turvy. However, that I may give
the World a rude Sketch of your Deformity, I shall
Expose to Publick View Two of your most Darling,
tho' Diminutive Lineaments; that from the Foot they
may be able to find out the *Hercules*——

Now the spiritual Parts which I at present design to
Whip, are your Two Beloved Members, *Envy* and *Ambi-
tion*: *Envy* at the greater Happiness of your Maker,
and *Ambition* to put your self into the same Circumstance.

That Member which I shall first Whip, is your *Envy*.
You had the Forehead to be displeas'd at the Felic-
ties of your Creator: You sicken'd at the Sight of your
Maker's Happiness: You were angry that He who gave
you Being *Gratis*, shou'd continue to exist; and were
vex'd that *He who could not but be, was*. You were the
first of *Atheists*; and like the rest of your Successors,
not so much an *Atheist* in Principle, as in Desire:
Tho' you might have liv'd like an Angel, yet because
you were not suffer'd to Top the Omnipotent, you
resolved to be Nothing: Because you cou'd not strip
Suits with your Maker, make Merchandise of your
Identity, and run out of your own Being into his, (like
an Errant Metaphysical Devil as you was) you wou'd
needs be making Faces against his Beauty, and for the
Time to come have nothing to do with Him.

The other Prospect of your Character I shall set to
the Spectators, is the Landscape of your *Ambition*. And
here I see you Enterprising Infinite Designs, and going
about Daring Achievements. You endeavour'd to over-
turn

Dunton's Whipping-Post.

21

turn the Eternal State of Things, to dispossess the Omnipotent of his Ancient Throne, and laying close Siege to the Kingdoms of Eternity, you were resolv'd to make the best of your Way into the Throne; to turn him out like another Saturn, and to make new Promotions according to your Pleasure. And thus (which your Hellish Majesty can't but own.)

The Golden Age was first, when Man yet new,
 No Rule, but uncorrupted Reason, knew;
 And with a Native Bent did Good pursue.
 Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere;
 Needles was written Law, where none oppress'd,
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast.
 No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
 No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was heard,
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
 No MINE nor THINE did then Mens Hearts infest,
 For Chancery Courts were kept in ev'ry Breast.
 The Mountain Trees in distant Prospect, please,
 Ere yet the Pine descended to the Seas;
 Ere Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,
 And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.
 No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound,
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;
 Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and Crime,
 The soft Creat'n slept away their Time:
 The Teeming Earth yet guiltless of the Plow,
 And unprovok'd did Fruitful Stores allow;
 Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
 On Wildlings and on Strawberrys they fed.
 Kernels and Bramble Berrys gave the rest,
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast;
 The Flow'rs unsown in Fields and Meadows Reign'd,
 And Western Winds Immortal Spring maintain'd:
 But when good Saturn banish'd from Above,
 Was driven to Hell, the World was under Jove.

Succeeding Times a Silver Age behold,
 Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.

D 2

Then

Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear,
 And Spring was but one Season of the Year;
 The Sun his Annual Course obliquely made,
 Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the Bad:
 Then Air with sultry Heats began to glow,
 The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow;
 And shivering Mortals into Houses driv'n,
 Sought Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heav'n.
 To this came next in Course the Brazen Age,
 A Warlike Offspring prompt to Bloody Rage.

Hard Steel succeeded then,
 And stubborn as the Metal were the Men;
 Truth, Modesty and Shame the World forsook,
 Fraud, Avarice and Force their Places took.
 Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew,
 Raws were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.
 Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,
 Ere Ships in Triumph plow'd the Wat'ry Main.
 Then Land-Marks limited to each his Right,
 For all before was common as the Light:
 Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
 Her Annual Income to the crooked Share:
 But greedy Mortals rummaging her Store,
 Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore;
 (Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid,)
 And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd:
 Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,
 Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold,
 And double Death did wretched Man invade,
 By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
 Now, Brandish'd Weapons glit'ring in their Hands,
 Mankind is broken loose from Moral Bands.
 No Rights of Hospitality remain,
 The Guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain.
 The son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life;
 The Wife her Husband murders, He the Wife:
 The Step-dame Poyson for her Son prepares;
 The Son enquires into his Father's Years;

*Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,
And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns.*

And ever since this Apostacy (I mean ever since the Devil turn'd Rebel, and tempted Eve) he has gone about seeking whom he may devour, and so will continue to do to the End of the World.

And now Ambitious, spiteful Devil, having Expos'd your Character, and that of your Children, to open View, I shall proceed (in the Second Place) to let down your Spiritual Beeches, Erect the Whipping-Post, and tye up your Crimes to the Machine of Castigation.

And in the First Place, I shall bring your Envy to the Stake. Now, the Place which I have Assign'd for the Whipping of this Viper, shall be the Test and Standard of Universal Excellence. The Stake, or Post I shall bind you to, is General Success, the Conquests of Religion, the Bloomings of Paradise, the Victories of Justice, and the Blessings of Providence, &c. After this you shall take a Turn with me in the Gardens of Nature, examine the Variety and Curiosity of their Productions; and Scan over all the Agreeableness of the Creation. Behold these Plants, in what Cemel and Beautiful Order they are Ranged! See the Delicacy of their Structure! And what Art hath been employ'd in spreading forth their Branches! — Methinks you don't seem Transported with the Prospect! But if you examin'd the Admirable Virrues of their Leaves, the Harmony of their Lineaments, and the Exquisite Prettinesses of their various Tincture, you wou'd soon change your Countenance, look as sleek as a Cherub, and smile upon them, at least from the Inclination of Sympathy. What? Can nothing give you Pleasure? I thought you wou'd almost have been Transported to Madness, and that you cou'd not but have admir'd the Omnipotence of your Maker: But I find (on the Review) Envy is not so much of Kin to Enthusiasm; it can slumber on the Bosom of Beauty without Ravishment; Rife thro' the Curiosities of the Creation without Wonder, and turn over Nature's Great

Poem

Poem without Praise; it grows Lean, with Eating; the Glare of Excellency strikes it stark sick, and it wants Spirits to support the Presence of a Superiour.

Having thus affix'd your Envy to a Pest of Correction, I shall next bring your Towering Ambition to the Stake. But let me see? At what Post shall I Whip this Rhodomontading Vice? Since 'tis a Malefactor of Extraordinary Quality, I care not if I go out of the Way to meet with Him. I am resolv'd what to do; I will Erect an Aerial Cyburn, to which I'll tye Him; a Stately Pinacle, advanc'd within the View of all Created Spirits, that they may see Him do Pennance for the Haughtiness and the Vanity of his Undertaking. What, Defy no less a Power than Omnipotence to single Combate? Grapple with the Irresistable Artillery of Heaven? The Singularity of the Contest deserves a Distinction; and to Whip you in Private wou'd be to throw away the Example: No, you shall suffer with Remarkable Infamy; and the Distinctions of your Punishment shall be as singular as your Enterprize.

Having thus far reported the Materials of your Guilt, and fasten'd both your Vices to agreeable Posts of Misery,

I shall Thirdly, (and in the last Place) bestow a Shower of Lashes on your offending Posteriors; Jerk your Intestines with a Dose of Lampoon, and Administer a few Switches to what you never set your Eyes on; and after this, if you carry not your Hell upon your Shoulders, you shall have an Hours Diversion.

Now, the Sin which challenges the Precedency, is Envy; this Crime therefore I shall Whip first. But hold, this Vice, methinks, is hardly a fair Mark for Castigation; 'tis hard coming at it; 'tis so strongly Entrench'd within its own Inclosures, that one cannot get a Stroke at it to Advantage. It might perhaps be thought sufficient to bring down its Reputation, if I demonstrated the Folly and Unreasonableness of its Original; proved its Parent scandalous, and Exhibited the Miseries and Contradictions of its Progress; how it taints the Animal Spirits;

Spirits; corrupts the Blood, and undermines all the Strength and Foundation of the Body.

I shall therefore take a nearer Cut to its Correction, set it a Howling at a Stroke, and oblige it to acknowledge its own Distemper. Now the Course which I shall take to accomplish this Design, shall be to leave it to its own private Chastisement. Envy, as 'tis the first, 'tis likewise the greatest Plague to it self, finding nothing out of Doors that can give it Entertainment; it retires to its own Cell, falls a fretting and eating up its own Inwards; and is obliged in a Corner to fall foul upon it self: Like Prometheus's Vulture, it Feasts and Gormandizes on its own Entrails. 'Tis perhaps the sole Vice which observes no Festivals. 'Tis incessantly in the Wheel, and working at Home, and Preying and Grinding upon its own Vitals. The best Method therefore to be reveng'd upon Envy, is to Switch it with its own Tail.

But your Ambition hath hung long upon the Tenters, I shall therefore now put an End to its Expectations, and give it a Transitory Observation or Two. This Quality is perpetually straining up the Hill, and Languishing for somewhat that lies out of the Reach; 'twould gladly overgrow its own Being: It exerts the utmost Stature of its Person, stands trembling upon the Tip-toe, and is ever pulled out into its perfect Length. The Chastisement therefore which I assign this aspiring Sin, shall be to Languish on the Wheel, to Hang out into all its Proportions upon the Rack, and lie Extended to all the Advantages of its Being——

Thus (Devil) having whipp'd your Envy, and Ambition, &c. I shall leave you in Chains of Darkness. (2 Pet. 2. 4.) and proceed to one of your choice Favourites, (or Weekly Drudges) by Appellation William P——s.

C H A P. II.

William P——s Whipp'd for his Drunkenness,
Detraction and Interloping

THis Rake stands somewhat above the usual Level, in Vice he is a little taller than the rest of his Brethren in Wickedness. His Character seems besprinkl'd with a great many Singularities; and in short, lesser Monsters have been shewn; the Scene of his Conversation lies *Antipodes* to the *Scriptures*: So that if his Design had been to demonstrate to the World how Eccentrick it was possible for a Man to run, his Behaviour cou'd hardly have been more Extravagant.

In the first Place you must know he's a *Drunkard* by *Profession*, and sucking Hogheads thro', a Goose Quill is his Trade.

But why do I say a *Goose Quill*? 'Tis too small a *Conduit* to quench his Thirst.

Make him a Bowl, a Mighty Bowl,
 Large as his Capacious Soul;
 Vast as his Thirst is! Let it have
 Depth enough to be his Grave!
 I mean the Grave of all his Care,
 For he intends to bury't there.
 Let it of Silver Fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of P—— }
 And made of the same Plate that he —— (a)
 Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
 No Bow, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
 Nor Wars of Thebes, nor Wars of Troy;
 Nor any other Martial Toy:

(a) For the meaning of this Line, consult the Silver Tankard mention'd in my Living Elegy. P. 24.

For what does he vain Armour prize?
 Who minds not such rough Exercise;
 But gentler S-iges, softer Wars,
 Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.
 He'll have no Battles on his Plate,
 Lest Sight of them should Brawles create,
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
 Which Wine it self enough can do.
 Draw him no Constellations there,
 No Rim, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
 Nor any of that Monstrous Fry
 Of Animals that stock the Sky:
 For, what are Stars to his Design,
 Stars which he'll, when drunk, out-shine?
 He licks no Pole-star on the Brink,
 To guide him in the Sea of Drink;
 He would for ever there be lost,
 And wish no Haven, seek no Coast:
 Yet gentle Assist, if thou'lt try
 Thy Skill, then draw him, (let me see)
 Draw him first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine
 With kind Embraces, such as he
 Twists about his wanton She:
 Let its Boughs overspread Above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw Bacchus and soft Cupid by;
 Draw them both in Topping Shapes,
 Their Temples Crown'd with Cluster'd Grapes;
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up;
 And when their Reeling Forms he'll view,
 He'll think them drunk, and be so too.
 Or Vulcan, make him such a Cup
 As Nestor us'd of Old;
 Shew all thy Care to Trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold.

E

Make

Dunton's Whipping-Post.

*Make it so Large, that fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts on the Delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea may swim.*

But his *Miscellanies* over *Clarret* (mention'd in my *Living Elegy* P. 21.) have prevented me upon this Subject: So that what I now say of his *Drunkenness*, I but report from himself (and his *Sottish Brother*, the *Reeling Oldham*) He lives as if he had been sent into the World to *steer by the Compals of his own Inclinations*; as if the present were the sole Theatre of Things, and *Futurity* either past, or nothing but a *Bug-bear*.

Another Stain which lies upon his Character, is *Detraction*. He takes as much Pleasure in discharging his *Poyson*, and *slanders*, as if the *Ad intended to Goodness, or Generation*; Witness his saucy Remarks upon *Dr. Willis's Excellent Sermon* Preach'd at *St. Pauls*; His *Exposing a Private Letter I sent to the Printer*, and his abusing *Dr. Keat* for assisting him in his greatest *Extremity, &c.*

The Third of his Extraordinary Qualities which I shall mention, is his *stealing the Designs and Projects of his Fellow Authors*; picking Subjects out of the Ends of *Gazetts*, and making *Advertisements* Club to his Subsistence. This is not only an Argument of sordid Inclinations, but a certain Testimony of the *Barrenness of his Invention*. An Instance of this Nature we have in my *Whipping Title*, which *Mr. P——*, had the Civility to run away with, so soon as ever the Business was proposed. He made a Suit of his own Cutting to answer the Pattern, and could not forbear Traducing his Benefactor into the Bargain. So that he meely plunder'd my *Whipping-Post*. But if his own *Projects* be of the same Quality with his Performance, he needs not fear any Body will do as much for his.

Having prov'd *P——* a *Drunkken Reeling Sot*, (and every Thing else that's vile and base;) I shall next call a
Con-

Constable to search him out in some blind Ale-house, and then tye him fast to the Whipping-Post; and I shall be the more severe in LASHING of this Fellow, as the Drunkard (I mean *Wil. P——s*) sins for the most part with Impunity; but 'tis great pity he shou'd; For, when he *Reels, and Foams, and Swears*, he's a Blemish to the Humane Nature, and below the Dignity of a Reasonable Creature.

*The Drunkard forsoits Man, and doth direct
All Worldly Rights, save what he hath by Beast.
A Beast! that won't be drunk! he's worse than;
He that contains more Wine than others can,
I rather count a Hoghead than a Man.*

In the Nonage of the World, *Men and Beasts* had but one Buttery, and by Sobriety and Temperance they lengthen'd out their Lives to a great Age: But *P——s* and his Boon Companions (*like drunken Soldiers*) think the best Alarm is sounding of Healths, and the most absolute March is Reeling.—— They Carouse and sing

*Nothing in Nature's Sober found,
But an Eternal Health goes round:
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there; for why
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I?
Why Man of Morals, tell me why? ——— Cowley.*

P——s thinks there is no Deceit in a Brimmer. He calls the Liberal Cup the Sucking Bottle of the Sons of *Phæbus*, to solace and refresh their Palates in the Night of sad Invention. Hang *Scotus*, quo *Bowzie* Will! Lead me to *Aristippus*; one Epitomy of his in Quarto, is worth a Volume of these DUNCES.

'Tis true, we are told in the *True-Born-English-man* (a right Toper I'll war'nt him)

*That when the Bottle does the Brains refine
It makes the Wit as sparkling as the Wine.* E 2 But

But yet by the Leave of this drunken Disfich, *Wit procur'd by Wine*, is for the most part, like the Sparklings in the Cup; when 'tis filling they're brisk for a Moment, but die immediately; and for that Reason the **Little Glasses** are my Favourites: I perfectly have a **Sot** (when he Drinks and Reels like *P——s*) I have such poor and unhappy Brains for Drinking, that a Pint of Sack would make me a Monarch. [*If he that's drunk is as Great as a King.*] But as to *P——s*, I'll say that for him, he never baulks his Liquor: He'll guzzle more at a Sitting than would keep a Family a Month. His sound Brains are potent, and can bear Claret. Drinking does but *cleanse and strengthen his Skull*; his Constitution is **Dot-Proof**: He'd pledge us tho' 'twere a Deluge—— By this Practice he ruins his own **Health**, turns the *Gifts of Providence* to a wrong Use, and in the End will prove the greatest Enemy to himself.

*He that is Drunken may his Mother kill
Big with his sister; he hath loos'd the Reins,
Is out-law'd by himself; all kind of Ill
Doth with his Liquor swim into his Brains.* —Herbert.

So that 'twould be the greatest Kindness one could do *P——s* to WHIP him into Virtue and Sobriety.

There be several Ways to Correct and LASH him. And the First shou'd be this. When he is next overtaken in Drink, he shou'd be carry'd to *A Work-House*, and there have no other Allowance but *Bread and Water for Six Years*; and so much as he may reasonably be thought to have spent in **Drunkenness** all his Life Time, he shou'd pay to the Poor of the Parish where he beats Hemp. And as a further Shame, when he's Enlarg'd, he shall ever after wear the *Initial Letters* of the Name of the Work-House upon his Left Shoulder—*The Whipping his Reputation with these RODS of Disgrace and Infamy*, wou'd make him detest **Drunkenness**, and help to carry on the Reformation.

If the *Work-house* Lashes do not Reform him, we'll then (if ever we find him Sober) fowse him up in a Hogthead of Claret. (I mean, we'll make him **DRUNK** to teach him Sobriety) And however *Paradoxical* this looks, I have a **Royal Warrant** for this Correction:—For, King *James I.* being ask'd what Punishment shou'd be Inflicted on a Drunken Man? Answer'd—**Let him be Drunk again**—Intimating that he cou'd not be worse Whip'd.

But if neither the *Working* nor **Drunken Rods** (I mean those laid in Hemp and Claret instead of Pils) don't reform him, *what do you think of the Pillory?* But now I think on't, he stood there but a Week ago; and his **Tacking-Master** (*Whipping George*) did but just scape it, by owning himself a **Scandalous Fellow**, in *Westminster-Hall*. So that we must now think of some other *Whipping-Post*, or *P——s* will die a **S O T** in spite of all the **LASHES** we have yet given him.

Now, the **Third Post of Correction** which I have pitch'd upon for this Criminal, is, the **Stocks** in *Shoreditch*, or rather the good old Laudable Invention of a **Garret**, which by all past Generations, for 700 Years, (prescribed with perpetual Water-Grewel) hath been judged the best *Whipping Post* for Drunken Poets. Let him here Eternally Snore without Company, exercise his Fingers in paring his Excrecences, and his Brains (if he have any) in *Metaphysical* Contemplations; let him never be saluted with the sight of *Pen and Ink*: And to this End, let him carefully avoid all Coffee-Houses, Chandlers-shops, &c. And let his Over-seer take Care that his Windows be not brush'd down with a *Goose-wing*.

Now (when he's dragg'd into the Garret) the **Rods** which I would chuse for the Whipping of this Offender, are these following:—I would advise him every Morning before he leaves his Bed, (which I suppose may be about Twelve of the Clock, rather prompted by his Stomach than any Edge to his Devotions) to bestow a few Reflections upon the *Adventures and Tempests of the Evening before*; how happily

happily he escap'd a Post in such a Place, and a Way-liff in the other: What a Lucky Hit it was that the Capster did not pursue him there; how tenderly he stands oblig'd to his Sword and Long Perriwig, which at many a Dead Lift have spoken Extraordinary Sentences in his Favour. Let him reflect upon any, or upon all of these Circumstances, and if all this don't humble and amend him, let a Silver Tankard (he knows the Meaning of that Word) be Clank'd in his Hearing, every Morning, Noon and Night, to the End of his Life: And that (or nothing) will make him a true Penitent.

This (P——) I only mention, to engage you upon the Practice of the Advice I have recommended; assuring you, that if you ever come to a Sight of your Drunkenness, you will either *shake Hands with your Person*, or turn Reformer.

C H A P. III.

The Wandering Spy Corrected and Lash'd for his Adultery and Obscene Writings: With a Project to mortify his Eyes, Tongue, and Sense of Feeling, &c.

HAVING Whip'd the Arch-Criminal, and Mr. P—— out of the way, the next Breathing Instance of Iniquity which I shall Encounter, is a sort of a Knight-Errant, call'd *The Wandering Spy*. And here (that I may whip him the more severely)

I shall first give him a Transient View of the Features of his *Wandering Spy*.

Secondly, I shall cut him out a Scene of Mortification.

And in the last Place, Administer a short Bit of Whip-Cord and Chastisement, to his Eyes, Tongue, and Sense of Feeling.

To

To begin with the First, My Charge against the *Wandering Spy*: And here I shall consider

First, The General Design and Tendency of his Paper.

And *Secondly*, The particular Blemishes of his Performance.

First, As to the General Design and Tendency of his Paper; 'tis Evident to any one who hath spent the least Time in reading his *Wandering Spy*, that its Principal Design, is to report all *Bear-Garden Language* in Town, to divulge the *Pro's* and *Con's* of the vilest People, and to obtrude upon the Nation the Little Practises of *Broom-men* and *Scoundrels*: 'Tis to make the Inclination of the Age Trifling, and to Charm off the more Civiliz'd into Pedantry and Impertinence. 'Tis to bring Vulgar Adventures into Reputation, and transform the Humour of the Town into Buffoonry. I confess, the *Lives of Porters, Dray-men, and the Dialogues of Jack-Puddings* deserve to be made Publick! The World ought as Weekly to be acquainted with these Importances at Home, as with the Progresses of their Arms, or the Conduct of their General Officers Abroad! Were it not for our Discoverer, a great many Examples of Obscenity and Impertinence, might have Languish'd in the Alleys, that gave them their Birth, and possibly, the World have grown never the wiser. But, it seems, our *Wandering Spy* is afraid lest these should pass unobserv'd. He is solicitous to immortalize the Memory of Lewd Actions, and to let the World know what vile and lamentable Persons there are in Being—— And this is the General Design of his Paper.

I pass on to the particular Blemishes of his Performance. Now these may respect either the *Fable* or the *Moral*. (For you must know Reader, he calls his Paper *The Wandering Spy*; or the *Way of the World* discover'd by way of *Fable*.) Now the Condition requir'd to make a *Fable*, is, that the Piece be *Hab'd after such a Fashion*, that when it comes to take the Air, it may not prove disagreeable to the Imagination. I mean,
the

the Current of the Language ought to flow clean: There should be nothing of **Immodesty** to disoblige the Fancy; for when **Smut** is convey'd thro' the Advantage of *Fable*, it works the deeper, and makes a more unlucky Impression upon the Audience: *The Imagination and the Mind are wounded thro' the Ear*; and the Poysen Insinuates with the greater Conquest. Now the **Wandering Spy** is Egregiously Criminal upon this Occasion. A great Part of his Papers consist of these Lewd Curiosities; The *Topick of Immodesty* is the best furnish'd of any in his *Common-Place-Book*. This Argument Engrosses the largest Compass in his **Wandering Spy**, and is almost an Inexhaustible Store-House; when his other *Fountains of Adventure* are drawn Dry, He resorts to this never-failing Magazine, where he is sure to have large Supplys, and to *Crowd his last Page with such Fulsome Bawdry, that there shall be scarce Room for a Diminutive Advertisement*. I might produce various Instances of his Fertility upon this Subject; but for Brevity-sake I shall content my self with a Few.

In his *Xth Numb.* we have a notable Account of a Young Woman's Misfortune in the *Loss of her Maiden-Head*, Painted in very Affecting and Decent Metaphors: For, since our Author hath fallen upon this Agreeable Subject, we are not likely to part with him, till he hath drop'd some extraordinary Sentences. No, he hath not Power to pass by, but he must Expatriate: He considers the *Exc. of this Country Girl*, under the Metaphor of an Estate; and upon this Hint, proceeds to draw out the Parallel. Nay, he is so Generous as to present us with a Nice and Critical Account of its *Situation*; He almost shews us in what *Degree of Longitude, &c.* it lies, and represents the **Circumstance** in all its *Landscaps*. I confess, he seems to have studied the *Geography* of the Place pretty exactly; 'Tis possible, it may be all the **Estate** he pretends to: I somewhat suspect our Author was the Party Assailant, and that he hath furnish'd this Adventure out of his own Experience. (For besides his Intreague with *Peregrine's Maid*, mention'd

in my *Living Elegy*, P. 16.) There are other Stories Bandy'd Abroad.

Now, for what Reason was this Lewd Fable made Publick? Hath the World any Occasion to be clearly inform'd in these *Mysteries of Iniquity*? Had not these *Scenes of Bawdry* better have lain hid? Can it be to the Reputation of a Discovery, to have added some Ornament to the Interests of Profaneness? *Immodesty Conceiv'd is Reason offe'd; but Immodest, Publish'd is Reason Ridicul'd and Expos'd.* One wou'd think *Concupiscence* had Fuel enough from our Natural Disposition, and that there was no Occasion to Fan its Flame from the Incensives of Wit: For, a Lewd Pamphlet handsomely writ, is an Argument of Double Force for Uncleannels. People are apt to imagine, where there is most Humour the Argument is Patroniz'd with the greatest Reason; and where a Clause appears to be Pleaded to Advantage, they are enclined to believe, 'tis Establisht upon Justice. Our *Spy* makes it his Business to Recommend *Immodesty*, and to supply the Poverty of his Argument from the Richness of his Invention. But all this is but a short Specimen of his Levity; there are Bolder Flights of Extravagance behind.

In his 15th *Spy*, he is (almost) wholly taken up in the Celebration of a *Christening*; that is to say, of an Opportunity, 'when Infants Conceiv'd under the Displeasure of Nature, at Enmity with Reason, and obnoxious to the Maledictions of the Divine Law, are by the Imputation of the Merits of their Redeemer, absolved from their Disorders, separated from the World, and Consecrated to the Love and Glory of their Creator——' Now his Design upon this Emergency, is to acquaint the World what happen'd upon one of these Religious Occasions; Nothing I hope, to disgrace the Dignity of the Institution: Nothing certainly unpatroniz'd by the Authority of that Church, into which the Infants enter their Names. Doubtless, there is nothing to be heard in the Room but mutual Salutation and sober Hospitality: For, Christians consider the Solemnity of Baptism; they know Any thing which points towards Eternity, looks For-

34 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

midable, and that 'tis no good Jestings within the Ring of what's to come. Oh but says the *Wandering Spy*, You are out in your Calculations; our Christenings within a Mile of *Clare-Market*, are quite another Thing: I don't find so many Traces of Christianity amongst them. For here at a Christening, (if you Credit the *Wandering Spy*) the *Gossips* withdrew into a Chamber hard by the *Lying-in-Woman*, and fell to Boast of their Proficiency in the Science of Smut, and to Combate fairly for the Prize of Immodesty. At this Christening the *Gossips* started many Intricacies in Uncleanness, and pos'd one another with Bawdy Questions. But what their Debates were, are so Obscene and Fulsom, I refer the Reader for a Sight of 'em, to the *Wandering Spy*; for my Paper won't carry a Dye so deep, nor take so Infectious a Tincture without blotting. However, from what has been mention'd 'tis plain, that *W——s* Design in this Bawdy Fable, was to Ridicule the Institution of Baptism, or at least of those who acknowledge its Authority. Whether the Matter of this Relation were true or not, 'tis a very bad Thing to relate bad Examples; not only as it refreshes the Inclinations of Lewd People, but as the naming so many Female Patrons to Bawdery looks partly like Authority, or Defence, and most Men would be wicked cou'd they have but Shelter. Then don't this *SPY* merit the Lash? For, can any thing be more Extravagant than after having Counterfeited (if the Christening was a Fiction) some Persons into Obscenity, to caress them in their PUK E, to applaud their Lewdness, and condescend to resolve their Unclean Difficulties: This is to Encounter Virtue *Ex Professo*, to raise Vice upon Principles, and to employ the Artillery of Reason against her self. These Strokes of *W——* (If they be *W——s*) are not to be Patern'd from the Play-House or Bridewell; nor can any Impudence match it, save what you find of his Two Authors mention'd in my *Living Elegy*. P. 16. And therefore to such Cullies as the *Wandering Spy*, well might the strumpets say,

Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,
For none but Fools will wanton Authors obey.

If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,
 We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em Ill.
 The Lustful Slave that rhines, adores and dies,
 Sometimes we pity, but we still despise:
 But when we Doar, the self same Fate we prove
 Goats at the best, but double Goats in Love.
 We rage at first with Ill-dissembl'd Scorn,
 Then falling from our Height, more basely mourn,
 And W — the Bewitching Tyrant, takes his Turn;
 Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
 And hugs another Harlot in his Arms.
 And that which humbles our proud Sex the most
 Of all our slighted Favour makes his Boast.

But I won't enlarge on my Charge against this Rake; for his Lewdness is sufficiently Expos'd by his own Light, and there needs no Paraphrasing upon a Monster. But before we part upon this Head, Prithee W — let me ask thee this sober Question. 'For what Reason (except merely to get Bread) did you engage in relating the Lewdness and Adventures of the Town? You must needs be aware, that an Attempt of this Nature wou'd Engage you in a Multitude of Ridiculous Stuff, and draw you into many a Dirty Præmunire. You must be sensible, a Town-Character cou'd not be Painted without Smut; and that a Dose of Ribaldry wou'd be requisite to furnish out a Wandring Spy that shou'd please the Age. Why then did you not suffer this Undertaking to lie quiet? Is every thing that happens fit to be Publish'd? Must the Scenes of Brutishness be display'd in the open Streets? And the Intreagues of the most Lamentable Strumpets cry'd about the Town? Is the World concern'd to be Inform'd how fast our Dark-Alley Whores and Scolds improve in their Impudence? And what a Weekly Advance they make in Debauchery? To proclaim a vitious Character, is in Effect to multiply it. To relate a Lewd Adventure, is to Pimp for the Devil. And to take the most Charitable View of your Wandring Spy, its Design is to make Impertin-nce acceptable —

Having prov'd the Wandring Spy an Obscene, Scandalous Fellow — the next Step of my Undertaking, is to tye

36 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

him up to a *Post of Correction*, and then Lash him with the *RODS* proper to reform a Whore-master.

And here, seeing the *Wandering Spy* is made up of *Ill Nature and Lyes*, (and those *Level'd* aganst the *MOB*) I think my best Way will be to turn him over to the Arbitrary Mis-Management of these *Two Handed Foes*.

We'll now suppose him ty'd to a *Docky Jilt*; (the fittest *Whipping-Post* for *N*—— *W*——) then Halloo! *Dray-men, Porters, Mob, &c.* Lash him, Kick him, Pump him—— After that Bandy, his Carkase, like a Tennis Ball—— Toss him in a Blanket—— Drag him from one Street to another, and then (for *Sir Mob* we commit him to your Care) shut him fast in a Dungeon, where all his Communication with *Drawers, Wenches and Publishers, &c.* may for ever Expire—— In a Word Gentlemen, (for you'll Tear him to Pieces if I give you a worse Epithet) treat him just as your Fury suggests.

But hold! Let's see! Perhaps the *Lewd Criminal* is yet Reclaimable. In hopes whereof I shall now pass on to the *Third and Last Branch* of my *Whipping-Post*; namely, to seek out for such *Rods of Mortification* as will best Lash and Reform his Morals.

With these *RODS* I shall first Lash his *Inventing Obscene Stories and Characters, with a Design to Caress 'em.*

And Secondly, I shall Correct and Whip his *Immodest Actions*; and propose such *LASHES* for his *Mortification*, as may reform his *Adulterous Eyes, Whoring Tongue, and Lustful Embraces.*

To WHIP thro' the *Vitals* of the First of these [*I mean his Inventing Obscene Stories and Characters, with a Design to Caress em.*]—— I wou'd ask *W*—— (at every Lash) what can be more Abominable than to CLAP, and applaud vicious Characters?—— 'Tis to embrace Falshood—— To despise Virtue—— To Caress the Devil—— 'Tis to laugh in the Face of the Almighty—— To praise others in his Presence, for despising him—— To represent *Whoredome* to Advantage—— And in short, 'tis such a vile Practice, that cou'd I shew *W*—— what *Lewdness* he encourag'd in his *Wandering Spy*, the Thoughts
of

of it wou'd either make him MAD, or throw him into a deep *Despair*.

I shall next **WHIP** his Whorish and Impudent Actions: I mean his turning all he says or does into **Watdy Meanings**.— *Sure such a Proficient in Lewdness will deserve Lashing!* For, what can be more Vile and Intollerable than **Immodesty**? 'Tis the Offspring of a Corrupted Fancy—— The Adversary to Reason—— *The Language of the Flesh*—— And the Scandal of Humane Nature—— **Immodesty!** 'Tis the *Faunice* of the Soul, which transforms her out of the Robes of Virginity; which spoils her Eye, and alters her Countenance; which Falsifies her Taste, and Infects her Judgment—— 'Tis the Consequence of an Habit of Impeintency, and of Wickedness grown to its full Dimensions—— The Inclination and Practice of Vulgar Souls, and of Men descending into a Relation with Brutes—— In short, **Immodesty** is not only below a King, (or Duke) but a Gentleman——

Most Vices may be practis'd within the Character of *Quality*, but here a Man can't sin without being a **Clown**—— So that **Immodesty** in the Entertainment of the Lower Class, (such as Tinkers, Broom-men, and Jack-a-Lanterns, &c.) is Patroniz'd but by a Few; and those *the very Dregs and Sediments of Mankind*—— (A LASH more, and I have done upon this Head)—— In a Word, **Immodesty** is the Contempt of Civiliz'd Atheists—— A Vomiting Potion for Chaste Persons, and is sufficiently discountenanc'd by the Scandal of its Title.

I might enlarge; (for *Immodesty* deserves *Everlasting Whipping*) but here are LASHES enough to make *W*—— feel what a Black and Pimping Extravagance Whoredome is. And as he made—— A Harlot repent — (in the Printed Sheets) so I hope (after this Whipping) I shall hear of his own **Recantation**—— I know, at present *W*—— is a harden'd impudent Rake; for *Peregrin's Maid* is but one of his **Breeding Whores**, &c. and his *Wandering Spy* (tho' writ to Debauch the Town) is the Chastest Paper he ever Publish'd. But tho' he writes and pleads for Adultery,
(and

38 Dunton's Whipping-Post.

(and his Secret Sinner (a) ——— And Comforts of Whoring, are so very Obscene as to deserve Burning by the Common Hangman) Yet I don't despair of his Reformation; for we read *Stilpho* (like *W* ———) was naturally addicted to all Incontinence; but by reading certain Precepts of *Moral Philosophy*, he became an absolute Commander of his own Affections.

Then still we are in hopes of a Convert in *N* ——— *VV* ———; for WHOREDOM (if any thing) brings a Man to Repentance, &c. And (having the ROD of Mortification still in my Hand) I'll here propose such WHIPPING (or Pennance) as will Reform ——— His Adulterous Eyes — Whoring Tongue — And Lustful Embraces —

Of these, the first Member I shall Whip are his EYES: And here I must tell *VV* ——— if he intends to make any thing of his Understanding, and would Recover a Chaste Mind, let him keep these Organs under Lock and Key: I mean, let him make a Covenant with his Eyes, never to gaze on a Beautiful Strumpet.

*VV*hores are (like Syrens) neatly dress'd,
And still the Newest pleases best:
Quickly they like, and leave as soon;
For Life and *VV*oman's a Lampoon.
Yet for the Plague of Humane Race,
These Devils have an Angel's Face.
Such Youth, such Sweetness in their Look,
*VV*ho can be Man and not be took?
Such Form of Love, such *VV*it, such Art,
To tempt a poor unguarded Heart!

Then *VV* ——— (that I may WHIP thy Lust in the most Tender Part) make a Covenant with thy Eyes, have a Chaste Eye and Hand; for it is all one (saith Bishop Taylor) 'with what Part of the Body we commit Adultery. What tho' I forbear to Cuckold my Neighbour, yet if I let my Eye loose, and enjoy the Lust of that, I am an Adulterer: For our Saviour saith ——— Look not upon a *VV*oman to Lust after

(a) Said to be Printed for Ben ——— H ———

her —

her—— The Eye is a great Inflamer of Lust. We read of Eyes full of Adultery, (2 Pet. 2. 14.) Joseph's Mistress first cast her Eye upon Joseph, and then she said——
Lie with me. Gen. 39. 7.—— Beauty is a dangerous Thing; therefore VV—— when you see a Handsome Woman (especially at Church, if you ever go there) take heed of Eyeing her too much; stare not upon her: You may as well vi w a Basilisk as a pretty Face.

Democritus knowing how Temptin a Woman was, put his Eyes out to avoid the Sight of them. I don't expect such Mortification in N—— VV—— for he's a (sort of) Universal Stallion, and a Habit of Whoring en't presently cur'd: But he'll do well to remember, VVhofoever looketh on a VVoman to Lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in his Heart. And therefore I shall Correct his Eyes so far as to tell him he must (if he'd live Chastely) be a Martyr to his own Sight, when ever a Female Object stands before him: Or if he can't prevail with his Eyes to desist from Rambling, yet that he may not be seduc'd again with Tempting Face, let his Eyes (for the Future) never be saluted with the Sight of a Woman under the Age of a Grand-mother

As to what relates to his TONGUE, (for that's an unruly Member, and shall have a Severe VVhipping.) I advise him to avoid the speaking of any wanton Words, and if possible the hearing any: And be sure VV—— write no more Lewd Verses, or VVandering Spys; but instead of wasting your Time in Corrupting the Women, and defiling your TONGUE with Obscene Discourse, I advise you every Morning to Conn over the Seven Penitential Psalms. And above all (tho' I know that LASH will raise the Blood in your Face) Tell all the Women you have ever Debauch'd, that He that committeeth Adultery destroyeth his own Soul—— That a VVhore is a Deep Ditch, and that her House is the VVay to Hell—— That you have truly repented of all your Uncleaness—— That you are not the same Man that you was (Ego non sum Ego, said a Converted Youth to a VVoman he had once Debauch'd)—— And that you'd advise all Strumpets to—— SIN NO MORE—— and rather work for their Living than sell their Souls for (Money and) a sensual Minute. They're

*They're sottish Fools says wise Demosthenes,
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these.*

I am next to assign Whipping (or Misery) to his *Sense of Feeling*: Now as to this, I advise *W*—— never to indulge his vile Fingers the Licentious Curiosity of examining the *SOFT PARTS*, &c. of a Woman's Body; but more especially let him avoid viewing and touching her *BREAST*. We are commanded to *abstain from all appearance of Evil*.

W—— if you touch Pitch, you will be defil'd. *Womens Arts* to seduce are Powerful and prevailing, their *Blandishments* delicate and melting, their Words are Charming, their Looks Enchanting, their *Kisses* killing, and their *Glances* are *Darts to destroy*. And for that Reason I am such a *PLATONICK* (my self) as never to touch the Lip or Hand of a Lewd Woman, (if she is known to be such) There's Pitch and Birdlime in their Lips and Fingers, an *ITCH* of Amorousness of Skin all over: A Man may as well hug a Flame without Burning, as to admit of a Lewd Woman within his Embraces, and not be all on Fire with the Heat of Lust.

If this Whipping, and Caution, won't serve to Reform his Licentious Fingers, and make all his *TOUCHES* both Chaste and Modest, let him then *Mortify his Body*, (the best *ROD* to Correct Uncleanness) in order to the subduing his Flesh; and to this Purpose *W*—— Fast often; and that a considerable Time; take away *Oyet and Drink*, the Fuel of Lust, and the Heat of it will abate, and the Fire of it goeth out.

W—— if you'd live a Chaste Modest Life, you must not eat to Excess. *Jesurun waxed Fat and kicked*. That is, waxed Wanton upon his high Feeding. So *Jer. 5. 8. They were as fed Horses, in the Morning every one Neigh'd after his Neighbour's Wife*. It is very difficult to feed High and live Chastly.—— Then *W*—— (if your Incontinence can bear such Whipping) Eat nothing that provokes Nature, and abstain from all Liquors that set a Boiling your Brain-Pan— Thus by Correcting your Body, you'd have little Mind to be writing

of *Billet Doux*es, or to run astray, for this ordinary Food will starve your Lust, and bring the Flesh (that Enemy of Yours) to your own Terms—— But *W*—— if the Rebel Lust still haunts your Mind, then Whip him yet more severely; cause him to Smart, either by Praying in painful Postures, (as on hard Stones with bended Knees) or by wearing Sackcloth or Hair-shits over your Transgressing Flesh; or by Scourging your Body with the Rod or Whip. This is a Course St. Paul took with himself, (1 Cor. 9. 27.) **I keep under my Body, and bring it into Subjection.** (a) ‘ One for this End tumbld himself among Thorns; another Burn’d his Face and Hands; a Third run sharp Prickles up his Fingers, between the Flesh and the Nails—— And (*W*—— you can’t but know) ’tis much better to Lash your self for a while, than to be WHIP’D for ever in Hell——

That all this Correction might not be lost, let *W*—— practice these Rules of Mortification ’till his Body is reduc’d to a Walking Skeleton—— And then (if he loaths the Sight of a Whore, and swears he’s Chaste, even in Thought) the PARSON may venture to absolve him. [For as ’tis in the Absolution]

‘ Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, desires not the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he may turn from his Wickedness and live; and gives Power and Commandment to his Ministers to declare and pronounce to his People, being PENITENT, the Absolution and Remission of their Sins, &c.

(a) St. Bernard.

C H A P. IV.

A Party of Men now living at Cranborn in Dorset-shire, discover'd and Firk'd for their base Ingratitude.

HAVING WHIP'D *W*—— for his *Bawdy Spyes*, &c. (and making Cuckolds and Whores of abundance of Persons) I'll now pass on to the Correcting other Offenders [viz. *Atheists, Cowards, Murderers, Scolds, Thieves, Gamesters, and ungrateful Persons*, &c.] that have been discover'd [in the Letters directed to me from divers Parts of the Three Kingdoms.] All these, with what other Criminals come to my Knowledge, shall be all ty'd to the Whipping-Post, and have the Same; (a) (or if 'tis possible) a more severe Lashing than I formerly gave to Offenders of this Sort.

And here, that the World may see what kind Reception our Whipping Project has met wth, I'll Publish a Letter that was sent to me from Cranborn in Dorset-shire; discovering to me [such ungrateful Persons] as will deserve Whipping. And the Letter was this following.

Sir,

April 2^d 1706.

I Lately read your Book call'd Dunton's Life and Errors; and finding a good Spirit and pleasing Style, which with Naked Truth is a sufficient Illustration, I have encourag'd my self to ask your Advice. I have had hard Measure [and most ungrateful Treatment] from a Party of Men bound by Nature, &c. to the contrary; and have a Design to Publish it: But being conscious to my self of my Imperfection, am very desirous of Faithful Correction from your Hands. (And as you've

(a) See my New Project for Reformation. P. 12, 15, 23, 81, 84, 99, 102.

promis'd

promis'd a Whipping-Post to Reform the Age, I have a Right to some of your Lashes) ——— In about Two Months this Copy will be ready for the Press, and shall be sent to you. I am so far unqualified to become an Author, that I want the Substantial Part of Grammar-Learning: But what I write shall be True; and if you'll take the Trouble to transcribe and amend it, I doubt not its passing Muster, well knowing Mr. Dunton will want only a Theam, your Skill in Garnishing the Platter being well known to the World already. It is what I have written you'll add a Satyr, you shan't want Materials for it, I shall only add, Your promising a Whipping Post to Reform the Age, has enoug'd me to trouble you with these Lines; and if you have any Compassion for an Injur'd Person, I hope my Ungrateful Friends will meet with a Lash or Two in your First Journal———
I am Sir——— Your most Humble Servant, 'till I hear from you, &c.

This Letter was dated Cranborn April 21. 1706. But surely was sent by some POST-ANGEL, for 'twas only directed——— For John Dunton, Living somewhere in London——— And yet it came safely to me, and (bating the Flattery I find in it) deserves the following Answer, viz.

Worthy Sir——— I receiv'd Yours, &c. and can't but wonder that my Life and Errors shou'd please you; for, like Apemaneus, I write only to please my self: And if I have my own good Word (I mean, if my Conscience approves my Writings) 'tis all I care for, and as much as I can expect; for I generally write what I think. And (seeing Dissembling is a little sneaking Art) intend to go out of the World an Enemy to Flattery——— As to your Copy (when you send it) I shall Impartially give you my Thoughts upon it: And seeing you approve and encourage my Whipping Project, I shall now LASH that Party of Men that have been so ungrateful to you. And here (according to the Method propos'd) I must first exhibit a Charge against the Offenders, and then Whip 'em.

Ingratitude! I can hardly name it without Blushing: To render Good for Evil, is Divine; to render Good for Good, is Humane; to render Evil for Evil, is Brutish; but to render Evil for Good, is Devilish. *Will any but a Monster, with his Heel kick me under Water, while I hold up his Chin to save him from Drowning?* But such Monsters are that Party of Men I'm going to Whip.

Lycurgus, the Lacedemonian Law-giver, would make no Law against *Ungrateful Persons*; because it could not be imagin'd that any would be so unworthy, as not to Recompence one Kindness with another.

And the old Romans decreed, That such as were found *Ungrateful*, shou'd be cast alive to the Cormorant, to be pull'd in Pieces and devour'd.

There seems to be a great deal of Reason for this Law; for under this Monster, *Ingratitude*, have all Vices been comprehended. *Omnia dixeris si ingratum dixeris.* Q. Elizabeth told Henry the 4th of France, she believed *Ingratitude* to be the Sin against the Holy Ghost — The Poet says —

[*Ingratitude makes all Things Black.*]

But I won't carry the Sin so high, as to say, 'tis the Sin against the Holy Ghost: But certainly the *ungrateful Person* is most rightly *Figured in Swine*, who eat the Acorns, but never look to the Tree: Or rather, the *Ungrateful Person* may be compared to the Stag in the Fable, which shrouded himself under the Branches of the Vine in a Time of Necessity; which being past, he fell a brouzing, and eat thole Leaves which preserv'd him; acting in this like the Spaniel, who as soon as he gets to Shore, shakes off that Water which supported him. — *The Generous Person, like the Bee, brings Honey to the Hive; and then like the Bee, is Murder'd for his Pains.*

One would hardly think there were such Monsters as *Ungrateful Persons*: But these Instances are too frequent for

for my Friend tells me ' *I have had hard Measure from
' A Party of Men bound by Nature to the contrary, &c.*

And my self once oblig'd a Person beyond all possibility of Requitall, (*as he had acknowledg'd in several Letters*) but upon the first Misfortune that beset me, he was so far from requiting the Favours I did him, that he challeng'd me to prove I had e'er Oblig'd him.

The least present Interest to an Ungrateful Man cancels all former Obligations; it seeming to many, *That even Benefits suffer Prescription by the Length of Time;* And being once grown Old, do no longer binde to Gratitude——

But as Ungrateful as the Age is at present, there have been Men of a Grateful Temper. *Philip the French King* put one of his Soldiers out of Pay, because he was Ungrateful; and caus'd him to be Mark'd in his Forehead with the Word VILLAIN.

Cresus being Reliev'd before he came to his Kingdom by one *Pamphylus*, afterwards in Token that he had not forgotten this good Turn, he sent him a Chariot full of Silver.

And the Gratitude of Pope *Innocent 7th* was very Remarkable—— This Grateful Pope Employ'd a Famous Painter, named *Andrew Martineus*, in Adorning his Chappel of the Vatican. This Famous Workman therein used his most Exquisite Invention—— He (notwithstanding he saw his Labours go Daily on) *felt no Reward coming*; upon this he resolves to be reveng'd with some Trick of his. The Pope having commanded him to Paint *the Seven Deadly Sins*; he, instead of taking his Proportion for Seven Places, added thereunto an Eighth, wherein he purpos'd to make an Hideous Monster. *Innocent* more fully Informing himself of his Design, the Painter answer'd, He left this Place there, to represent **Ingratitude**, as the most Capital of all Vices. The Pope smiling, said, I give Consent thou Paint **Ingratitude** as ugly as thou pleasest, so thou place **Patience** directly over against it; from which thou

thou art very much alienated, being unable a little to expect patiently the Good I have resolved to do thee: And presently he gave him a good Benefice for his Son's Preferment.

By this it appears there have been Grateful Persons in Former Times— But Men are grown so Brutish in this Age, that *now-a-days to oblige any Man more than ordinary, is the way to have him your Enemy.* Which makes Cowley say,

*And in this Thankless World, the Givers
Are Enjoy'd ev'n by th' Receivers :*

*'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation.*

Nay, 'tis much worse than so,

It now an Artifice does grow

Wrongs and Out-rages to do,

Least Men shou'd think we owe — Cowley.

So that all's lost that is laid out upon an Unthankful Person: He buries Benefits as the Barren Earth doth the Seed—— In a Word, the *Ungrateful Man* is like a Mouse in a Satchel, or a Snake in one's Bosom, who do but ill requite their Hostels for their Lodging.

And now, ye *Monsters of Cranborn!* (I mean, that *Party of Men* that treated my Generous Friend with such hard Measure) can you read how Black *Ingratitude* makes you, without Blushing? But now I think o'er't, the ungrateful Person is lost to all Sense of Shame; and therefore I'll now see what *Whipping* will do, and I'm sure I shall LASH ye with a good Will: For, the *Ungrateful Person* is one I have a particular Respect for; and having been so often Trick'd by him, I have now an Opportunity to make even with him.

I have read of one, who advancing his Friend, was himself put out of Office by his own Beneficiary: Whereupon he made a Present of an Emblem to the *Ungrateful*, which represented the Sun Eclips'd by the Moon,
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with this Motto. *Totum adimit quo nigrata resulget*: She obscures the source of her own Light. This Inscription was Witty and Satyrical enough, but yet 'twas too Mild for the Cranborn Sinners. That their Correction therefore may be as Notorious and Publick as their Ingratitude, I'll strip 'em Naked, and then tye 'em to the Cranborn Whipping-Post. 'Tis here they Offended, and here I'll Lash 'em; neither can I think of a fitter Place: For——

Near th' outward Walls of Cranborn, stands
An Engine built to Imprison Hands;
By strange Enchantment made so fitter
The Lesser Parts, and free the Greater:
For, tho' the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Gags are fast enough.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch
As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
At Twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.
For as the Antients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door
But that which through Virtue's lay,
So from this Dungeon there's no Way
To Honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other Virtuous School of Lashing.
Here Knights are kept in narrow Lists,
With Wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists.
This suffer'd, they are set at Large,
And freed with Hon'rabl Discharge.
Then in their Robes the Penitentials
Are strait presented with Credentials.
And on their Way attended on
By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
And all Respect, and Charges paid,
They're to their Antient Seats convey'd.
In this same Engine I wou'd place
These Cranborn Brates of Humane Race,

[A Poetical Description of a Whipping-Post]

6-9-0
5-5-2
4-2-0
2-0-0
3-0-0
5-0-0
17-5-3

Cor-

46 Dunton's Whipping-Post.

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Description
of a Whipping-Post]

6-9-12-0
5-5-2
9-2-0 2
2-0-0 2
3-0-0
5-0-0
17-5-3

*Correct and Whip their ugly Hide
 'Till they all o'er with Blood are dy'd.
 Whip on 'till they are in a Feud,
 Or can blush for Ingratitude:
 At least Whip them so sore and rough,
 That B—— (a) cries, Hold, Sir! 'tis enough.*

If this Cranborn Whipping-Post don't Reform these ungrateful Brutes, I wou'd have 'em *Lash'd* as the Heathens were accusom'd to punish him who had *Injur'd* the Reputation of another. They wou'd not condescend to speak to him, nor shew him the least Office of Humanity. They wou'd not sell him the *very Necessaries of Life*; nor so much as suffer him to draw Water. If these Ungrateful Persons were thus *Whip'd*, 'tis hop'd there wou'd want nothing further for their Reformation, but to have the Word—*Ungrateful*—Inscrib'd on their Foreheads, that all Persons might know 'em; and after this, he that shew'd 'em the least Civility, that ever Traded with 'em, or spoke to 'em, shou'd have his *Estate made a Forfeiture to the Crown*.

By such *Correction* as this, these ungrateful Wretches wou'd be forc'd to wander like *Cain*, and so be cut off from all Communication with Mankind. They must Travel in Deserts and Solitudes, and there converse with *Wild Beasts and Monsters*, which yet are not so Frightful and Monstrous as themselves. I have only to add, (this other *LASH*) that the Mark [*UNGRATEFUL*] shou'd be fix'd upon them by the *Cranborn Gentleman*, against whom they have committed the *Ingratitude*; and this wou'd add to the Solemnity of the Punishment.

Thus Sir, have I Whip'd these *Ungrateful Men* which you sent for *Correction*, and if they return Penitents, I shall burn the *ROD*: However, I'll wait your Answer, for that I am

Your Faithful Whipster,

And Humble Servant

JOHN DUNTON.

(a) The Gentleman they offended by their base Ingratitude.

C H A P. V.

The Murderer of Mrs. Sarah Stout ty'd to the Gallows and Whipp'd (in Effigie) in hopes to discover him.

Dunton's Whipping-Post being a General House of Correction, I shall next Lash the Murderer of Sarah Stout; for tho' he is yet conceal'd, yet 'tis fit this Russian (or at least, that the World) shou'd know what Lashes he must expect when ever they take him: Or, if he shou'd die a *Natural Death*, (which God forbid) yet good Use may be made of Whipping a Murderer; (tho' but in Effigie) for I shall here shew, that Murder is a Sin of a Crimson Dye, and that *Stout's Murderer* (be he never so Rich or Great) deserves not only Whipping but Hanging; and I don't fear but one Time or other he'll have it. For,

The Justice of God, in all Ages, hath sent out his *VVrit of Enquiry* after Bloody Men, and for the Blood of the Innocent; yea, God will (as it were) give a Tongue to the Earth, he will make *Speechless Creatures* speak, rather than Blood shall be concealed: Wonderful are the Instances how Murderers have met with the Hand of Revenge. Some immediately from God; others from the Civil Sword of the Magistrate; some from the Hand of the Murderers, like themselves, and many have done Violence to their own Lives, being haunted by the Furies of their own Consciences.

*They rave with all the Madness of Despair,
They roar, they beat their Breast, they tare their Hair;
Dry Sorrow in their stupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nourishment, they must want Tears.
Their Eye-Balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bareft of Sleep, they loath their Meas and Drink:*

H

They

*They wither at the Heart, and look as wan
As the pale Spectre of a Murder'd Man.*

Blood Guiltiness made not only *Cain* restless, but how terrible also was the Voice of it in *Judas's* Conscience: It did need no Tongue, no Witness to accuse it, but his own. No Man accused *Judas*, but in Case of Blood, *Judas* must accuse himself.

A bare History of all the Murderers that have dy'd at Tyburn in the last Century, wou'd of it self make a Folio of 205.

Consider, if *Hatred* be a Damnable Sin, what is *Murder*? It is the Destruction of God's Image, of a Member of Christ, for whom Christ died, and a *Temple of the Holy Ghost*. The Land is polluted by it, and cannot be exiated but by Blood. If *Dives* be in Hell for not saving Life, how shall they escape Hell that destroy it? *Who so shedeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed.*

By this General Charge you see what a Black Sin the Murderer of *Sarah Stout* has committed; and tho' he is fled from Justice, I'll here Whip him in Effigie: And who knows but this *Publick Correction* may help to discover him, but I can't say to Reform him; as he must (*if he's ever taken*) die both by the Laws of God and Man.

The Murderer (*but more especially the Murderer of Sarah Stout*) is such a *First Rate Sinner*, that all the Severities of Humane Justice are, in this Case, Impotent, and cannot punish him up to the Nature of his Crime. All that can be done to him in Time, is on'y to send him sooner to his Misery in another State, where Justice and Omnipotence shall give him his Proportion of Punishment. However, I have something New on this Head; and 'tis this: When the Murderer of *Sarah Stout* is seized, Whip him at *Tyburn* 'till he's out of Breath, (I mean 'till he has none left.) Before his Trial, let his Prison be some dark and some lonely Cave, and the dead Carcass which he has depriv'd of Life, be carried

ried to the same Apartment, and there plac'd in the View of the Malefactor, with all the Clouds gaping, and the Face writh'd into all the Postures of Terror and Amazement; and, if a Pale Lamp were fix'd to Advantage, 'twou'd double the Horror of the Scene, and almost terrify the Criminal into Penitence—— Some Grave Divine shou'd also be appointed to visit the Criminal, and to read Lectures to him upon his Guilt, and upon the Object before his Eyes. This Correction seems wonderfully adapted to give Stout's Murderer a Sense of his Sin, and so to Punish him into Future Happiness. I wou'd not have the World to mistake me neither, for I don't design this shou'd Screen the Murderer from Justice in the usual Way, but only that he shou'd keep the Dead Body Company till he's brought to the Bar: And I'm perfectly perswaded, that Whipping (or Punishing of him) in this Manner, wou'd give Men so much Terror in the very Thought of it, that scarce any, for the Future, wou'd dare to attempt upon the Lives of others; for there's nothing we entertain a greater Aversion to, than the Carcasses of our Fellow Creatures. But in this Case, the Conscience of Guilt, the Ghastly Looks of the Dead Body, and the gaping Wounds, would make strange Impressions; the Silence and Solitude of the Place wou'd give him Leisure to Reflect, and the Dimness of the Light wou'd make it look the very Emblem of Hell. And all this is too little Correction for him that (like the Murderer of Sarah Stout) usurps upon the Property of Heaven, and takes that away which he can never restore.

C H A P. VI.

A Young Rake (whose Name is conceal'd, with Respect to his Family) Expos'd and Lash'd for being an Atheist.

THere is no Nation under Heaven so Barbarous, but yields there is a God. It is much ado for Atheism to find a perfect and continual Assent in Man's Heart. Some Ruines of the Truth do still remain in him since the Fall: And altho' he may deny all by Day, his Conscience will make him startle by Night. *Caligula*, the Atheist crept under the Bed every Time he heard it Thunder.

Even Mr. *Hobs*, who was so much noted in the World for his Atheistical Writings; insomuch that his Book Entitled *The Leviathan*, was condemn'd by the Parliament, in their Bill against *Atheism* and *Profaneness*, October 1666. And both that, and his Book *De Give*, by the Convocation, July 21. 1683. Yet the *Earl of Devon's* Chaplain hath left it on Record, concerning him, that he receiv'd the Communion from his Hands with much seeming Devotion, about Two Years before his Death; than which there cannot be a more Express Acknowledgment of the Truth of Christianity——

But tho' there is no Real, yet there are (if I may believe my Ears) many pretended Atheists: For, being lately at a Friend's House in *Islington*, I met with a Young Rake, who declar'd to Mr. *Larkin* and me, 'He believ'd nothing of the Scriptures, made a Jest of Heaven and Hell, and advanc'd such Atheistical Principles as are not fit to be nam'd. So that this Bold Sinner deserves Correction; and tho' I never see him again, yet in Hopes this Journal may find him out, I shall Lash him at *Dunton's Whipping-Post*—— 'Tis true the Atheist, one wou'd think might meet with a Sentence severe

severe enough at the Tribunal of his own Mind, when he begins to discredit the very Being of his own Maker; but so it is, that *before he becomes an Atheist*, 'tis generally his greatest Interest to be so. However, tho' his Conscience be full of Terror when he takes a Prospect of Futurity, and does but wish at best, that the Eternal Truth wou'd turn into a LYE; yet there shou'd be some Course taken with him that he may do no Mischief to Mankind: And of all Sinners, the *Atheist* deserves the severest Whipping; for he is such a Replenish'd Villain, such an Abstract of all Vice,

*That if in Hell no other Pains there were,
Men wou'd fear Hell because of Atheists there.*

Now, if *Atheists* are such Monsters in Wickedness, I think a POST of the greatest Shame will be the fittest Place to Correct him. And I think the *Stocks* is the Whipping-Post where he'll be best Expos'd and Lash'd; for,

Almost in ev'ry Town, there stands	[A Poetical
An Ancient Castle, that commands	Description
Th' Adjacent Parts: In all the Fabrick	of the Stocks].
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick;	
But all of Wood, by Pow'rful Spell	
Of Magick made Impregnable.	
There's neither Iron Bar, nor Gate,	
Porticullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;	
And yet Men Durance there abide	
In Dungeon scarce Three Inches wide;	
With Roof so Low, that under it	
They never stand, but lie or sit;	
And yet so foul, that who'so is in,	
Is to the Middle Leg in Prison,	
In Circle Magical confin'd,	
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,	
Which none are able to break thorough	
Until they're freed by Head of Borough,	

'Tis at this Post I'd Whip our Rake
 'Till he did ev'ry Sin forsake,
 Did own a God, a Heaven, a Hell,
 And Vow'd he ne'er wou'd more Rebel.

We are now to suppose our (Atheistical) Rake in the Stocks; and here, seeing the Rods of Horror and Despair are fittest to Convince and Ferk him, I can't wish him a worse Punishment than Despair.

Despair, whose Torment no Men living sure,
 But Lovers and the Damn'd, did e'er endure!
 Despair, attended with her Ghastly Train,
 Anguish, Confusion, Horror, Howling, Pain,
 Shall at her Hideous Army's Head advance,
 And shake against his Breast her Bloody Lance:
 Shall draw her Troops of Terror in Array,
 Muster her Grievs, and horrid War display.

If these Rods of Despair don't make him call upon GOD, my next LASH shall be, to fix a Mark on his Forehead with this Inscription, *I am an Atheist, and don't believe the Existence of my own Maker.* By this Means he wou'd be a *Walking Testimony* against himself; and 'tis a Thousand to One but he'd Publish his Recantation, rather than be Pointed at as a Wen, and a Blemish of Humane Nature. If after this *Correction* he remains Impenitent, he shou'd have a Room allotted him under Ground, in some Dark Dungeon, where the Infection cou'd not spread, and where he might have leisure to consult his own Thoughts: And if after all this *Whipping* he continues obstinate, when there is a *Company of Atheists* together, they (with this *Young Rake*) shou'd be Transported into some Desert Island (beyond the *Frigid Zone*) upon Pain of Death if ever they return'd. Thus shou'd the *Inhumane Colony* be sent off from the Society of Mankind, and there let 'em Linger out their Days (if possible) beyond the very *Reach of Providence, and the Protection of Heaven.* This wou'd

would be a Whipping (or Punishment) worthy of the Name, and would guard others within the Compass of Religion, and Law of Nature.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. P——d of Harwich, &c. *Expos'd and Lash'd, for being a Contented Cuckold.*

MR. Dunton—— Reading *The Post-Boy* (as I always do, ever since I heard Mr. BOYER writes it) I find you promise *A Whipping-Post, &c.* And desire such Discoveries might be sent to you as are fit to be *Expos'd and Lash'd*. I could send you an Account of several Notorious Usurers, Drunkards, Gamesters, &c. But as they are a more Infamous Sort of Sinners, I shall first send you a *Brief History of Contented Cuckolds*. I own, this is a Vice that can't endure the Rays of the Sun, and is confin'd to Darkness. But let the Sin be never so Abominable, there's Mr. Bexford privy to his own Cuckoldom; and Mr. Gisel is the same: And I could name several other Husbands that hold the Door to their own Flesh and Blood; and are what we may call *Contented Cuckolds*—— Will. Axtell in Woodstreet, finding his Wife in Bed with another Man, put up the the Wrong for a Quart of Sack. S—— proffer'd a Pint: Nay, said Axtell, *Sure Neighbour 'tis worth Two Pints*; which the Adulterer gave him, and Axtell declar'd himself fully satisfy'd—— Another Cuckold in Holbourn (I could name the Man and his Sign) lends his Wife for a Guinea a Week—— Mr. Hastings of Moor-Fields, was more Contented than these; for, finding G—— in Bed with his Wife, all he said was, *The Lord give me Patience, the Lord give me Patience*; and so contentedly left 'em together—— And Mr. Sprigins told his Wife *She might Whore as much as she would, if she'd take*

take Care to fasten the Door, (which she once forgot) that his Servants might know nothing of it—— But of all Cuckolds, I think none so Contented as P——d of Harwich, who being ask'd by his Wife if she shou'd Lie with Sir —— for 5*l.* and a good Goose (it being what he proffer'd Her for a Night's Lodging) all the Answer he gave was, ' You know Honey, we want Money, and ' the Goose is a good Goose, that's the Truth on't. To this she reply'd, Then Dear, shall I Lie with Sir —— I tell thee (reply'd the Cuckold again) ' You know Wife ' we want Money, and the Goose is a good Goose, that's the Truth on't—— Sir, I won't warrant for the Truth of the other Relations, (tho' I have heard 'em reported for such) but as to the Harwich Cuckold, you may depend upon that as Matter of Fact, for 'twas told me by one that liv'd there many Years—— If any of these Contented Cuckolds are worth your Lashing, you are free to Expose 'em in your first Whipping-Post, and as Opportunity offers, I'll send you some more Discoveries—— I am your Hearty Friend, &c.

Sir—— In Answer to your Letter, I must first acquaint you that Simple Cuckoldom is no Vice; for if the Wife will be Lewd, how can the Husband help it? And therefore, all Innocent (Honest) Cuckolds are in no Danger from Dunton's Whipping-Post: But for a Man to be Pandar to his own Wife, is a vile, Infamous Sin— The Jealous Cuckold is the more honest Man of the Two, yet is more troublesome than the Contented Cuckold; for Jealousie is the Rage of a Man: Jealousy is born of a good House, that of Love and Honour; but it divideth Beds and Empires, and hath Eyes ever so Bleared, that it cannot endure a Partner, tho' but in Imagination.

In Love Affairs, so selfish we are grown,
That the lov'd Object must be all our own,
Or else we wish might be enjoy'd by none.

}

But

But if a Jealous Man be thus out-ragious, what is a *Jealous Wife*? And Ladies, to speak the Truth, (for now I'm discoursing with you, and *Lashing the Jealous Wife*) 'There's nothing more vexatious, nor more common amongst you, than this Tormenting Vice of Jealously: 'Tis almost as Natural to ye as *Pride* and *Peevishness*, for 'tis an apparent Mixture of both. It argues the Meanness of your Tempers too, as well as, too often, your own *Infidelity*. Little Minds are most apt to Suspicion, (of which *Argus* is a notable Instance) which the Great and Brave abhor, and had much rather be ill us'd without a Cause, than Causelessly suspect any Injury. *Guilt it self is the most Jealous Thing in Nature*. 'Tis a sore Suspicion you have been formerly in the Oven, by your peeping so often into't. There's no Possibility of satisfying a *Jealous Woman*; were you Marry'd to an *Eunuch*, you would scarce trust him out of your Sight. I wonder you have never yet invented *Male Padlocks*, since you'd gladly keep the Men up as close as the *Italians* do their Women. And when they have escaped Prison for an Hour, or a Day, ne'er a Prince in *Europe* has more *Spies* about him than a poor Husband: Who shall scarce look on another Woman, but his own hears on't almost as soon as the Glance is over; but if he dares proceed so far as a civil Salute, he's a gone Man, and I know not how he'll dare lift up his Face any more before his Lady Wife. Alas poor Husband! This is his Condition, and so much worse, that one can scarce conceive it without the Hazard of a very dangerous Experiment, and actually entering into the Noose to learn what 'tis. How many Lives have been Sacrific'd, to that *Insatiate Fiend*, a *Female Jealousy*?

Even Night it self, the *Easer* of all other Cares, brings no Benefit to the miserable Wretch that's Haunted with such a *Domestick Fiend* (as a *Jealous Wife*.) What makes up all other Breaches, only widens theirs: The Sun may set and rise, and set again, but she's no Changeling:

The Bed's her *Chappel*, and she says her Prayers there, but 'tis as *Witches* do, all backward.

She has an Admirable *Memory*, that's the Truth on't, and shall run ye back Ten or Twenty Years, and give the poor Man as exact a *Catalogue* of all his *Sins*, as if she had been his *Evil Genius*, that Tempted him to commit 'em. He rests, but 'tis as the Saint did upon *Gridirons*: When she's tired, which may be about *Cock-crowing*, and Sleep with much ado *Tongue-bolts* her for a few Moments, he's still but little the better, and even she is her own Tormenter; *She dreams every Moment that she surprises him in another's Arms*, Screeches out, and snatches after him, till she wakes him in as great a Fright as her self.

Even the Church is no *Sanctuary* to him from her *Intolerable Vexation*, she accompanys him thither more out of *Spite* than *Devotion*, watches him as sharp as an old *Usurer* his *Rich Heiress*; keeps her Eye as intently fix'd on his, as if *she were Duelling him*; and if it ever chance to fall on any Female Face in the whole Company, she's ready to unsheath her Talons, fly out of her Seat at her, and fasten like a Cat, to the Destruction of her *Innocent Rigging*.

She never wants Circumstances to set off her *Venemous Imaginations*; she poysons the fairest Fame with but Breathing on't. All *Woman-kind*, in her Opinion, is one great Stumpet, and she's Jealous of 'em all, least her *Grand Seigneur* shou'd reduce 'em into one *seraglio*. Nay, she's Jealous even of *h'r self*, lest he shou'd think of others while he's Embracing her; and not content with Persecuting him in this World, wou'd fain carry her Cruelty even beyond the Grave. She's Mortally afraid of dying first, lest he shou'd Marry again; she thinks *Second Marriages* but another sort of *Adultery*, and absolutely unlawful; and if any thing cou'd make her content to leave him, 'twou'd be the Hopes of *Haunting* him in the Time of his *Second Wife*, drawing the *Curtains*, glaring in upon 'em, pulling off the Cloaths from 'em, and sliding in Cold between 'em. And earnestly

neſtly wiſhes for the *Enchanted Ring* they talk of, which made one of the *French Kings* ſo mad for his *Miſtreſs* and doat upon her very *Carkafs*. But yet even this *Jealouſy* is many times a *Female Stratagem* to conceal her ſecret *Adulteries*.

At *Gol*, the Women are ſo ſubtil in Cuckolding their Husbands, that with a certain Drink they give 'em to drive away Care, (as they ſay) they will make them ſleep for 24 Hours, and ſo Intoxicate them, that they can remember nought of what they ſaw done, or heard; and by Waſhing of their Feet, reſtore them again; and ſo make their Husbands Cuckolds before their Faces.

This is a new Experiment to make a *Cuckold Contented*, and I ſcarce know how to diſlike it; for *Jealouſy* is only a *Gin* that we ſet to catch *Serpents*; which, as ſoon as we have caught them, ſting us. The *Jealous Husband* would fain think the beſt of his Handsome Wife; yet ſomething (and often when there is no Occaſion) is buſy in his Brains, and in the Shape of *Jealouſy* preſents a Thouſand Fears.

I know the *Jealous Husband* will tell us, that he's uneaſy at his dear Spouſe, out of ſtark ſtaring Kindneſs. But, *Yellow Sir*, let me tell you, *Jealouſy's* no better Sign of Love, than *Fevers* are of Life; they ſhew there is a Being, tho' impair'd and periſhing; and that Affection is ſick, and in Diſorder: And if *Jealouſy* be Fire in private Perſons, to be ſure 'tis *Wild-Fire* in Princes.

One wou'd think, the Charms of a Kind Wife ſhould cure the *Jealous Husband*; but 'tis often ſeen, it avails little: For, as there be *Serpents* which are naturally Enemies to *Fine Flowers*; and as Dogs do not Bark againſt the Moon, but when ſhe is perfect, and poſſeſſes all her Light; ſo there be *Jealous Devils*, who have a particular Spite againſt pleaſing and Illuſtrious Virtues. I know the *Contented Cuckold* will ſay, (I mean the *Wittal* who is pleaſed with Tooting his Silver Horn) If a Man

60 Dunton's Whipping-Post.

have a Lock which every Man's Key will open as well as his own, why should he think to keep it private to himself?

Of these Contented Cuckolds, there are two Sorts: Some that suspect their Man-hood. And such Contented Cuckolds were the Kings of Calcut; who (as Burton tells us) will not touch their Wives till one of their Biarmi, or High-Priests, have lain first with them. And I suppose this was the Reason for that Scotch Law, whereby every Bride was obliged to lie with the Lord of the Manor, before she lay with her Husband. Or, 2dly, Such as live by Cuckoldom: And such Contented Cuckolds were the Men of Sio: For, their Wives (as I hinted before) being given to Excessive Venery, their Husbands are their Pandars; and when they see any Stranger arrive, they presently demand, If he would have a Mistress? And so they make Whores of their own Wives; and are contented, for a little Gain, to wear Horns—— There be too many Knights of this Order, so dubb'd by their Wives. Amongst the Carthagenians, the Bridegroom Petitions the King of the Country to lie with his Bride the first Night, and once a Year. These Contented Cuckolds lie promiscuously altogether. And if we look at Home, (provided there's Money coming) where's the Man but what's a Contented Cuckold? — Even at Ware, (as large as their Wed is) were the Cuckolds of that Town to lie altogether, (like the Carthagenians) their Great Wed would scarce hold Half the Contented Cuckolds that are found in it. And if that little Town be so well stock'd, what shall we think of London, Bristol, York, &c. where Contented Cuckolds are said to swarm?

And as there are ——— Jealous Cuckolds ——— Jealous Wives that are Cuckold-Makers ——— and Contented Cuckolds ——— so there is the Husband his own Cuckold, I mean that Marries on purpose to be a Cuckold; and for that Reason gets a Captain's or Ensign's Place, that some Lord or Knight may Enjoy his Wife without Interruption.

Having

Having prov'd P——d a Contented Cuckold, I come next to the Whipping-Post I assign for him, and that is the Famous Horns in High-gate; but you'll say, he scarce deserves such a POST; as these Horns only swear him to this, 'That he shall never kiss the Maid, when he may kiss the Mistress, &c. and are (no Punishment, but) a Piece of Innocent Mirth to divert the Travellers on that Road; but you know Reader, my Whipping-Post was to convince the Criminal (from the Argument of his own Feeling) how vile and abominable his Offence is: And here I'm sure is like to like, or a Pair of Horns as large as those that were made (and blown) by his own Consent. Besides, (tho' the Goose was a good Goose, &c.) these Horns are advanc'd upon High-gate-Hill, and will make his Crime as Publick as 'tis Vile and Infamous—— P——d being now ty'd to the Horns, with what Rods shall I Whip him? I think Poverty, (for selling his Wife's Virtue) and Contempt, for being a willing Cuckold, are the fittest to Lash his Offence. But methinks The Contented Cuckold (I mean P——d) is almost below my Correction; His Conjugal Affection must needs be grown very Cold upon his Hands; so that he'd scarce feel Poverty or Contempt, or indeed the Punishment of a Divorce.

However, (being ty'd to the Horns, and contented with 'em) he shou'd be Lash'd with a Divorce, if it were only to lessen and discontinue his Sin: But this Whipping shou'd not be all, for after the Divorce was past, he shou'd make an Exchange of his Cloaths with his Wife, and be sent to Harwich in Penicots, and for ever after wear that Livery; and his Wife (for consenting to be a Whore) shou'd be oblig'd to wear her Husband's Habit: Both of them in this Dress shou'd be confin'd to Colchester Prison during Life Time, where they'll have Leisure to reflect and to repent of their former Wickedness.

Further, that the World may be sure to know that P——d was a Contented Cuckold, he shou'd Advertise it in all the News-Papers, a Dozen Times, and then, (down with the Whipping-Post) War Horns is the Word. (a)

62 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

Having done *Whipping the Contented P——d*, I come next to the *Jealous Cuckold*; and if I knew him I'd Lash him thus. *The Jealous Cuckold* (that is, he who supposes himself a Cuckold before he has any Assurance of it) shou'd be oblig'd to wear *Two Antlers of a Buck* upon the Front of his Hat, and never to appear in Publick without 'em, upon Pain of Hunger, or Imprisonment for his Life Time. This is but a *Just Whipping*, (or Measure of Punishment) for doing an Injury to the Virtue of his Wife, and for *Cuckolding himself*, in his own Imagination.

C H A P. VIII.

Madam Fen ty'd to the Whipping-Post for making Love to the Author of this Journal, &c.

I Shall here take *Madam Fen* by the Lilly Hand, and (having strip'd her of all her Rigging) will tye her to *Dunton's Whipping-Post*—— Nay, pish! Nay Fi: ! —— Ne'er shrug for the Matter, but off with your Furbelo's, &c. and down with your Smicket, for you had like to have wheedl'd me into the *Marriage Broose*; and I resolve to Lash you till I'm out of Breath. Nay pray Sir, good Sir, (*said some Ladies that stood by*) How can you Whip that *Milk-white Skin*, and that *Tender Flesh*? Can her *snowy Breasts* and her *sparkling Eyes* move you to no Compassion? How can you Lash a Virgin, for only saying *She loves you*, and is entirely at your Service? Is your *Whipping-Post* so severe, as to withstand and contradict the very Principles of Nature. Love is a *Natural Passion* in both Sexes: Then, to Whip a Woman for *Making Love*, is to un-man your self. Nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of *Female Courtship*, than that 'tis necessary in some Women, when we come to be *Angels* (as some of your

your Sex call us) 'tis another Matter. There's something highly Rational in the very Essence of Virtuous Courtship. If there be no Reason below the Girdle, sure there's some above it. Then Pray Sir, good Sir, down with the Whipping-Post, and deliver the Prisoner into our Hands, for you are Stone, a Tree, (tho' even they love too in their way) if you Whip a Woman for loving of you. Besides Sir, this Courtship in Fen, is so far from being Immodest, that we defy you to Instance in a Whore or Fool that ever was truly in Love. Then, in meer Gratitude to the Woman that loves you, forbear Whipping her Person or Courtship: But if you resolve to Lash her, we intend to Face you, and when (Dooz Lady) she is taken down from the Whipping-Post, we'll Challenge you to Publish The History of Fen's Courtship; (with all the Letters that pass upon that Occasion) for we resolve to answer it——

Hey dey, will you ne'er ha' done! Nay, good Ladies be gone, and let me alone, for that any who talk so little to the Purpose, shou'd yet talk so fast, and so loud, (in Behalf of a Fond Woman) wou'd seem very unreasonable, had you not this to plead for your selves, That 'tis very Natural, that want of Sense shou'd be supply'd with some other Qualification: Yet if Fen's Courtship cou'd be defended, or your Discourse were but worth the hearing, I cou'd bear a little better with your Garulity; but such perfect Froth, such unsufferable Impertinence who can endure, unless another Woman? For, among your selves, there is seldom any Nonsense lost: You talk to each others Capacities, and all is well enough. Either, what an extraordinary pretty Gown you have. Madam! Pray who made it? Or, how does little Master and Miss do this Evening? Well, they are the prettiest Creatures! And then a long Narration of their Childish Follies. In short, your whole Sex is a Whipping-Post, and your Tongues the keenest Rods in the World ——— Then (Lady) I value my Sense of Hearing too much, either to grant your Request, or to venture near you; but more especially when you are Swarming at a Gossiping:

64 Dunton's Whipping-Post.

ing: For, I have then wonder'd how 'tis possible for your Mind to keep Pace with your Tongue, believing they spoke Rationally, like other People; 'till at last the Thing was easy, since 'tis plain your Speech is only a sort of Mechanical Motion, and you can't afford to think with it.

Then Ladys, Be gone! Troop off, or I'll tye ye all to the Whipping-Post with your Sister Fen, who being now strip'd to the Waist (as soon as the Rods come) I'll Lash her Back before all the Women in the Three Kingdoms, that they may see, in the Formariness of this Virgin, how Impudent, (or at least Ridiculous) 'tis for a Woman to Court a Man.

This Fond Lober, soon after my Wife dy'd, took (as she thought) Compassion of my Mournful State, and had she not prov'd a Chornback, she had certainly Kidnapp'd me into Wedlock. There was also Mrs. A—— made some Matrimonial Signs, but at present I pardon her Impudence, that she and her Friends may see how much I can forgive a Proud and Ungrateful Person. But for Madam Fen, she's such an Heterogeneous Woman, I'll Lash her till her Back can blush for her Feminine Courtship, discover'd to me in these Lines.

' Mr. Dunton—— I know the World will be apt to
' censure the Immodesty of this Address; notwithstanding, I
' think the Case of Love is the same with that of coming
' to the Coal-Pits; the first Lover shou'd be the first Pro-
' poser. This is therefore to desire you to make a Journey
' to C——k as soon as you can, for I have already
' suffer'd the Beginnings of a Feverish Distemper upon your
' Account. I hope my Age will not discourage you, for I
' came of a Fruitful Family; and my Fortune (were it more)
' is entirely at your Service—— I am yours first, and
' for ever,—— M. Fen.

The World may think this Letter a Fiction, (as not believing any modest Woman shou'd be thus forward in Courting a Man that deserves so little) but there is no Jest like a true

true one. And I do protest, Madam *Fen's* Courtship was more *Fond* and *Union* than is here express: And for that Reason she's here Whip'd (and her Letter Publish'd) to cure *Over-Forwardness* in such Women as beg Husbands.

I need not spend much Time in drawing up my Charge against Madam *Fen*, for her Letter proves her a perfect Antidote against Marriage. And therefore that I may put her to as much Shame as her *Impudent Courtships* deserves, the *Whipping-Post* I'll tye her to, shall be that despicable Creature, an *Old Maid*, with these Words on her Forehead, "I'm condemn'd to lead Apes in Hell."

Perhaps you'll say this is no proper *Whipping-Post*, which was still to *Expose the Offender's Crime*; but the being an *Old Maid* is none of her Fault, for she had been Marry'd some Years ago, if either *Ogling*, or *Courting the Fellows*, had but succeeded.

All this is readily granted, but still I assert, an *Old Maid* is the fittest *Whipping-Post* for this Woman, for Female Courtship is a Breach of Modesty; and therefore 'tis fit that an *Old Maid* should be the *Whipping-Post*, to signify the Scandal of *Old Maid* is what she deserves, for being so forward to lose her Virginity.

So much for my Charge against Madam *Fen*— And the *Whipping-Post* I shall Beathe her at.

I come next to the *Firking Instrument*; and the *R O D* I shall Whip her with, shall be an [ANSWER] to her *Courting Letter*: Which take in the following Words, viz.

Yes (Madam) the World will be apt to censure the *Immodesty* of your Address, in courting a Person that never lov'd you: But I need not Lash you much in this Tender Place, for ' that you are *Fond*, that your whole Sex is *fond* and *forward*, and have been coming above these 5000 Years, and stealing back to your *Rib* again, sure you your self will scarce deny. We have no more Instances of it, than there have been *Individuals* of your *Teizing Sex*, since the Creation.

' Now even *Old Maids* make a shift to keep a *Colts Too*; when they have hardly had more than

‘ Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp* at *Tilbury*, what
 ‘ a fine Set may we believe are in yours, that are as
 ‘ wild as the Wind, and all your Youth and Blood
 ‘ still about you? As appears by your *Feaverish Di-*
 ‘ *stemper* and *Fruitful Body* you so much Boast of.

‘ Is it not *Fondness* with a Witness, to tell me the first
 ‘ *Lover* shou’d be the first *Proposer*; to leave your Parents,
 ‘ to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to
 ‘ straddle over Garden Walls, and fly in the Air like
 ‘ Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush
 ‘ thro’ Darkness, and wade thro’ *Moats*, and almost run
 ‘ thro’ *Fire* as well as *Water*? And what is all this
 ‘ for? Is it not for *Man*, that Charming Creature, *Man*, to
 ‘ whom, when you’re in an Ill Humour, you’ll not afford
 ‘ a good Word?

‘ What a Deal of Paper do you spoil in a Year?
 ‘ How many *Heydleberg-Tuns* full of Ink do you squan-
 ‘ der away, in answering *Billet-doux*, and *Love-Letters*;
 ‘ or rather in sending ’em, and *Challenging* all Mankind
 ‘ to do the worst they can to your Persons and *Reputa-*
 ‘ *tions*?

‘ But you need not write, you can speak enough, and
 ‘ you have many Ways to do it: Your *Eyes*, your *Hands*,
 ‘ your every *Motion*, sufficiently express how unwilling
 ‘ you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

In a Word, you’ll tempt us with Money, (for, don’t
 your Letter say your *Fortune* is all at my Service?) or say or
 do any thing for a Husband. But I must tell you
 (tho’ that LASH shou’d cut to the Quick) ‘ your *For-*
 ‘ *wardness* is so odious, that you lose me before you
 ‘ have me. Nothing can be imagin’d more Nauseous
 ‘ than your perpetual *Siege*, and Childish *Kindness*. Were
 ‘ you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you’d tire me with Cram-
 ‘ ming me thus every Day. You’d scarce take it well your
 ‘ self, to be kiss’d to Death. Then how cou’d you think I’d
 Marry such a Fond Ridiculous Woman?

Have I renounc’d my Faith? Or basely Sold
 Salvation, or my Loyalty, for Gold?

If I did thus, proceed, I am consent
 That Fen shou'd take me, for my Punishment:
 For, never Sin was of so high a Rate,
 But one Night's Hell with you might Expiate.
 Altho' the Law with Garnet, and the rest
 Deals far more mildly, Hanging's but a Jest,
 To this Immortal Torment: Had you been
 In Martyrs torrid Days Engender'd, when
 Rogues liv'd by Blood, and thro'd by burning Men,
 You wou'd have been more horrid Engine far
 Than Fire or Famine, Racks or Halters a-e.
 Whither your Wit, Form, Talk, Smile, Dress, I name,
 Each is a Stock of Tyranny and Shame.
 But for your Breath Spectators come not nigh,
 That lays about God bless the Company.
 The Man in a Bear's Skin Baited to Death,
 Wou'd chuse the Dogs, much rather than your Breath.
 One Kiss of yours, and Eighteen Words alone,
 Puts down the Spanish Inquisition.
 And were you not prevented by our Pray'r,
 By this Time you corrupted had the Air.
 A Wife for me! Why Succubus, be gone,
 You're drest so like the Whore of Babylon.
 How, dote on me! As if you wou'd contrive,
 The Devil and you, to Damn a Man alive.
 Let me go pray, and think upon some Spell
 At once to bid the Devil and you Farewel.

Thus have I answer'd (in the kindest Manner I can)
 your Courting Letter; and tho' I don't approve either
 of that, or the Person of Madam Fen, yet I'll so far re-
 turn — **Love for Love** — as to wish this Answer
 may serve as a ROD to Correct your Fondness, and
 keep you Chaste: For, as I despise a Woman that
 makes Love, so I heartily wish (for your further Mo-
 rification) that no Man may ever see you — But above
 all, Woe to the Wretch that's in Love with you; for tho'
 when you Court our Sex, you promise 'em Gold, Chil-
 dren, and value your self upon Loving first and most,

' Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp* at *Tilbury*, what
' a fine Set may we believe are in yours, that are as
' wild as the Wind, and all your Youth and Blood
' still about you? As appears by your *Fiaverish Di-*
' *stemper* and *Fruitful Body* you so much Boast of.

' Is it not *Fondness* with a Witness, to tell me the first
' *Lover* shou'd be the first *Proposer*; to leave your Parents,
' to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to
' straddle over Garden Walls, and fly in the Air like
' Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush
' thro' Darkness, and wade thro' *Moats*, and almost run
' thro' *Fire* as well as *Water*? And what is all this
' for? Is it not for *Man*, that Charming Creature, *Man*, to
' whom, when you're in an Ill Humour, you'll not afford
' a good Word?

' What a Deal of Paper do you spoil in a Year?
' How many *Heydleberg-Tuns* full of Ink do you squan-
' der away, in answering *Billet-doux*, and *Love-Letters*;
' or rather in sending 'em, and *Challenging* all Mankind
' to do the worst they can to your Persons and *Reputa-*
' *tions*?

' But you need not write, you can speak enough, and
' you have many Ways to do it: Your *Eyes*, your *Hands*,
' your every *Motion*, sufficiently express how unwilling
' you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

In a Word, you'll tempt us with Money, (for, don't
your Letter say your Fortune is all at my Service?) or say or
do any thing for a Husband. But I must tell you
(tho' that LASH shou'd cut to the Quick) ' your For-
' wardness is so odious, that you lose me before you
' have me. Nothing can be imagin'd more Nauseous
' than your perpetual *Siege*, and Childish Kindness. Were
' you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you'd tire me with Cram-
' ming me thus every Day. You'd scarce take it well your
' self, to be kiss'd to Death. Then how cou'd you think I'd
Marry such a Fond Ridiculous Woman?

Have I renounc'd my Faith? Or basely Sold
Salvation, or my Loyalty, for Gold?

If I did thus, proceed, I am content
 That Fen shou'd take me, for my Punishment:
 For, never Sin was of so high a Rate,
 But one Night's Hell with you might Expiate.
 Altho' the Law with Garnet, and the rest
 Dealt far more mildly, Hanging's but a Jest,
 To this Immortal Torment: Had you been
 In Martyrs torrid Days Engender'd, when
 Rogues liv'd by Blood, and thro'd by burning Men, }
 You wou'd have been more horrid Engine far
 Than Fire or Famine, Racks or Halters are.
 Whither your Wit, Form, Talk, Smile, Dress, I name,
 Each is a Stock of Tyranny and Shame.
 But for your Breath Spectators come not nigh,
 That lays about God bless the Company.
 The Man in a Bear's Skin Baited to Death,
 Wou'd chuse the Dogs, much rather than your Breath.
 One Kiss of yours, and Eighteen Words alone,
 Puts down the Spanish Inquisition.
 And were you not prevented by our Pray'r,
 By this Time you corrupted had the Air.
 A Wife for me! Why Succubus, be gone,
 You're dress'd so like the whore of Babilon.
 How, dost on me! As if you wou'd contrive,
 The Devil and you, to Damn a Man alive.
 Let me go pray, and think upon some Spell
 At once to bid the Devil and you Farewel.

Thus have I answer'd (in the kindest Manner I can)
 your Courting Letter; and tho' I don't approve either
 of that, or the Person of Madam Fen, yet I'll so far re-
 turn — Love for Love — as to wish this Answer
 may serve as a ROD to Correct your Fondness, and
 keep you Chaste: For, as I despise a Woman that
 makes Love, so I hear ily wish (for your further Mo-
 rification) that no Man may ever see you — But above
 all, Woe to the Wretch that's in Love with you; for tho'
 when you Court our Sex, you promise 'em Gold, Chil-
 dren, and value your self upon Loring first and most,

yet shou'd any Man LOVE you (before you invite him to it) his *Torment* is such that nothing can Equal it. He must be the veriest *Fetch-and-Carry*, the most *Errand Lover*, the gentlest, tamest Creature that ever was good for nothing but to make a *Husband*. Everlasting Teizing is his Portion; sometimes you'd no more let him approach you than a *Persian Bride*, and it may be, a Minute hence the Wind changes, and you stifle him to *Death* (as you do me,) with your *Fondness*.

Now you are all *Thunder*, by and by nothing to be heard but gentle *Murmurs*; and presently you are chang'd into *Teehee* and *Laughter*; but to be sure your merry *Humour* comes when he's *Grave*; and if the *Lover's* pleasant, for that very Reason you can once be silent.

Such a FOND one as you will wink upon his *Rival* before his *Eyes*, and yet he shan't dare complain, nay, not so much as *sigh*, or look *displeased*, unless he'd Eternally lose you. And yet still you find a Way to twist your self about his *Heart* again; that it shall neither be in his Power to hate or forsake you, tho' he knows not how to love you. Away he flies, when you have provok'd him beyond Measure; but you can Lure him down again, stroke him and please him, make him shut his Blew Broad Eyes, and sleep in your *Bosom*.

But I'll Whip you no more at present; (for I see the *Spectators* are all in *Tears*) and therefore in hopes of your *Reformation*, I shall now put on your *Furbelo's*, &c. and discharge you for this Time; but if ever you Court any more Men, I shall tye you again to the Whipping-Post, and will then LASH you till you hate the Thoughts of a *Husband*—— I am

Your Whipping Friend

JOHN DUNTON.

The next I shall bring to the Whipping-Post will be *S*——rell of Oxford—— *W*——y for his Sateyr upon the Dissenters—— And all the other Persons and Things mention'd in our Introduction—— But for want of Room, I must reserve these for another Season—— But in the mean Time, to convince the World I lash none but such as deserve it, I'll conclude this First Part of my Journal with

A Whipping Letter to Dr. Smirk, &c.

Reverend Sir,

YOUR Friend was so kind as to give me an Invitation to your Country Seat, but upon serious Thoughts I judge to give you a *seeming Friendly Visit*, at a Time when I'm urg'd to LASH you in Publick, is what is scarce *Just or Honourable*; and for that Reason I shall content my self with only praying for your *Health and Repentance*, till such Time as I can see you with a Hearty Friendship. I say Hearty! As *Gratitude, Justice, and Sincerity*, is all I value my self upon, as is largely shewn in *Dunton's Whipping-Post and Living Elegy, &c.* Where I have done my self Justice with Respect to you and my other Enemies, but have done it in *Dark Hints, &c.* that no Body knows where the Shoe pinches, but you (and those) that feel it. If therefore you take these LASHES as a Just Reward for the Wrong you did me, I shall think my self fully satisfy'd. But you know *Doctor, Revenge is sweet.* And I was forc'd to Whip you in this Journal, that I might be Friends with you for ever. But why do I say that *Revenge is sweet*? Let me here tye my self to the Whipping-Post by fairly owning that *Revenge* (tho' the most

most enticing of all Vices) 'discharges
 [Dunton ties him- 'at once its Pleasure with its Fury, and
 self to the Whipping- 'like a Bee Languishes after it bath
 Post for saying Re- 'spent its Sting; and when it is once
 venge is sweet.] 'acted, (which is often in one Moment)
 'it ceaseth from that Moment to be
 'a Pleasure; and such as are tick'd once with it, are
 'afraid of its Remembrance, and think worse of it than
 'they did formerly of the Affront, to Expiate which it was
 'undertaken.

Doctor, I Whip my self in this open Confession, both
 to caution all Men against Revenge and for renew-
 ing our old Friendship; but if my Lashing your
 Gall'd Back, must end in a Paper Duel, Know! That
 Scribbling is the Air I breathe in; and as I have drawn
 my Pen, will never put it up whilst I have one Enemy.

Dr. Smirk, my Hearty Respects to your Better Self,
 and tell her, Had I met with such a Generous Carriage
 from the other People as I find in her, had I lost as
 many Kingdoms by 'em as I do Pence, I shou'd not
 have once mention'd it. For, 'I reckon it much betw
 'me to mention the Favours I have done; but 'tis La-
 'bour in vain, you know, to oblige, where every Kindness is
 'mis-represented, and (of late) most unjustly disown'd;
 'so that I can't say which deserves most Whipping, your
 Detraction, or J——s Injustice (a) — Even the S H E
 DON of your Family han't one Grain of Generosity
 in her, (but deserves Whipping from London to Kingsland)
 or cou'd never so wholly forget a Person that beg'd
 40 l. (b) for her First Husband, when all his K I N, but
 my self, despis'd him. Is this my Reward for procuring
 the Dignify'd Sharpe, (c) and advancing you to the
 Honour of Y——s Friendship? Why sure you thought

(a) I call it so, as no Man e'er paid an Hundred Pound
 without taking a Receipt, or Cancelling the Bond that proves
 the Debt.

(b) Of Alderman Cornish and other Citizens.

(c) Mention'd in the History of my Life. P. 260.

there

there was no Whipping-Post, or that Dunton was Dead and Bury'd! Is this your way to repay Favours, to slander your Friend, and deny the Debt, &c? I can't say you are all guilty in this Matter, but for those of you that are so base as to add *Injustice to your Ingratitude*, I resolve to Lash you till you own your Fault.

In short (*Doctor*) you and your *Friends* are Whip'd no more than you do deserve. However, you were the *First Aggressors*, and therefore I shall make no Apology for this Letter, or for any thing I have said in Print. *Apology!* No, for if you wou'd but *turn the Tables*, and consider how *S O U R E* you'd look your selves, upon that Person that slighted and abus'd you only for the Kindness you did him, I shou'd then pass for a meer *STOICK* amongst you, for only Whipping you with *Initial Letters* and *Dark Hints*. But be it as 'twill, you are *Related to, &c.* and for that Reason I will ever be (whether you will or no)

Your Sincere Friend,

J O H N D U N T O N.

DUNTON'S

DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part II.

O R,

*A Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons
[for Piety, Learning, Courage, Mo-
deration, Charity, and other Accom-
plishments] now living in the Three
Kingdoms.*

I Shall begin this *Second Part* of my *Journal* with this Assurance, That I'll praise no Person (whether Rich or Poor) but such as I think deserve it. And the *first* Person I intend to Characterize, is the *Divine Sabina*; being oblig'd thereto by the following Letter, directed thus, viz.

*To the Author of the Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.
To be left at Claypool's Coffee-House in Swan-Alley, in
Birchin-Lane. — Post paid.*

S I R,

Manchester, April 6. 1706.

I Thought my self oblig'd, tho' at this Distance, to make some Return for the Pleasure which the Niceness and Curiosity of your *Living History* has given me in Effie. I wou'd have you begin your *History* with the Character of a Lady in these Parts, commonly call'd — *[The Divine Sabina.]* The Accomplishments of this Lady have sufficiently Signaliz'd her, tho' the Bashfulness of her Residence has done all that in it lay to shroud her from

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 73

from Applause. I'm very sensible she is like to suffer, as your most Racy and Generous Liquors do in the Transfusion; she flourishes in her own Soil, but will look faint and withering in Comparison of the Primitive Piece: However, I hope it may provoke a Hand as Celebrated as her own, to Ravish the Pencil from such a Dawber as I'm about to shew my self. I confess too, I were better have Initiated my Hand with an Inferiour Draught; yet suppose me in the best Circumstances, and I'm only like to give it you in Shade and Miniature, and therefore ascribe none of the unfinished Strokes to the Original—— I shall further add, That if this first Character meets with Encouragement, I shall send you the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham Dr. Lee, &c. and of other eminent Persons in Manchester— But to return to the Character of

The Divine Sabina.

SHE is a Lady by Birth and Fortune, and is not only an Ornament to her own *Illustrious Family*, but to the Age she lives in.

She hath Wit not only above most of her Sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values it self so much upon it: To which is joyn'd a Judgment very Correct and Solid. (Two Things seldom found together in the Fair Sex.) This is the Reason that she never runs into those *Little Extravagancies*, nor commits those Witty Fooleries which many of them who possess the First, are guilty of, for want of the Latter. Wit in Women being often a very ungovernable Thing.) But she bears her Advantages with leis Ostentation, and more Temper, than those of her Sex (who have any Excellency above the rest) usually do; which is a virtue by which she is as much distinguish'd from them, as they are from the Ordinary Rank of Women.

She is a very good Judge of Persons, and as there is no Body more Competently qualify'd to give their Opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe Exactness, or with less Partiality; for she always

74 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

speaks her Mind, and spares no Body : But then (I know not how) she orders it so well, that it may be understood as an Obligation; and her severest Reproofs have something in them so sweet, so gentle, and so allaying of their own Gall, that there is hardly any of the Bitter to be found; like Pills wrapt up in Sweet-meats, you swallow them with a pleasing Relish; and as Dextrous Executioners perform their Office with such a Sleight, that 'tis with little Pain, and almost insensible to the Sufferers. So she manages her most Killing Reflections with such Admirable Art and Softness, that the Persons concern'd are never offended at it; for she does it in Terms very Ambiguous, like *Antient Oracles*, that might be Interpreted either way, it requires some Consideration to find out which 'tis she intends: And what she designs as a Reflection, without a very strict Examination may pass for a Panegyrick.

She is extremely Critical, and likes or dislikes upon great Niceties. The Last is much more frequent to her than the First, for she seldom finds any Body to her Mind; her Friendship therefore is obtain'd with great Difficulty, and very easily lost: For, to the keeping of it up, it is necessary one shou'd have all That in the same Degree, which was the Cause of her Contracting it. For, upon the first Discovery of any Failure her Kindness falls too; that is, she cannot pass by the little Errors and Miscarriages of her Friends. So that it is in her Friendship, as it is in Musick, where if the Instruments are not kept up to the same Key and Pitch, it disturbs the Harmony. Tho' if she always continues to proceed by this Rule, she will hardly ever have any very durable Friendship, it being difficult for her to make it upon equal Terms.

She is very *Scrupulous* in all the little and indifferent Actions of her Life; and a most rigorous Observer of that which they call *Decency*, even to the smallest *Punctilio's*; and makes her self a great Slave to *Custom and Opinion*: That is, she will never do any thing till she hath first very well consider'd with her self, what other People may think of it. Her

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 75

Her *Conversation* is very agreeable, and she hath Complaisance enough, yet loves you should oppose her, and delights very much in Contradicting you; but does it so handsomely, and in such a Manner, as easily shews her *Design is only Pleasure and Diversifement*, and she never fails of her End.

She hath a Sense of Things by her self, *very subtle and fine Notions*, and is rather pleas'd with something particularly Odd, than any thing in the common beaten Road: That is, she had rather make *Trespass's on Nature*, and break into her Enclosures, than keep the High-way.

She never makes her self a *Slave to her Opinions*, nor believes she is always oblig'd to think as she once did; nor is so obstinately constant to any one Tenent, as never to recede from it. By this I mean only such as are not Material, but Indifferent in themselves, and are the Subject of ordinary Dispute and Conversation. And her Design (as I have told you) being only *Diversifement*, you shall see her one Time defend a Proposition with all the Earnestness imaginable, when perhaps the next Time you meet her, the Stream will be diverted into another Current, and she will maintain quite the contrary, and say as many fine Things against it, as ever she did for it, if it serve better to that Purpose of *Diversifying*. So that her Opinions are like Laws in a State, which change with the Circumstances of Affairs, and that which was before of Force and Valid, is made void upon some present Exigence and Necessity. And for the rest of her Life, 'tis nothing else but Devotion.

To Sum up all, she hath a great deal of *Wit*, a true and discerning *Judgment*, She is hard to be pleas'd, very nicely scrupulous; singular in her Notions, uncertain in her Friendship, pleasant in Conversation, Inoffensive in her Railery, sincere in her Piety; and all these are so qualify'd, and so intermix'd, that like different Elements, they make up a most Excellent Composition.

I shall next Insert Two Panegyrick Poems.—
The First, *A Panegyrick upon Death*, and the Second, *An Epitaph*

76 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Epitaph on the Reverend Dr. Manton. Both written by the Ingenious Dr. Wild.

The Gentleman that sent these Poems to me desires (a) I'd Insert the Character of *Dr. Manton* in this *Journal*; for, tho' he's Characteriz'd by Mr. *Calamy* yet (to use my Friends Expression) 'Too much can never be said of so worthy a Person. I agree to what this Gentleman says, that 'too much can never be said of *Dr. Manton*, &c. But the Character that is given of him by Mr. *Calamy* is so Complicat, that I shan't presume to add any thing to it, and therefore I hope I shan't disoblige my *Yorkshire* Friend, if I only Print *Dr. Wild's Verses*, (which I'm told, were never Printed before) and so refer the Reader for *Dr. Manton's* Character, to be found in the *Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life*; written by Mr. *Calamy*—— But to proceed to

I. *The Panegyrick upon Death.*

Address'd

To the Angry Brethren.

By *Dr. Wild.*

NOT yet agree! Shame on us all, not yet!
Can *Lethé* only force us to forget
What the *Pacifick* *Labour* shou'd have done,
And the next best *Act* of *Oblivion*?
Now blest be *CHARLES* the Second, Best of Kings,
The Wisest Judge of Persons and of Things;
His Healing Hand at first had cur'd our *Fars*
So perfectly, there had remain'd no Scars:
As *Moses* took the *Golden Calf* away
Which *Aaron* had set up to make a Fray,
That *Moses* also by Divine Decree,
One Season fix'd for *Grace* and *Amity*.

(a) As is hinted in my *Introduction* to this *Work*. The

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 77

The High-Priest's Death gave General Release,
All Prosecution of the Law did cease,
The Refuge Cities sent Men Home in Peace.
May our meek Moses that Blest LAW renew,
Be each Gainsayer viler than a Jew:
But if a Gracious King can't have it done,
King Death will make a Comprehension;
That great Peace-maker, yet our Common Foe,
Will quiet us, whether we will or no.
For in the Grave, our Wars and Fends will cease,
And Conquering Death reduces all to Peace.
That equal Empire soon will end the Stir
Betwixt the Prelate and the Presbyter.
All's one to him whether the Funeral
March to the Temple, or a Common Hall:
And at the Burial he Amen will cry,
By Directory, or the Liturgy.
In his Long Lane the Cloak and Cassock meet,
The Lawn and Surplice, in his Winding-Sheet.
Kings, Queens, Knights, Pawns, Bishops and Rooks do lie
Jumbl'd in his Chesse-Wag, and so laid by;
Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs their Tricks may play,
But his Spade Trumps and carries all away.
He both our Friendly and our Fierce Debates,
With one Word, *finis*, fully Terminates.
'Tis his Determination ends the Strickle
'Twixt Convocation and Conventicle.
What Naked Truth attempted but in vain,
Naked and Shameless Death will soon obtain;
His Hands the Sacred Breast-Plate will unlace,
And snatch the secret Urim from his Place,
The precious Stones before him change their Hue,
And all the Holy Lamps burn Pale and Blew.
He thro' the Ephod strikes the Guarded Breasts,
The Shoulders and the Humeral acrests,
Whether the Funeral Guests do sip or quaff,
Whether the Church Exec'or weep or laugh;
Whether th' Escutcheons smutty Pare or Trim,
Whether a Turf or Marble covers him.

What

78 A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.

What Work the Preacher maketh with his Name?

Simony dawb, or Sacriledge defame.

We and alas, whether his Loaded Hearse

Bears Panegyrick, or Saryrick Verse.

Whether the Town Boys or poor wither'd J,

Shall serve or mischief him with Poetry;

Bishop and Presbyter must take their Lot,

Both alike unconcern'd, regard it not.

O Mighty Death, let Fear of Sin and Thee
Make Mortal Men their Mortal Feuds agree.

Once more, if Tragedy and Funerals fail,

Let Comedy and Nuptial News prevail;

Charles and th' United Provinces Combine,

And joyn Two Princes of the Royal Line.

The Virgin Bride ours, thine the Gallant Groom,

Thrice Happy Match, made without Leave from Rome.

A Royal Pair of Protestants, in whom

An hopeful Seed-Plot's laid for Christendom.

Mary and William the old Order vary,

More Lucky than A Phillip and a Mary.

Now if you like the Match and High-born Man,

Prince of a Stately Presbyterian;

If what a wise King, Duke and Council do,

The Kingdom's Joy, please but the Clergy too:

Then let's shake Hands and Clap them, let the Sound

Of well Tun'd Bells our former Janglings drown'd:

Let Hymen's Torches kindle Piles of Fire

In Streets and Hearts, and burn up all our Lie.

But if Heaven-born Irene can't assuage

Hell Bard Erynnis Fury and black Rage;

If Joseph's Tears and Counsel, See I pray

You Brethren, that you fall not out by th' Way,

May not prevail, yet give us Leave to die,

Be not unkind as Edom, to deny

Poor Brethren Passage by the Common Way,

We will not spoil, but for our Water pay,

And eat our own Bread, we'll not wrong a Man,

But quietly pass on to Canaan.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 79

Nor let our Numbers your Mol. st procure,
Our Sins (you need not) soon will make us fewer.
Cease to reprove our Conscience, as too nice,
Forgive us that Fault which did prove your Rise.
Had we Conform'd then Turn Coats we had been,
If we turn out, then Schismaticks, and sin.
Had we Comply'd the Free-hold all was ours,
The Curates Cock-Lotts haply had been yours.
Your Service Wednesday and Friday Prayer,
Churchings and Fyneiv, the High Days Fare;
No Chamber Cassocks then, nor Silken Z. us,
Your Ladys now had then been Country Jeans.
Give Losers Leave to speak, 'tis all we crave,
Stop not our Mouths till in our silent Grave.
When we come there, ye tread us under Foot,
And piss upon us too, who please to do it;
It will not stain us, only wash the Stone,
And make more legible th' Inscription.

II. AN E P I T A P H

Upon the R E V E R E N D

Dr. Manton.

Written by Dr. W I L D.

TWO Words (but ah, too hard) Assent, Consent,
Had made this Stone a Statelie Monument;
Then it had run with a more Lofly Stile,
The Dean of Rochester lies in the Isle.
Nay, peradventure, higher, Here lies dead
A Learned, Reverend and Witer'd Head.
Now a small Character must serve the Turn,
So Gold lies hidden in an Earthen Urn.

Here

80 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

*Here lies a Father who in Jesus dy'd,
 With six Dear Children sleeping by his Side.
 Here lies a Great Divine, a Learned Man,
 Smart Disputant, well read Historian,
 Accurate Teximan, Orthodox avow'd,
 If our Church Articles may be allow'd;
 Severe of Brow, but in Discourse serene,
 Whole Tongue cou'd say well all his Mind did mean.
 Hearers inquir'd not how the Time did pass,
 Nor listen'd to the Clock, nor look'd at Glass.
 Tedious he cou'd not be, tho' much he read,
 The Warp and Woof were both so fine a Thread,
 Black Envy look'd askint, gnash'd, swell'd and swore,
 To see so many Coaches Throng his Door.
 His Sentences to many a Noble Ear,
 Were richer than the Jewels they did wear.
 His Printed Books (pity they were so few)
 Ten Times perused, yet appeared new.
 When his Bright Soul enter'd the Blessed Place,
 After the Smiles of his great Maker's Face,
 Methinks I see those Two Apostles rise,
 St. James and Jude, and with delighted Eyes,
 Behold, Embrace, welcome with Heavenly Greet,
 Their Scholar, feasting him at their own Feet.
 Then by th' Appointment of the Throne and Votes
 Of that high House approv'd and prais'd his Notes;
 So faithfully and fruitfully annex
 To their Epistles, and the Sacred Text.
 Then Glorious David from his Sun-like Throne,
 Bedeck'd with Stars and many a precious Stone,
 Welcom'd the Saint into the Heavenly Quire,
 Thanking him for his Lesson on his Lyre;
 Moving an Order, which not one withstood,
 They might be Publish'd for the Churches Good.
 Next 'twas resolv'd Heaven wou'd be very kind
 To his poor Wife and Children left behind.
 His Absence shou'd not make them fare the worst;
 God's All-sufficiency shou'd be their Purse.*

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 81

His Providence their All, and all this done

Without their Father's Intercession.

'Twas lastly voted, his Remains Below

Shou'd to their Dust with Love and Honour go,

And that a wise Embalmer make and shed

A Box of Precious Ointment on his Head.

If any question whether these **Two Poems** [upon Death — And upon Dr. Manton] were written by the Ingenious Dr. Wild (who I think the very Style sufficiently shews it.) If Dr. Manton's Son in Law will give me a private Meeting, I'll give him full Satisfaction that they were both written by Dr. Wild, and left by him with that very Gentleman who sent them to me to be Inserted in this Journal —

I shall next step into **Yorkshire** (for designing a Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons in the Three Kingdoms, I shall survey every Town and County that comes in my way) — And here I shall present the Reader with the **Characters** of several Eminent Persons (both Men and Women) and the First I shall name is,

The Lady Hewly of York.

THE truly Honourable, Noble, and Elect Lady Hewly of York, is a Person of Exemplary Piety and Seriousness; God hath blessed her with a great Estate, and also with a Large and Bountiful Heart and Hand. Her Charity is not only a Cistern to supply the present Age, but a Fountain to supply Generations to come, in that Goodly Hospital she hath lately Erected in the City of York, and so largely and liberally Endowed for Aged Persons of her own Sex: In which she is so far from assuming any Honour to her self, that like David of Old, in his Preparations to Build the Temple, (1 Chro. 29. 11, 12.) She gives all the Glory to God; as appears by the Inscription thereupon, *Psal. 68. 10. Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy Goodness for the Poor.* And yet

M

notwith-

82 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

notwithstanding this Publick Structure, the Principal Streams of her Charity run in secret, according to the Rule, *Mat. 6. 4.* This Noble Person (in the Distribution thereof) not letting her Right Hand know what her Left Hand doth; many having been refresh'd by the Streams of her Bounty, that never knew the Fountain whence it came. Her Endeavours (like our Blessed Saviour's) is to do all Good possible, both to the Souls and Bodies of Men; and that in Sincerity and Singleness of Heart, having respect to God's Glory, whatever she does, doing it Faithfully, both to the Brethren and to Strangers. This Excellent Lady, notwithstanding her great Love to the Publick Ordinances, and her Conscientious Attendance thereupon, when her Health and Strength will permit, yet she leaves not her Religion there, but hath God duly Worshipped in her own Family, by the Morning and Evening Sacrifices of Prayer and Praise. She spends much Time also (in her secret Retirements) in those sweet Dutys of Prayer, Holy Meditation, and Converse with her own Soul; having that Serenity of Mind and Peace of Conscience, which is the Result of well doing, and which most are Strangers to.

God hath been pleas'd to continue her (tho' under frequent Bodily Infirmities) to a good Old Age, wherein (to use the Psalmist's Phrase) *She still brings forth Fruit, and is fat and flourishing.* May it please the Lord yet long to preserve her precious Life, and when her Days are determined, that she must sleep with her Fathers, vouchsafe her an *Eὐαγία*, an Easy and Comfortable Passage out of this World, and an Abundant Entrance into the Kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Thomas Colton of York.

THE Neat and Accurate Mr. Thomas Colton, of the same City, is a Person of Exemplary Piety and Seriousness, a very Eminent Preacher; as appears in those Two Excellent Sermons of his lately Printed: But wou'd
appear

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 83

appear much more, if the World might be so Happy as to see his *Discourses upon the Heads of Divinity*. He is a very Prudent, Peaceable Man, of the Primitive Stamp, no Bigot to any Party, but a Lover of all good Men, of what Persuasion soever; and of such a sweet, regular, obliging Conversation, as makes him to be belov'd of all. Another *Demetrius*, having a good Report of all Men, and of the Truth it self.

Mr. Joseph Dawson of Morley.

MR. Joseph Dawson of *Morley*, is a Grave and Reverend Minister of Jesus Christ, an *Israhel* indeed, in whom there is no Guile. An Angelical Man for Meekness; another *Moses*: A Man of such a Holy and Exemplary Conversation, and Venerable Behaviour, as gains him Respect and Reverence from all Men. A deep Divine, of great Ministerial Parts and Abilities, and of a sweet and happy Delivery; being Affectionately desirous of the Good of Souls, is willing not to impart to them the Gospel of God only, but his own Soul also, because they are dear to him, Exhorting and Charging every one, even as a Father doth his Children; as the Apostle speaks, (1 *Thes.* 2. 8.) Tho' he is now such another as *Paul* the Aged, (being near the 70th Year of his Life) yet he is as Indefatigable and Diligent in his Study, as if but just entring upon his Work, (as our Blessed Saviour before him) doing the Work of him that sent him while it is Day, before the Night cometh when no Man can work. In a Word, He is a Burning and Shining Light, a very Pattern of Holiness, Meekness, Humility, and Zeal for God's Glory, &c. One whose whole Conversation is in Heaven. He Trained up Four young Men, all Sons of a Friend of mine, in *Academical Learning*, Three of which are now actually in the Ministry, and do worthily for God in their Generation.

Mr. Peter Peters of Leeds.

MR. Peter Peters of Leeds, is a truly good Man, and Faithful Minister of Jesus Christ; one that fills up his Post to very good Purpose, of a healing Christian Temper and Disposition: But alas, under great Indisposition, by reason of the Stone, or Gravel, or some worse Distemper; whereby we have great Cause to fear his Removal, (tho' but a Young Man, in the Midst of his Days.)

Mr. Ralph Thoresby of Leeds.

MR. Ralph Thoresby of Leeds, Fellow of the Royal Society, is a very Ingenious, Sober Gentleman, and Industrious Antiquary, who hath a curious Collection of Natural and Artificial Rarities of many Years standing; and is still as diligent as ever to make Additions thereunto: He is also a great Preserver and Ingrosser of Manuscripts of all Sorts. He is kind and respectful to his Friends, and never better pleas'd than when they can present him with some Piece of Antiquity, or valuable Manuscript.

Mr. Nathaniel Priestly near Halifax.

MR. Nathaniel Priestly near Halifax, is of great Parts, and Excellent Ministerial Abilities, and Universal Scholar, *cui est ingenium subtile in corpore crasso*: He is of a truly Candid Christian Temper, a Lover of good Men, of what Perswasion soever, and is generally well belov'd and respected. He hath a good Collection of the best Books, which he keeps not for Ostentation, but for Use and Service, being a most Industrious and Indefatigable Reader; his Love
and

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 85

and Delight in Books is such, that he may (as a Great and Learned Man of this Kingdom once did) truly confess himself *extalico quodam librorum amore potenter abreptum & nullius rei preterquam librorum avarus*. He is much addicted to Solitude and Retirement. *Eene vixit qui bene latuit*, may be his Motto in this Respect; and I cannot better express the Temper of his Mind, than in that Wish of Cicero, *I would give, said he, all the Wealth in the World, That I might live in my Study, and have nothing to hinder me.*

Mr. Thomas Dickenson.

MR. Thomas Dickenson, is a Man of Gravity and Seriousness, reads much, and is happy in a retentive Memory, a hard Student, Excellent in Prayer and Preaching, Temperate in all Things, and of an Exemplary Conversation: He is a Man of Learning and Worth, very Scriptural, Solid and Substantial in all his Discourses, A Judicious Divine, and Workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

Mr Accepted Lister of Thornton, in Bradford Dale.

MR. Accepted Lister of Thornton in Bradford Dale, is a little Man, but one that has a great Soul, rich in Grace and Gifts, of a strong Memory, good Elocution. Accepted with God and all good Men, and one that serves God Faithfully in the Gospel of his Son, Naturally caring for the Good of Souls, and longing after them in the Bowels of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. John Firth of Mansfield.

MR. John Firth, was 45 Years Vicar of *Mansfield*, and one of the most Famous and Eminent Preachers of the Age wherein he liv'd; a Man of Courage and
Magna.

36 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Magnanimity, that fear'd not any Man in the Discharge of his Duty; but like *John the Baptist*, wou'd reprove even a *Herod* to his Face. A very hard Student, leaving some Thousands of Notes written exactly, which well deserve the Press: One that exceeded the most of his Brethren, in his Ministerial Parts and Abilitys. He was an Excellent Orator, and engaged the Attention of his Hearers by his Grave, Authoritative, and Affectionate Delivery, Preaching in the Demonstration of the Spirit, and with Power: He was Indefatigable in his Labours, Preaching twice every Lord's Day, so long as Strength wou'd permit: He dy'd *May* the 3th, 1699, Aged 74. And whatever Invidious Reflections some that cou'd not endure sound Doctrine, may cast upon the Memory of this Excellent Person, *Mansfield* shall know they had a Prophet amongst them. He lives in his Son, Mr. *William Firth*, a truly Candid, Courteous Gentleman, an Inheritor of his Father's Virtues, and one that hath made it appear, he can forgive his greatest Enemies; who, tho' a Man of the Law, hath at all Times a Chancery in his Breast and Bosom.

Mrs. Bathshina Brooksbank of Ealand.

MRS. Bathshina Brooksbank of *Ealand*, is of a good Mien and Presence; but which is much more, of a Noble Genius and Elevation of Mind and Thought, above most of her Sex, her Natural Parts, which are Extraordinary, being so greatly improv'd by her Diligence in reading the best Authors, doth make her a very Accomplish'd Gentlewoman. She is a great Friend to Learning, and all Laudable and Pious Designs, which she will spare no Cost to promote. She understands a Book well, and hath her Closet richly furnish'd with a curious Collection of the best Authors: In the ordering of which she affects a peculiar Neatness, as she does in her other Family Affairs and Concernments

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 87

In short, she is a Solid and Substantial Christian, of a Candid Temper, a Lover of good Men and Ministers, whom she esteems very highly in Love for their Works Sake: She is for her Seriousness and Constancy in the Dutys of Religion another *Anna*; for Charity and Kindness, a *Dorcas*; and the *Phoenix* of her Age, for a Constant, Faithful, Generous Friend.

Mr. Abraham Sharp of Horton.

MR. *Abraham Sharp* of *Horton*, is one that enjoys the Riches of both the *Indies*, the Pleasures of Court and Camp, City and Country, in his beloved Retirement and Mathematical Projections and Improvements, in which he is arrived to a great Eminency, having a curious Mechanical Hand also, and performs his Operations relating to that Science, with an Admirable, and almost unparallel'd Neatness. *Thro' Desire* (saith *Solomon*) *a Man having separated himself, seeketh and intermedleth with all Wisdom*; as doth this worthy Gentleman, who hath such a passionate Love for these Mathematical Studys, as I cannot better express than in the Wish of one of his Predecessors, of the same Genius. *Crede mihi* (saith he) *extingui dulce esset mathematicarum artium studio*. However, he is not so taken up with these Mathematical Nicetys, as to neglect the main Matter, the one Thing needful, being also a very serious and solid Christian.

Designing *A General Panegyrick on all Ranks and Degrees of Men*, I shall next present the Reader with ~~A~~ *Secret History of the Weekly Writers, &c.*— I call it *A Secret History*, as it discovers such Things of our Town Authors, as have hitherto lain concealed— And I call 'em— *The Weekly Writers*, to distinguish 'em from *The Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, *Rehearsal*, *London Post*, *Interloping Whiffler*, and that Rabble of scandalous Hackneys,

88 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Hackneys, who merit no Place in our Panegyrick; and for that Reason, are kick'd to ——— *My Whipping-Post* ——— and *Living Elegy* ——— as being fit for no Company or HONOUR but a *House of Correction*, and there I leave 'em, whilst I give the World *A Secret History of those Weekly Writers that deserve a Panegyrick*. And here I shall send a distinct Challenge to ——— *The Review, Observer, Gazette, Post-Master, Post-Man, Post-Boy, Daily Courant, English Post*; for these Eight are Authors of Credit, and for that Reason I'll lay the worst (that I know of 'em) to provoke 'em to a *Paper Duel*.

And the First that (deservedly) leads the Way in our *Secret History*. (or *Panegyrick on the Weekly Writers*) is *Daniel De Foe* ——— This Man has done me a sensible Wrong, by Interloping with my *Question-Project*. Losers may have Leave to speak; and I here declare, I'm 200 l. the worse for *Foe's* Cloging my *Question-Project*; for, his answering Questions *Weekly*, put a Stop to my *Monthly Oracle*: For, tho' his Answers were False and Impertinent, (and for that Reason his Interloping continu'd but a few *Weeks*) yet being Publish'd every *Tuesday*, they ruin'd my *Monthly Oracle*: For, most are seiz'd with the *Athenian Itch*, and chuse rather to be scratch'd *Weekly*, than stay till the *Month* is out for a *Perfect Cure*. Such a Dolt as I, have laid the *Plan* of near 50 Books, (besides 60 which I have writ since my Confinement) then 'tis strange that such a *First Rate Author* as *Daniel De Foe* shou'd be so barren of New Projects, that he must Interlope with mine; but the *Mischief* he endeavour'd to do me, will fall on his own Head; for I have now set up a *Whipping-Post*, and resolve to Lash him (if he dare draw either *Pen* or *Sword*) 'till he has done me Justice. And in the mean Time, I'll take the Satisfaction to tell the World, That whatever Questions *Foe* has answer'd shall be all answer'd again; (with the best of his Thoughts, and my own Improvements) my Resolution being to Publish an entire Volume of
the

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 89

the New Oracle every Year, till the Question-Project is Completed.

To this (sneaking) Injustice of Interloping, Foe has added that of Reprinting a Copy (a) he gave me. He could not but know, that the giving or selling a Copy, gives the same Right to the Printer: And therefore, till he gives me Satisfaction upon this Head, He continues to pick my Pocket; And if he thinks that Expression harsh, I'm ready to meet him, when and where he pleases, to prove it. But tho' Foe has wrong'd me in these Copys, (and once in protecting his Platonick Friend, yet I must do him that Justice to say, He is a very Ingenious Useful Writer. And I hope (as much as he talks of Debt) is in no Danger from Sergeants.

*His Body should not be confin'd
Who's a true Monarch in his Mind;
One who with his Majestick Pen
May give the Law to other Men.*

Then if Foe quarrels with this Journal, he shall never fail of an Answer. And, to provoke him to fall upon me. I now DRAW upon him in an Honourable Challenge: I mean, I here dare him to answer the following Questions——

[1.] Whether the Author of *The True-Born-English-Man, Reformation of Manners, &c.* han't, contrary to all Grammar and good Sense, mistaken himself in the Use of *This* and *Thut*, *These* and *Those*? And whether a Gentleman who don't know how to dispose of such little Words as these, may, notwithstanding, be well enough qualify'd for a Judge of Style and good Language, and to answer all New and Curious Questions, as he pretended? I must take the Liberty to imagine, that Author has never met with this Rule in the Common Syntax, *HIC & ILLE, cum ad duo anteposita referuntur; HIC ad posterius*

(a) Viz. The Character, of Dr. Samuel Annesly.

90 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

& proprius; I L L E ad prius & remotius prop. i. e. ac uſtatiffimè referri debet.

[2.] What Authority has the Author of the *Review*, for his *Metamorphosis of Time* into a *Female*? Where's the Rod, and the Ferula!

[3.] Whether there be any ſuch Thing as a *Genus Epicænum*?

[4.] Whether have the *Græcians* a *Cafus ſextus*? If not, why do we meet with this Verſe in *Juv.* *Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne*, and with many mix'd Sentences, ſuch as theſe in other Authors, ἐν πολιτικῷ, *genere*, ἀποſυρνείω. *Nihil altius, nunquam in majore ἀποείαſui, ἐν χερσίν, οὐν Θεῶ. &c?*

[5.] Whether can Father *Lilly* be defended for putting *Vir* among his *Maſculina acutè creſcentia*, and *Mulier*, alſo as an Exception to *Maſcula* in *ER*, ſcil. *acutè creſcentia*?

When *Foe* has given a ſatisfactory Answer to this Challenge, I ſhall ſend him a Third; for this is the **Second Paſs** I've made at *Daniel de Foe* in vain. (a) So that if he does not answer it now, I'll Poſt him up for a ——— Friend: But if he thinks good to answer my Challenge, (I mean, to *REVIEW* that Nonſenſe I charge him with) I'll either *Renew the Fight*, or fairly own him the Victor—— But (to do him, *Juſtice again*) take him with all his Failings, it muſt be acknowledg'd, that *Foe* is a Man of good Parts, and very clear Senſe: Whatever he ſays upon the Subject of *PEACE*, and *WAR*, is ſo True and Correct, that (like *Pythagoras* his *ipſe dixit*) it might almoſt ſtand for an **Infallible Rule**. He's Maſter of the *Engliſh Tongue*, can ſay what he pleaſe upon any Subject; and by his Printing a **Poem** every Day, one wou'd think *Whim'd* in his Sleep. 'Tis his Misfortune that a *Prejudic'd Perſon* ſhou'd write his Character: But (with all my *Revenge*) I can't but own, His Thoughts

(a) As he'll find, if he conſults the *Athenian Catechiſm*, Numb. 16.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 91

upon any Subject, are always Surprising, New, and Singular: And tho' he writes for Bread, could never be hind'd to disgrace the Quill, or to wrong his Conscience.

And which Crowns his Panegyrick, he's a Person of true Courage. 'Tis true, I have Reason to think *Daniel de Foe* dares not quarrel with *John Danton*, but I believe he fears nothing on Earth but my self: And he says as much, in telling the World (a) 'I adhere firmly to Truth, and resolve to defend it against all Extremities— He REVIEWS without Fear, and acts without fainting — He is not daunted with Multitudes of Enemies; for he Faces as many (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) as there are Foes to Moderation and Peace. Loyalty to the Queen is his Guide, and Resolution his Companion, and a LAWFUL OCCASION (b) makes him truly Brave. 'Twas this sent him to Weymouth, Exeter, Crediton, to Preach PEACE and MODERATION to the High-Flyers: And tho' they had not the Manners to thank him, yet I hope to see them all on their Knees, for not listening to his wholesome Doctrine. PEACE! 'Tis a Dangerous Experiment the Western Tackers cou'd not approve of, and for that Reason *The Wymouth Gothams* had fetter'd him, Whip'd him, and (perhaps) burn't him, had not his Known Courage (and 'Great Party of Two Men (c)') set him above their Malice.

To Sum up all, *Foe* has Piety enough for an Author, and Courage enough for a Martyr. And in a Word, if ever any, *Daniel de Foe* is a TRUE-ENGLISH-MAN; and for that Reason, he's more respected by Men of Honour and Sense, than he can be affronted by Alderman B—— Justice S—— and the rest of the Western Blockheads—— Now, if such an Author as this shou'd attack my Journal, I shall think there is

(a) In his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(b) See his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(c) They are *Foe's* own Words, in his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

92 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Reason for it, and will endeavour to answer him. And to speak the Truth, 't's Pity this PEACE-MAKING. TRAVELLER (a) shou'd have any Enemy but Error, and such a weak Assailant as John Dunton.

And her Weekly Writer that deserves a Panegyrick, is John Tutchin; a Person no ways Inferiour to Daniel de Foe, for Learning, Wit, or Courage, &c. This Gentleman, if Honest Roger would permit him to Correct my Journal, would be a Person worth my consenting with: For, as I so many told the World, (b) ' *The Loyal and Ingenious Tutchin* ' (alias Master Observer) is the Bold Asserter of English ' Liberties. The Scourge of the High-Flyers, The Seaman's ' Advocate. The Detector of the Victualling-Office. The ' Scorn and Terror of Fools and Knaves. The Nation's ' ARGUS, and the Queen's Faithful Subject. He writes ' with the Air of a Gentleman, and Sincerity of a Christi- ' an; and I'd TOWEL him my self, (or make his Coun- ' try-man do it) if I did not think him an honest Man——

Tutchin is a Person of an Even Temper, not cast down in a Prison, nor Elated when the World smiles.

In Prosperity he gratefully admires the Bounty of the Almighty Giver, and useth, not abuseth Plenty: And in Adversity (as was seen by his Carriage after his Tryal) he remains unshaken; and like some Eminent Mountain, hath his Head above the Clouds: Shou'd ever Poverty fall to his Lot, he'd cheartfully entertain it, as knowing it the FIRE which tries Virtue; and he who, like John Tutchin, could wait in a (c)

(a) See his Character more at large in the History of my Life and Errors, P. 240. And in Foe's Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(b) In the History of my Life and Errors, P. 437.

(c) See the Narrative of his Western Sufferings. Printed for John Marshall in Newgate Street.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons 93

Prison without Murmuring, *may be poor, but rever-
miserable*—— *Tutchin* is a Man of a Daring Spi-
rit, yet not so Bold to bring Divinity down to the
Mistake of Reason, or to deny those Mysteries his Ap-
proche, *firm reacheth not*—— He is a Bigot to no
Party, but like a *True Observer*, has discover'd the right
Way to Heaven, between all Extreams—— His OB-
SERVATORS have made him Popular, but nothing
can make him Haughty: Pride he disdains, when he
finds it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth it
in another: Nor can any Man's Error in Life (*Ill scarce
except his Infamous Enemy, Fuller*) make him sin in
Censure; since seldom the Folly we condemn, is so
culpable as the Severity of our Judgment—— *Lesly*, and
all the Tackers are his sworn Enemies, but I can't
imagine for what Reason, for he only strives to Re-
form 'em, and *pities, not despiseth the Fall of any Man*.
To conclude his Character, He is a Gentleman of *invincible
Courage and Bravery, &c.* Death, how determin'd soever an
Aspect it wears, he is not frighted with: *He fears no-
thing but God, and loves nothing on Earth like his Coun-
try, and the just Liberties and Laws thereof*: And I speak
this with the greater Assurance, as *TUTCHIN* is the
only Person that ever had Courage enough to Petition
for the FAVOUR (as he express'd it) of being Hang'd—
In a Word—— He is a Loyal, Witty, Honest,
Brave Man—— And (I might add) so very
Generous, that to forgive Injuries is so easy to him, 'tis
scarce a Virtue—— Then soho! House, fetch a
BUTT of *October*, and let us drink a Health to *Captain
Tutchin*, and *Honest Roger* his Country-man, &c. And
may they Publish an *Observer* every Wednesday and
Saturday, till they're both Knighted, as was their Pre-
decessor *Sir Roger Lestranger*, only with this Difference,
that *Tutchin* writes for the Good of his Country, and
Sir Roger only to please Knaves—— This is the
true Character of *John Tutchin*; (from the best Obser-
vations I cou'd make on his *Life and Actions*, for Twen-
ty Years) and as it gives the LYE to all that *Fuller*
and

94 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

and other Scoundrels have writ against him, so it sufficiently justifies (shou'd he TOWEL any thing in this *Journal*) the utmost Pains I can take, in answering a Man of such true Worth.

The next *Weekly Writer* in Fame and Honesty, is Mr. *Post-Man*; and for that Reason, what ever *Faulx Monsieur* (a) finds with this *Whipping Journal*, shall ever meet with a Courteous Answer: for his *Learning* deserves Respect, and his *Gravity* a *Weekly Panegyrick* — His *Sagacious Looks* is an *Index* of his *Thoughtful Soul*, *Fonvive* is one so wise and knowing, that a Man would think *Nature* had made all the rest of *Mankind* in Jest, and him only in Earnest — He is ever Cheartul (the gaining 600 l. a Year by a Penny Paper would make any Man so) but never dissolv'd into Indecent Laughter, or tickl'd with Scurrilous or Injurious Wit — His *Post-Man* is that *General Echo*, whereby what is done in *London*, &c. is heard all over *Europe* — He cunningly searcheth into the *Virtues* of others, and upon the first Occasion, liberally commends them: But for the *Vices* of Men, he bury's those in a *Charitable Silence*, and reforms their *Manners*, not by *Invectives*, but *Example* — In short, *Fonvive* is a *Weekly Almanack*, shewing (*Impartially*) what *Weather* is in the *State*; and like the *Doves of Aleppo*, carry's *News* to every Part of the *Known World* — *Monsieur*, to carry on this *Weekly Chronicle*, [As to *Foreign News*] he has settl'd a good *Correspondence* in *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, &c. And [as to *Domestick News*] that nothing may 'scape him that's worth Notice, he sits quietly himself at the *Stern*, and calling all his *Athenians* together, he commands one to the *Top-Sail*, another to the *Main-Sail*, a Third to the *Plummer*, a Fourth to the *Anchor*, as he sees the need of their *Course* and *Weather* requires; and doth (in

(a) 'Tis Mr. *Fonvive* a *French Protestant*, that writes the *Post-Man*.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 95

Collecting of News) no less by Tongue and Pen, than all the Marriners with their Hands. So that his Intelligence is UNIVERSAL, of which his *Post-Man* (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) and concise History of every Year, is a sufficient Proof—— As his News is Early and Good, so his Style is Excellent. His Fancy is Brisk and Beautiful, and his Remarks witness he knows how to soar to a Pitch of Fineness when he pleases. Those that read his Papers must be very Intent, if some Beauty of Expression, or Stretch of Reason don't 'scape their Notice, among that Throng of Delicacies which Embellish his Writings—— In a Word, The *Post-Man* (or rather *Post-Angel*) out-flies The *Post-Master*, *Post-Boy*, *Daily Courant*, &c. (and those Lesser-Flyers, the *English* and *London Post*.) So that *Fornive* is the Glory and Mirror of News Writers; a very Grave, Learned, Orthodox Man; and (wou'd it not offend his Modesty) I wou'd here give a Remarkable Instance of his Generosity to a Brother of the Quill under great Distress.

The Fourth Weekly Writer I wou'd challenge to a Paper Duel, is Mr. Ridpath (Author of the *Flying-Post*.) This worthy Gentleman is Mr. *Post-Man*'s Equal in all Respects; and if he was not my Friend, I wou'd say he exceeded him. Neither am I singular in this Opinion, for Tutchin says, 'The Honestest of all the News-Papers is the *Flying-Post*.' (a) So that if any thing in this Journal displease the *Post-Man*, or *Flying-Post*, I shall be ready to engage in a Literal War with either of these Authors. For, as to the *Post-Man*, you heard before what Fame he has in the Learned World; and the *Flying-Post* (if a *Flying-Post*) must needs in a few Years, leave the *Post-Man* swearing behind him. However, this is certain—— 'Mr. Ridpath (b) is a good Scholar,

(a) See Observator, Vol. 4. Num. 53.

(b) As I formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors. P. 239.

94 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

and other Scoundrels have writ against him, so it sufficiently justifies (should he TOWEL any thing in this *Journal*) the utmost Pains I can take, in answering a Man of such true Worth.

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(a) 'Tis Mr. *Fonvive* a French Protestant, that writes the *Post-Man*.

Collecting

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 95

Collecting of News) no less by Tongue and Pen, than all the Marriners with their Hands. So that his Intelligence is UNIVERSAL, of which his *Post-Man* (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) and concise History of every Year, is a sufficient Proof—— As his *News* is Early and Good, so his Style is Excellent. His Fancy is Brisk and Beautiful, and his Remarks witness he knows how to soar to a Pitch of Fineness when he pleases. Those that read his Papers must be very Intent, if some Beauty of Expression, or Stretch of Reason don't 'scape their Notice, among that Throng of Delicacies which Embellish his Writings—— In a Word, *The Post-Man* (or rather *Post-Angel*) out-flies *The Post-Master*, *Post-Boy*, *Daily Courant*, &c. (and those Lesser-Flyers, the *English* and *London Post*.) So that *Fonvive* is the *Glory and Mirror of News Writers*; a very Grave, Learned, Orthodox Man; and (wou'd it not offend his Modesty) I wou'd here give a Remarkable Instance of his Generosity to a Brother of the Quill under great Distress.

The Fourth *Weekly Writer* I wou'd challenge to a Paper Duel, is Mr. *Ridpath* (Author of the *Flying-Post*.) This worthy Gentleman is Mr. *Post-Man*'s Equal in all Respects; and if he was not my Friend, I wou'd say he exceeded him. Neither am I singular in this Opinion, for *Tutchin* says, 'The Honestest of all the News-Papers is the *Flying-Post*.' (a) So that if any thing in this Journal displease the *Post-Man*, or *Flying-Post*, I shall be ready to engage in a Literal War with either of these Authors. For, as to the *Post-Man*, you heard before what Fame he has in the Learned World; and the *Flying-Post* (if a *Flying-Post*) must needs in a few Years, leave the *Post-Man* sweating behind him. However, this is certain—— 'Mr. *Ridpath* (b) is a good Scholar,

(a) See *Observations*, Vol. 4. Num. 53.

(b) As I formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors. P. 239.

96 A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.

and well acquainted with the Languages. He's a Scots Man, and had he been a Minister, as he first design'd, he'd have been a great Honour to the Cloak, (or Gown, had he accepted of it) and to his Holy Profession. He has wit much, and his Style is Excellent, and his Humility and Honesty have establish'd his Reputation. He was very Fortunate in engaging in The History of the Works of the Learned—— Which was Originally my own Thought, and the First I Publish'd under the Title of the Athenian Supplement; and the next under that of The Compleat Library. He writes The Flying Post, which is highly valued (so the Scotch and German News) and formerly sold better than the Post-Man, Post-Boy, and all other News whatever. But if the Merits of an Author must be determin'd according to the Success of his Works, the greatest Genius of the Age wou'd suffer byt—— 'Twas this Ingenious Gentleman that invented The Polygraphy, or Writing Engine, by which one may with great Facility write Two, Four, Six, or more Copsys, of any one Thing, upon so many different Sheets of Paper, at once. This Writing Engine is likewise attended with this Advantage; that being mov'd by the Foot, while the Hand guides the Pens, it keeps the whole Body in Warmth, and Exercise, which prevents many of the usual Inconveniences of a Sedentary Life, besides the Time which the Engine saves in Dispatch.

As Mr. Ridpath is a very Generous, Learned, Courteous, Humble Man, &c. So he is a Person of Sincere Piety, &c. His fair Conditions are without Dissembling. He is a constant Observer of the Golden Rule, and a perfect Enemy to Falshood. He is a Pious and Devout Observer of all the Ordinances of God: And as Religion made very Early Impressions upon his Mind, so he dares subject every Word and Action of his whole Life, to an high and just Censure. He is a Man of exact strict Justice, that in a Controversy of 200 l. I propos'd Mr. George Ridpath for the sole Arbitrator; which

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 97

which (he being known to the whole Company) was readily agreed to—— In a Word, *Ridpath* is a *True Temple of God*; (tho' Built with a low Roof) and if there be a Pious and Honest Man in the World, it is *George Ridpath*. I heartily condole his Loss in the Death of his Son, but I'm the less concern'd, as *Contrariety of Events* can but Exercise, not Dismay so Holy a Person. He may see a Divine Hand invisibly striking with such a sensible Scourge as is the sudden Death of an only Son; but I ask his Pardon, for I don't presume to be capable of giving any Advice to such a Person as *Mr. Ridpath*, who is every way so far above me. I have indeed more Necessity to learn of him, who has attain'd to the Maturity both of *Grace and Age*: All that I presume to do by these secret Hints, is only to refresh his Memory with such Things as he already knows; and what can he be ignorant of, that (like *George Ridpath*) can fetch his Counsel and his Sentence from his own Breast, and is equally arm'd for all Events? Such a Man, shou'd he lose a Wife, (which is much dearer than a SON) he might speak of her with an Unconcernedness, as if anothers, not his own; and might say, (as *Dr. Annesly* did in the like Case) 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath tak'n away, blessed be the Name of the Lord——

To conclude, *Mr. Ridpath* hath a wise and Virtuous Mind in a serviceable Body. He lives quietly at Home, out of the Noise of the World, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his Friend—— 'Tis his very Trade and Recreation to do Good! He's well provided for both Worlds, and having devoted his whole Life and Studies to the Service of Religion, is sure of Peace here, and Glory hereafter—— When ever he follows his Son, (for he's only gone to Heaven before him) he'll make no more of Dying than of walking Home when he's Abroad, or of going to Bed when he's weary of the Day—— I cou'd enlarge in this Gentleman's Character, (without Suspition of Flattery) but *George Ridpath* is a modest Man, and my good Friend, and I'm loth

98 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

to provoke him further by a *larger Panegyrick*: However, I have said enough to convince the World what **HONOUR** I shou'd get by a *Literal Combate* with this Author, and how kind he wou'd be both to me and the World, wou'd he let me know what *Errors* he finds in this and the following *Journals*——

The next I shall challenge is a *Weekly Writer*, who I only know by his **CHURCH-PHIZ**, and spreading Fame; for Mr. *Post-Boy* (*alias BOYER*) is a Man I never saw, but I hear such a good Character of his *Healing Temper*, and *Weekly News*, that if he affronts any thing in this *Journal*, I shall draw upon him in **Black and White**—— 'Tis true, his Bookseller—— Mr. *Roper*—— is as Generous and Honest a Man as any I know in *London*, and for his Author, he's as much a **Gentleman** as any Person that can be nam'd; but *Self-Defence is the Law of Nature*, and he that **PUBLISHES** at *John Dunton*, assaults a Man that will fight him; neither will I give, or take any Quarter (*in a Paper-Duel*) but more especially from such an Author as Mr. *Boyer*, for he's a Critick worth my Anger; and if he censures any thing in this *Journal*, must expect to feel it—— If you ask me why I put such a *High Value* on a Person that differs from me in many Things—— I answer, We agree in more Things than we differ; Nay, perhaps we agree even in what we differ: 'For, Persons do many times contest about Words, whilst they do Heartily think the same Thing. (a) And that's Reason enough to oblige me to give **BOYER** a good Character; and indeed, I shou'd wrong him if I did not; for he outshines his Predecessor **THOMAS**, in all Respects, and is a most Accomplish'd Person. 'Tis true, **BOYER's** simple Uprightness works in him such Credulity as can't 'scape, sometimes, being impos'd upon by his Correspondents; but 'tis seen by all our *News-Papers*, that Custom hath so far prevail'd (*both at Home and Abroad*)

(a) See my Living Elegy: P. 59.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 99

that TRUTH now is the greatest News: But if ever BOYER Publishes a *False Thing*, he is the First that tells it, and his very PECCAVI does him as much Honour as the most *Authentick Relation* Publish'd by another Man. Drunken P——s may snarle if he please, at his *freshest Advices*, but he can never find the least Flaw, either in BOYER, or his Correspondents. No! BOYER is a Faithful Historian, and scorns so much the Vices of the World, that he will hardly stoop to a Virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, 'tis by his good Improvement of it to make it so——

He is a Man of *Refin'd Principles*, and speaks nothing that needs Correction.

BOYER is one to whom all Honour seems cheap, which is not the Reward of Virtue; and had much rather want a Name, than not deserve it—— Every *Weekly Writer* I have yet nam'd, has some Excellence that the rest are Strangers to, and that which recommends BOYER above the rest, is that nice and large Account he gives of the *Spanish and Home News*. So that BOYER's POST-BOY (Publish'd every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) might properly be call'd *The Spanish and English Intelligence*—— 'Tis no small Recommendation of the Post Boy, to tell the World that the *Ingenious Boyer* writes it. The bare naming the Author is a *Panegyrick* upon this Paper; for 'tis that Boyer, that writes and Translates like the Famous L'Estrange.

Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the *French Tongue*, (witness his *French Grammar*, and *French Dictionary*) and the most Impartial Historian (witness his *Annals of Queen Anne*) of any we have in England.

Whoever reads Mr. Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, (a) must own that the *Accuracies* of his Observations, and the Matchless Beautys of his Style, have deservedly given him the Name of being a *Master of the English Tongue*.

98 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

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A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 99

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100 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

'Tis in these *Letters* that all sorts of Men and Professions have their Palates pleas'd, and their Wit refin'd, but more especially all *Pretenders to History* are extremely gratify'd; for (as I said before) *Mr. Boyer is an Impartial Historian*; or if any doubt it, let 'em read his *Annals of Queen Anne*. 'Tis here they'll be fully acquainted with all the Changes and Transactions in *England, Holland, Germany, &c.* since her **M A J E S T Y**'s Glorious Reign.

In these *Annals*, are many Examples of *Virtues*, as Copys drawn for our Imitation, and not a Few of *Vice*, as Sea-Marks to warn us.

'Tis *Impartial History* that gives us the best Prospect into Humane Affairs, and does (as 'twere) *Conspicuate the Remotest Regions*: This we find verity'd in *Boyer's Annals*, for I've read it three Times over, and find it so Faithfully written, that it reduces **TRADITION** into profitable Knowledge, *Tempers our Minds*, and forms 'em to a perfect Shape and Symmetry.

We may by reading *Boyer's Annals*, reconcile the Future and Present Tense, see *Hungary* in *England*, Travel *Italy, Spain, and Portugal*, visit the *Fighting Camifars*, go to *Vienna* with *Dr. Brown*, behold the illustrious House of *Hannover*, hear the **STATES** in their Grand Debates, Sail with *Lord Peterborough* to *Barcelona*, hear *Charles III. Proclaim'd at Madrid* by the *Earl of Gallway*; sit and consult with *Prince Eugene of Savoy*,—Review the *Irish and Scotch Parliament*,—go to School at *Paris*, and with a free Access hear all the Secret and Publick Transactions in her *Majesty's Court, &c.*

Thus you see, Reader, tho' I'm a Stranger to *Mr. Post-Boy*, I'm very Familiar with all his Writings, (but more especially his *Annals of Queen Anne*) so that I verily think, were it thoroughly known who (*since Thomas's Death*) writes the *Post-Boy*, it wou'd certainly have the **LOUDEST CRY** in the Streets, and no *Coffee-House* in the Three Kingdoms wou'd be without it,

To

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 101

To conclude, Whatever *BOYER* writes, is admir'd; (especially by Men of Sense) and for that Reason, if he ever *PERSECUTES* this *Journal*, I'm resolv'd to hang in the Skirts of him till I am *assist'd with Argument*.

The Ingenious *Buckley*, is another *News-Writer*, that (shou'd he quarrel with this *Journal*) will deserve an Answer—— This *Weekly* (or rather *DAYLY AUTHOR*) was Originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing—— He is an Excellent Linguist, understands the *Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues*; and is Master of a great deal of Wit——

Sam. Buckley, by a Liberal Education, has been *softned to Civility*; for, that Rugged Honesty some rude Men profess, is an *Indigested Chaos* which may contain the Seeds of Goodness, but it wants *Form and Matter*: Yet *Buckley* is no Flatterer neither, but when he finds his Friend any way Imperfect, he freely (but gently) informs him; nor yet shall some *Few Errors* cancel the Bond of Friendship, because he remembers no Endeavours can raise Man above his Frailty.

He is a *Thoughtful Man*, but not in the least *Exceptionous*, for Jealousy proceeds from Weakness or Guilt, and *Buckley's* Virtues quit him from all *Suspitions*.

In a Word, He is a *Generous Friend*, yet he is as slow to enter into that Title, as he is to forsake it; *A monstrous Vice must disoblige, because an Extraordinary Virtue did first unite*.

Buckley is a great Master in the *Art of Obliging*; yet he is neither Effeminate, nor a *Common Courtier*. The First is so passionate a Doater upon himself, he cannot spare Love enough to be justly nam'd *Friendship*; the Latter hath his Love so diffusive among the Beautys, that he has none left for his own Sex. He is *Engross'd* in a World of Business, as is seen by his *Writing and Printing*—— A *DAYLY COURANT*—— (and *Monthly Register*) yet he is not accusom'd to any sordid way of Gain.

He

102 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

He is a sober honest Man, and Just to a Picety. He never exacts of either Author or Bookseller, and if his Servant mistake but a Word in an Advertisement, (I speak what I found by him) he'll Print it again for nothing.

As Buckley is a Person — of General Learning — of strict Justice — of obliging Carriage — of great Diligence — and of Generous Friendship, so he is also a CRITICK in all these, as is seen by his frequent and ingenious Answers to Mr. Review: Yet, when he looks on other Mens Errors, he values not himself Virtuous by Comparison, but examines (and confesses) his own Defects, and finds Matter enough at Home for Reprehension. And indeed every good Man sees enough in his own Breast, to damp his Censuring others. Or if any Athenian might sit as a JUDGE upon other Mens Writings, 'tis Mr. Buckley; for he has many Perfections that no other News-Monger can pretend to.

In a Word, his DAYLY COURANT is an Abridgement of all News; (as his Life is of all Virtues) and as he orders the Matter, is a sort of Universal Intelligence — Then SAM. be thinking of the great Horse, for if the COURANT flies as it has begun, 'twill soon over-take the Post-Man in Fame and Riches: And less cou'd not be expected; for Buckley, besides his Admirable Genius and Critical Learning, is a Person of Extraordinary Judgment, which always governs the Heats of his Imagination, and makes even his Silence considerable: So that to WAR with Mr. COURANT wou'd be a DAYLY Improvement in all Literature; but he writes and Prints too much to be at Leisure for Paper-Duels — Then SAM. Good B' Ye' Tee, for (as De Foe is your Enemy) your FAME is so Ticklish a Point I shall leave it, and desire the World wou'd take A Fairer Draught of Mr. Buckley's Character from the Living Original, to be seen EVERY DAY at the Dolphin in Little Britain.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 103

I shall next **LEER** (a) on my Neighbour *Crouch*, as a Weekly Writer worth my Notice. 'Tis said he is the Author of *The English Post*, and of that useful Journal entituled *The Marrow of History*; which *Marrow of History* was first begun, and continu'd with **Increas- ing Reputation**, by my Worthy and Ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*; and had it still been carry'd on by the same Hand, might perhaps have found a better Acceptance; tho' as it is, 'tis a very useful and valuable History, and makes a shift to bear its own Charges. But why Mr. *Larkin* continu'd it no longer, is a **Secret** I know not **H O W** to justify; and it appears so much the more unaccountable, as Mr. *Crouch* was no ways concern'd in taking it from him; but being warn'd by the unkind Treatment that Mr. *Larkin* found from those that engag'd him in it, he was so wise as to make better Terms for himself. But tho' this *Marrow of History* suffer'd some Disadvantage by the Change of its first Author, yet (as it is a useful Book) I hope it will get Ground every Day: For, to say the Truth, Mr. *Crouch* Collects his News with so much Accuracy and Judgment, that he is only out-done by the *Post-Man* and those High-Flyers I nam'd before; so that I admire *The English Post* shou'd still continue in the Number of the Lesser Flyers; for *Crouch* Prints nothing but what is very useful, and very diverting: So that **R. B.** (*alias Nat. Crouch*) is become a **Celebrated Author**. But (b)
' I think I have given you the very Soul of his Character,
' when I have told you that his Talent lies at **COLLEC-**
' **TION**. He has melted down the best of our English
' Historys into Twelve Penny Books, which are fill'd with
' **WONDERS, RARITIES, and CURIOSI-**
' **TIES**; for you must know, his Title Pages are a little
' swelling. However, **Nat. Crouch** is a very Ingenious
Person, and can talk fine Things upon any Subject.

(a) Why **Leer**, you'll see in the History of my Life and Errors. P. 282.

(b) As you find in the History of my Life. P. 282.

This

104 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

This *Weekly* (and *Monthly*) Author endeavours to fit his Matter to the Capacity of his Readers, as desiring rather their Profit, than his own Applause—— In *any Controversy* (and I had many with him in Days of Yore) he more delights to shew the Strength of Truth, than his Adversary's Weakness; using *soft Words* (as we use to say) but *hard Arguments*.

He is very Circumspect in ordering his own Conversation, as knowing that Ignorant People learn as much (if not more) by their *Eyes* than their *Ears*.

In a Word, *Nat. Crouch* is a PHOENIX AUTHOR, (I mean the only Man that gets an Estate by writing of Books) and if he LEERS upon this *Journal*, I have a Broad-side at his Service: Not that I've any thing to say to his Morals; for as to them *he either is, or shou'd be an honest Man*; and I believe the Former, for all he gets will wear well he (COLLECTS and) enjoys it so quietly—— So that *Nat. Crouch* runs an even Path in the World, and juts against no Man (my self excepted) for his Conversation, is a kind of a continu'd Complement and his Life a *Practice of Honesty*. Yet I don't think he is PERFECT; for tho' I have a *Hearty Friendship* for him, yet I must say he has got a Habit of LEERING under his Hat, and once made it a great Part of his Business to bring down the Reputation of *Second Spira*, (a) yet his Natural Temper is some Excuse; for he is exceedingly in Love with his Humour, and can't bear to be contradicted. But (to this Day) I find it hard to forget his unmannerly Treatment of *Second Spira*, for certainly no Action of Man hath so great a Soul of Malice in it, as to endeavour [by unjust Slanders] to abate the Esteem of others: For such Endeavours tend to the Murder of a Man's good Name, which is the Noblest Part of Life; and therefore so much the more Ungenerous and Inhumane: But, 'bating but this FAULT, (and where's the Man but

(a) Of which the Reader has a Large and Faithful Account, in the History of my Life. P. 218, &c.

has

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 105

has this, or worse?) his whole Life is but *one continu'd Lecture*, wherein all his Friends (but more especially his *Two Sons*) may Legib'y read their Duty.

By what I've said, it appears, 'twill be no Dishonour to enter into a *Literal War* with *Nat. Crouch*: And if he says but half as much against this *Journal* as he did against *Second Spira*, I'll sound his BELL, and attack him in good Earnest; for the Design of this *Journal* is Great and Good; and However weak the Performance is, I ought to defend it to the last Extremity: Or, if *Crouch* is contented to hold his Tongue, I have nothing further to say to him, till we meet and Embrace in Heaven——

The Eighth and last *Weekly Writer* I wou'd challenge to a *Paper-Duel*, is Mr. GAZET: And I name the *Gazet* in the last Place, as 'tis guilty of more Blunders than all the other News-Papers. I own, the *London Gazet* has the Stamp of AUTHORITY upon it, and for that Reason I shall ever obey and respect it: But 'tis not the saying

Publish'd by Authority.

that makes an Author Infallible: And therefore, till such Time that Mr. *Gazet* thinks good to refine his Stile, and avoid Blunders, he must not think he's unmanne'ly treated, that I make him the Last of those *Weekly Writers*, that I challenge to a *Paper-Duell*.

Having shewn the Dark Side of Mr. *Gazet*, 'tis but Justice to him that I shew his Light; for as *Bishop Tillotson* says, (a) 'If there were any need that a Man shou'd be evil spoken of, 'tis but fair and equal, that his good and bad Qualities shou'd be mention'd together, otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an Indifferent Man may be made a Monster—— Therefore, as I've nam'd the Blunders of Mr. *Gazet*, 'tis also fit that I tell his Virtues. And here I shall do him the Justice to say, That in all Capacities (but that of an Author) Mr.

(a) Arch-Bishop Tillotson's Works. P. 515.

106 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Gazet is an excellent Person. 'Twas Eminent Loyalty and Virtue that did first direct him in the *Way to Honour*, and they do not leave him now he's in it, but are his constant Attendants, and resolve to accompany his whole Preferment.

He merits the *POST* that he has at Court; and tho' he's *no Critick at writing News*, yet he's a Person of great Integrity, and does not make any wilfull Mistake: So that we may well forgive him a *Few Blunders* in Writing, for, to make amends, he is almost perfect in *Loyalty, Justice, Charity, and every other Virtue.*

In a Word, take him with all his Faults, he's a Pattern for Imitation, and wou'd be accounted more than Humane, (by those that know him) were not one Part of him Mortal. However, 'tis his first Care and Endeavour to make this *Mortal Part* of him such as may make it apparent to the World, how great an *Excellency* may be the Companion of so much *Frailty*.

Reader, learn by th's Character, *never to slander a Man till you know him thoroughly.* For, as *Satyrical as For* is upon this Author, (and indeed his many *Blunders* have given Ocasion for it) yet you see by a *REVIEW* of his Life and Virtues, that Mr. *Gazet* is a Finish'd Christian. And tho' I affront his *HONOUR* so far, as to make him the the Last of those *Weekly Authors* that may expect an Answer, (if they snarle at the Author of this *Journal*) yet my Design en't to Expose his frequent *Blunders*, but rather to excite him to such *ACCURACY*, in all future Gazets, that even Envy it self may not be able to find more Faults in his Writings than the most Critical Eye is able to see in his Life and Practice.

Thus have I finish'd *The Secret History of the Weekly Writers, viz.* ——— *The Review* ——— *Observer* ——— *Gazet* ——— *Flying-Post* ——— *Post-Man* ——— *Post-Boy* ——— *Dayly-Contrant* ——— and the *English-Post* ———
Now,

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 107

Now, if you ask me which of these Eight News-Papers are the best, I should answer—— *They are all best*—— For, *The Observer* is best to TOW-EL the Jacks, &c.—— *The Review* is best to promote Peace—— *The Flying-Post* is best for the scotch News—— *The Post-Boy* is best for the English and Spanish News—— *The Dayly Courant* is the best Critick—— *The English Post* is the best Collector—— *The London Gazette* has the best Authority—— And the *Post-Man* is the best for every thing—— And they are all so Good (or rather Best) as to deserve an Answer, if they quarrel with this Journal.

I have here challeng'd Eight of our *Weekly Writers* to a Paper Duell; and as they are Men of Learning and Worth, I hope they'll accept of it.

But as to—— *The Rehearsal*—— *Moderator*—— *Wandering Spy*—— *London Post*—— *Interloping Whipster*, &c.—— they are such a RABBLE (a) of Hackney Scriblers, they merit no Place in our Panegyrick Journal. But tho' they are kick'd out for Wranglers in this Place, yet they are all Whip'd in *The Secret History* annex'd to my Living Elegy. I have often wonder'd what should periwade *The Rehearsal*, and his Hackney Brethren, to write so much of Religion and Government, (for that is their usual Theam) if you say their Eyes are not open to discern their own Weakness, and the Ill Success of their Tackling Projects; I wonder the more how they can see to write in the Dark—— But be it as 'twill, they have no Right to a Panegyrick, (and indeed, are not worth my Satyr) but for this once I have given them a few Lashes in my Living Elegy, P. 16, 17, 18, 24, 41.

Having dispatch'd *The Secret History* (or Panegyrick on the Weekly Writers) I'll conclude this Second Part of my Journal with the Character of my Worthy Friend,

(a) As is prov'd in my Living Elegy. P. 34.

Mr. George Larkin Senior.

HIS very Life is a sort of *Panegyrick on Dunton's Misfortunes*—— He has been my constant Friend for Twenty Five Years, and the first Printer I had in London (a)—— He is of an even Temper, not Elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her Frowns: And tho' his Stars have not been kind to him, (he having had great Losses) yet he has born all with a great Presence of Mind.

He is a particular Vorary of the Muses, and I have seen some of his Poems (especially that upon *Friendship*) that can't be Equal'd—— He formerly wrote *A Vision of Heaven, &c.* (which contains many nice and curious Thoughts) and has lately Publish'd *An Ingenious Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing*; which will Immortalize his Name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself.

His Conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the Purpose——

A Friend is born for Adversity; and sure I am Mr. George Larkin does sympathize with me in all I suffer, and I was going to say in all I think—— I ever thought my Acquaintance with Mr. Larkin a special Blessing; for, like *The Glow-worm, (the Emblem of true Friendship)* he has still shin'd to me in the Dark. True Friendship, like the Rose, flourishes best amongst Thorns. I hate a Noise where there's no Performance. And in this we are both agreed, for George is no Summer-Friend, but (like my self) loves a Friend the better for being poor and miserable. So that in George Larkin I have a true Friend, and one that loves me—— I am his Soul, he lives not, but in me; nor can I

(a) As was formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors. P. 325.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons 109

act without him—— His Bosom is a safe Closer,
where I can securely lock up all my Complaints, my
Doubts and Secrets, and look how I leave, so I find
'em—— We are so clos'd within each others Breasts,
the Rivers are not found that joyn'd us first, that does
not reach us yet—— We are so mix'd as meeting
Streams, both to our selves are lost.

We are one MASS, we cou'd not give or take, but
from the same; for *George* is I, I *George*—— We are
Two Souls transform'd into one; our Joys and Grievs
are the same.

All Kindness done to him, is the same as done to
my self.

*Yes, Dear George Laikin, my Esteem for thee
Is equal to thy Worth and Love for me:
Oh dearer than my Soul! If I can call it mine,
For sure we have the same, 'tis very Thine.
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,
And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire,
But 'tis a Warmth that must with thee Expire.*

But why shou'd I say *Expire*? For, tho' Death
shou'd divide our Bodys, that's all it can do; for our
Souls have a true Sympathy for each other, and will
meet and caress were we *Dead and Bury'd*.

*Thus we may double Bliss, stol'n Love, enjoy;
And all the Spight of Place and Death defy;
For ever thus we might each other bless,
For none cou'd trace out this new Happiness,
No Make-bate here, to spoil or make it less.*

By a Sympathy, or Intercourse of Souls, (a new Way
of Converse which Friendship has found out) in *Life*
or *Death*, we are never parted.

So that nothing can deprive me of the Enjoyment
of my Friend, while I enjoy my self—— It I have
any Joy when he is absent, (were such a Thing possible)
'tis

110 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

'tis in his **PICTURE** (which Adorns my Chamber) or in his **LETTERS**, that divert my Mind.

Cowley says—— *There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings*—— and **George Larkin** is one of 'em. He is **ALL**, and the only Man I can call a Friend; and therefore **Larkin**, (in thy Death) I bid Friendship an **Eternal Farewel**; except (*Phoenix-like*) from thy Ashes another **Larkin** cou'd arise, and then I can't say but I might enter on a **NEW FRIENDSHIP**, for I love to look on thy Image, (tho' but in a dead **PICTURE**) and shall ever receive thy Children with Honourable Mention of thy Name. But *why do I talk of Survivors?* **NO!** Part us, and you kill us: For when Soul and Body part, 'tis Death. Then Live, my better **Half**, and add to thy 64 (for thy *Blooming Looks and Temperance speaks as much*) 150 Years; that is by living to the Age of **PARR**, thou mayst give me *all my self*, for thou art all! So great our **Union** is, if I have any Life, or Pleasure, unknown to thee, I grudge it to my self, Methinks I rob thee of thy Part.

Then let us Publish the **Banns of Union**, and Sign **Articles of Friendship**, that so by a *Marriage of Souls*, our Friendship may be Immortal.

In a Word, Mr. Larkin is that **NOBLE** (*undesigning*) Thing we call a Friend; and was ever so from the first Moment I saw him: And which makes me Respect him the more, he is the **ONLY FRIEND** in the World of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise.—— Friend! The Name of Friend's too narrow for him, and I want a Word that is more significant, to Express him. So that Mr. Larkin is my **ALTER EGO**, or rather my very self in a better Edition. And to Sum up his Character in Nine Words, *What-ever he does*, 'tis upon the Account **Civil**——

Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same Name and Trade with himself; and **Four Grandsons**, (besides **Larkin** *How*, his Grandson by his Daughter) which (*Humanely speaking*) will transmit his Name to the End of Time.

Dunton's

DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part. III.

OR, THE

Whoring-Pacquet.

BEING,

News of the St—ns and
Kept M—s's, &c.

I Am now come to *The Third and last Part of my Journal*, which I call *Athenian Papers*, and for this Time—— *The Whoring-Pacquet*—— which will be follow'd with—— *The Chaste Pacquet*—— *The Scholar's Pacquet*—— *The Usurer's Pacquet*—— *The Wedding Pacquet*, &c.—— and so on, 'till I have directed—— *A Distinct Pacquet*—— to all Ranks and Professions of Men.

I begin this *Journal* with—— *The Whoring-Pacquet*—— as *Uncleanness* is a National Sin, and deserves *Lashing* as often as we can get *Intelligence* enough upon that Subject, to fill a *Pacquet*; which we have now done, as appears by the following *Letters*, the First of which was thus Directed.

To the Author of the Whipping-Post.

S I R,

A Letter sent by a Marry'd Woman, to a Person of Quality, who tempted her to desert her Husband. **T**HE many Women I have Debauch'd with Money, and Promises of Marriage, to a age, made me (*almost*) conclude, that few Women were Chaste any longer than till a Temptation offer'd; but I'm now convinc'd to the Contrary: For, I fell lately in Love with a Marry'd Woman, and promis'd to allow her a Hundred a Year, provided she'd Desert her Husband.

This Person was Young and Pretty, but much Reduc'd, her Husband being beyond Sea; so that I did not doubt her Compliance; and the rather, as her Husband had given her the *Foul Disease*, and she must either go to the Hospital for Cure, or accept of it at my Charge. I was so charm'd with her Person, I was willing to be at any Expence to make her fit for my Conversation; but instead of her accepting my Proposal, she sent me the following Letter; which having had so good Effect upon me, as to make me forsake my former Course, I'm willing you shou'd insert it in the *Whipping-Post*, in Hopes it may be as Serviceable to others, as it was to me—— The Letter was this, *viz.*

S I R,

THis Letter (instead of my Self) comes to give you a Meeting; for I'll not come so near the Temptation as to parly with it. I desire to continue in my known Duty to God and Man, and do absolutely reject your vile Proposal; I call it so, as the Tempting any Woman to the Breach of her Marriage-Vow, is a double Sin, (for if she Consents, she adds Perjūry to Uncleanness.) And tho' 'tis true, my Husband has prov'd false, yet he has ask'd my Pardon, and I do forgive him; and he now sends me Word, that

The Whoring-Pacquet.

113

that when he comes to England, he'll get me cur'd. But were my Husband ne'er so unkind, or false, his Adulteries wou'd no ways excuse mine; and therefore I'll listen to no Temptations, (were they never so great:) For I shall find more Pleasure in reflecting upon a sober Life, (and so will you too, when you begin to Think) than in the most gainful Transgression; and tho' you promise to get me cur'd, yet your Design is to wrong my Husband; and therefore, tho' I met you by Chance, and promis'd you a Second Meeting, to get rid of your Importunities, yet I shou'd not think myself safe, if I shou'd comply so far as to give you a Second Meeting; which I never will, having consider'd of it: For, 'tis not all your Estate can restore that Peace of Conscience which you attempt to wound. And I'm so much your Friend, as to advise you to Repent; and you have great Encouragement to it: For he that repents of his Sin, and forsakes it, shall find Mercy. But Sir, however you act your self, I'll ne'er agree to your lewd Proposal; for I'd rather live upon Bread and Water, than unlawful Gain: And therefore affront me no more with your Billets; for neither you, nor any Man else, shall ever corrupt my Resolutions of living Virtuously: For, tho' my Husband shou'd never return, and I be forc'd to go to an Hospital, yet, if it please God to restore my Health, I can maintain my self, and will not be beholden to any unlawful Way for a Lively-hood ——— I shall only add, Did you know the Pleasures of an Innocent Life, instead of Raving, you'd be Thankful for this Disappointment, sent to you by

Your True Friend, &c.

In my REMARKS upon this Letter, I shall first observe, That the Devil is **Primp-General** to the World; not a Piece of **WHOREDOME** (whether it be Fornication, Incest, Adultery, &c.) that any Person ever commits, but he is as one at it, by his Enticements to it: He finds and furnishes with Fuel for Lust; and as he knows all the Adulterers, &c. does now, so he will tell all she has done hereafter; where and when, and with whom she has play'd the Whore.

Q

The

The Gentleman that tempted this *Chaste Woman* was a Man of Estate and Quality; but I must be so BOLD with his Titles as to tell him, 'tis not his *Knighthood*, &c. or great *Riches*, can lessen his Sin. No! *The Whoremasters of Quality* (especially the *Keeping Cullys*) are as much more guilty than others, as they are higher than they: And yet how does our Kingdom stink of these *Kind Keepers of Quality*? There's the D—— of —— declares he could love his Wife above all Women in the World, if she were not his Wife—— R—— KEEPS a Whore. And my L—— E—— (with all his Politicks) is little better—— Sir Charles —— follows his lewd Example; The *Keeping-Cully* thinks he's out of the Fashion, if he han't Two Miss's to drain his Purse.

But I wish I could say that *Keeping*, &c. is only a *Male-Vice*. No alas, this *Whoring-Pacquet* would be very Imperfect, if I did not acquaint the Reader there is *The Keeping Lady* (as well as the *Keeping Lord*) who is at a Yearly Expence (as much as is here offer'd to this Marry'd Woman to desert her Husband) for a Man that she would have Constant; but she is scarce so her self; for *Keeping Ladys* are doubly Impudent. Whilst Sin is Modest it may be heal'd, but if it once grow BOLD, the Fester spreads above all Hopes of Cure — *The Keeping Ladys* when their St——ns are absent, will now and then Converse with the *Gentleman Usher*, or the Footman (when they can catch him) for Variety. Nay, the *Keeping Lady* is grown so Rampant, that rather than not be fristyd, she will taste her Page, will secretly admit a Groom into her Arms, will Practice with her Doctor, and take Physick in a Close Room.

There's the D——s of C—— has G—— and a He-Friend, wherever she goes—— The Lady E—— has her Two St——ns—— And Madam P—— is as well Mann'd—— And most Women have a Tang of this Rambling Fancy.

The Discoverys sent to me of the *Keeping Ladys*, wou'd fill a Volume.

In the First Place, for the well ordering their *Militia*, there's the C—— of F—— has pass'd thro'

thro' all the Offices in *Venus Wars*, from a Corporal o a Colonel, and seldom talks of any other Subject but *Who with Who, &c.*

The Lady *T*——— wou'd fain be Young; she sings the *Lamentation of a Sinner* for the Death of *B*———; but above all, for the Irreparable Loss she had in *Tom S*——— when *Felpied* got him from her.

Madam *O*———s Sins are as big as her Body, and her St———n better known in the *Pall mall* than he is at her own House in *Soho*———

The Lady *A*——— is one of the greatest Coursers upon the *New Exchange*, she out-drinks a *Dutch Man*, out-whores a *French Man*, and has *Two Strings to her Bow*.

R———m lives in a *Scottish Mist*, betwixt Light and Dark-ness: So that groping often for Truth, she now and then lays hold upon the Preacher, and puts him beside the Text.

Madam *E*——— plays Above-board with Mr. *N*——— Under-board with Mr. *B*——— and is somewhat of *KIN* to the *Goodwin Sands*, having swallow'd up many *Famlys, Earls, Lords, and Knights, Innumerable*; among whom is Sir *L*——— who has now taken a Journey to *Naples*.

The Lady *G*——— plays at all Games, and having run thro' *A System of Debauchery*, is now (neither better nor worse than) a *Keeping Lady*, and so intends to continue; for her *Husband* (tho' Young and Rich) is one of the *Contented Cuckolds*; yet take him with *Horns* and all, and he's a very Formidable Monster.

I might proceed in *The History of the Lewd Keepers, of both Sexes*, but designing a *Concubine Pacquet*, (or History of the Royal Misses, from *William the Conqueror*, to the *D*———s of *C*———) I shall reserve my further Discovery on this Head, as a proper Appendix to that Pacquet.

I shall now return to my REMARKS on that Chaste and Excellent Woman who despis'd the Title and Salary of a Kept Miss, chusing rather to beg, than to live such a Lewd and Infamous Life.

And here (as was noted before) tho' the Devil be Pimp-General to all the Whoredomes that ever were,

Yet (as this Woman observes) *Every Temptation we overcome, will be a shining Jewel in our Crown of Victory* — 'Tis true, where many Temptations be Dayly and Hourly Assaulking, and violent Siege laid to our Chastity, we had need have Expert Captains to Marshal our Troops, (to wit) our Passions, and prepared Minds to withstand the Violence of Siege

Most think, that if, with Balaam, they desire to die the Death of the Righteous, it is enough. But this Virgious Person (mention'd in the Relation) knew her DUTY TO GOD AND MAN, and was for dedicating her whole Time and Affections to God; which had such a good Effect, as to convert an old Sinner from the Evil of his Ways. And one would think the Conversion of this Gentleman shoud be a great Encouragement to other Women, to despise the most specious Offers that tend to debauch 'em, for by this young Woman's preferring an Hospital to a Settlement of a Hundred a Year, it brought this Person (who had corrupted the Chastity of many Women, as he owns himself) not only to a Sense of his Sin, but to believe there was something more delightful in Religion, than in a Wicked Life: And would other Wantons retire a little into their own Bosoms, (or, as this Woman expresses it, *BEGIN TO THINK*) they'd soon see that their Lewd Practices will end in the Ruin of their Health and Estates, and (without Repentance) in the Loss of their Souls.

You see this poor Woman was of this Opinion, and therefore chuses rather to LIVE UPON BREAD AND WATER, (they are her own Words) than to live Plentifully, with the Loss of her Innocence: And her refusing to give her Tempter a SECOND MEETING, shews her Sincerity in this Matter; for we shoud hold no Dispute against any Temptation to Uncleaness: To dispute with it, is the way to be overcome by it. Hear the Temptation but speak for it self, and before you are aware it insinuates it self into the Bosom of you; and it is in your Heart, before you can feel it got into your Head; with an unseen Fire, and invisible Power, it melts you into Softness, and dissolves you

you into Yielding: And therefore this Virtuous Person gave it no Consideration, (she'd not come so near the Temptation as to parly with it) but run away from it, as Joseph did from his Tempting Mistress. And as these Instances are very rare, (even so rare, that this Gentleman once thought there was no such thing as a Chaste Woman) so she ought to be had in Eternal Honour; for such Persons, were they known, wou'd be better rewarded for their Virtue than Whores are for their Lewdness.

The following Letter was sent to me by an unknown Person; and as it gives a brief Character of a Ranip-house, Town Bully, and Common Prostitute, is here Publish'd as a Warning to Lewd Persons.

S I R,

YOU invite us to send you all the Discoverys we meet in the *Works of Darknes*, I shall therefore (that I may encourage your Whipping Project) send you the last Night's Adventure, which may chance to give you some Mirth in the Perusal. Imagine me therefore newly discharg'd from my Closet, yet smelling of Philosophy, and bent on an Evening Ramble, I made the Tour of Drury-Lane, and having enter'd a Stale Tavern, I call'd for a Room without Ceremony (as you see, I begin the Relation) and grop'd up Stairs very happily, but ne'er did Malefactor mount a Ladder with more Concern, since Tyburn was Erected; however, possessing some Grains of Stoicism, by the Influence of Collier's *Antonius* (Mr. S—— lent me) I suppos'd my Apprehensions prettily Philosophical; A nasty Drab follows me up——— *What do you please to drink Sir?* A Quartan of Brandy——— She congeed, and stroll'd down again; in the mean Time I examin'd the Curiosities and Antiquities of the Chamber, where the First Thing that encounter'd my Eyes, was a Bed, as deform'd as a Dog-Kennel, tho' I recollected afterwards, that perhaps they Slept promiscuously——— Allowing this to my Fancy for a tolerable Excuse, I remov'd to the Hangings, which proclaim'd to loud the loose
Siege

Sieges and Battles they had undergone, that the veriest Infidel would ha^e granted it without injuring his Character—— A *Truckle-Bed* was under, so that I drew the Curtains, and a Consequence too as fullom, that when the Beds were so insulting and paramount, What must the *Gypsey* *semself* be? By this Time the *Dowd* was come up again with her Liquor, as black as *Soyx*, and unactive as *Lethe* it self; accordingly she told me she had giv'n it a Dash o' *White*, to make it more Palatable, for which Reason I durstn't drink it, lest the oblivious Creature shoud ha^e spoil'd my Revenge, which I meditated; I had the Patience to make her my Taster, she swoop'd it off at one Gulp—— Han't you got a Room with more of the Sun in't, I'm an Admirer of Light? Yes; yes, Sir, here *Cicely*, threw the Gentleman into the *Bristol*, I follow'd my Guide Sir, like *Aeneas* thro' the Shades, she made a Halt, and told me I must turn in there. I was left desolate in the Dungeon (for this Paradise of theirs was no better) desolate, and had certainly concluded it Hell, had not this happy Thought come into my Head, that the Way to't was broad and ealy, whereas this might ha^e led me to Heaven, by the *Narrowness* o' it. As I was smoaking *Mundungus* and musing on the *Stars*, whole malignant Influence I felt, e'en in that lamentable Apartment, in bolts a Facetious Fop, with an *bat bat* *Sirl* in his Teeth, and a miserable Air of Pleasantry in his Aspect; so this is the *He Devil* I concluded: He address'd me with the Familiarity of Seven Years Acquaintance, and being a *Bully* (or *Rake*) that be-leng'd to the *Nany-House*, (to protect the Bawd if there be Occasion) I'll here give you his Character——

The Character of a RAKE.

A *Rake* is the Reverse of his Name, who has usually been either too much indulged or too much restrain'd under the Care of his Father. When the Old Man goes under Ground, and the Estate comes to the Young Squire, he first begins to qualify at the Dancing-School and the Play-House; at the Former he learns to put off his Hat, to hold up his Head, and walk upright with his Arms hanging down like a Pair of *Sticks*, how to make his *Ingress* and *Egress*, and salute the Company; together with the necessary Accomplishments of dancing a *Minuet*, a *Loree*, &c. Thus far there's no Harm in it. At the Play-House he learns to swear in the *Fashion*, his Imagination is debauch'd, and he falls a Drinking and Whoring, Two Diversions, that abating the Sin, have nothing but Prisons, Disceates and Death at the Heels of 'em. In the Business of W—— ring, so long as his Patrimony can support it, he flies at high Game, carries his Breeches full of Billet-Deux, Assignations, &c. What the Old Gentleman took abundance of Care to get and secure, he lets fly like Gun-powder upon *Diamond Rings*, *Gold Watches*, &c; for his *Phillis*. Then he must treat her with Plays, Balls, Revels, and Masquerades, and hire a Coach, and Attendants twice

a Year down to Bath, Epsom, or Tunbridge. Upon the Cloudy Temper of his Charmer, she must have a Pearle Necklace, Gold Locker, &c. In a little while Debts and Distempers growing upon him in Proportion, He's thrown to rot in a Jayl or an Hospital, where he usually dies an Atheist for the Relief of his Conscience.

Getting clear of the Rake, (whose Character I have given you) I withdrew for my greater Satety, into a Light Room next the Street: I was no sooner enter'd into this Apartment, (which was hung round with Obscene Pictures) but a young Buxom Girl (I suppose a Plyer to this Nany-House) us'd all her Alluring Arts to tempt me to ——— but her very Impudence cool'd all my Amorous Heat. And as I hate a Whore, (were it for nothing else but her Impudence) so that all others may do the same, I here send you ———

The Character of a TOWN-MISS.

MISS is a well bred Name, which the Civility of the present Age bestows upon one, who by the Ill Nature and Indecency of former Times, was thid Whore and Strumpet. She's a chearful Companion for a young Squire, or a Gentleman, that's over-grown in the Purse; she differs pretty much from a Common Prostitute, and your Night-Walker, tho which of 'em is the greater Sinner, seems hard to determine. So long as her Credit and her Charms are current, she deals by Wholesale; but upon the Decay of these, thro' Use, and the Length of Time, she enlarges her Acquaintance, and bargains her self away by Retail, to all Comers for Half-Crowns, a Pair of Gloves, &c. She's the proper Business of Gallants, the Citizen's Diversion, an Estate in Fee Tail for a Lawyer, a necessary Experiment for Young Doctors and Chyrurgions, and a comfortable Importance for the P——ns. Her Rise is frequently from a Waiting Woman to my Lady, where the Coach-Man, the Foot-Boy, and perhaps the ——— are oblig'd in their Turns; 'till Nature improves upon the Game, then she rubs off, with what Terms she can make, and takes a Garret in C——nt G——n, or D——ry Lane, for 1s. 6d. per Week, 'till she brings forth the new Piece of Human Nature, and with the utmost Providence, puts it off in a Hand-basket, to the Care of the Parish. Old Scores thus wip'd off, and her Conscience discharg'd, she begins to lay a new Scheme of Life. She Paints and Patches, keeps her Lips Fresh with Vermilion, learns to languish with her Eyes, and to flatter with her Fan, she studys Plays and Romances, and you'll meet her without Fail at the Play-House, when the Fifth Act is begun, because Entrance may be had, when the Play is far run, upon reasonable Terms. The first Game that offers, finds her wonderfully squeamish, she makes infinite Pretences to Honour and Conscience, but the Proposal of Articles quite ruins her, she melts down apace, and swears how dearly she loves him. The Flag thus hung out, and the Surrender agreed upon, why

Why then—— The next Visit he makes, she's all out of Humour, she wants such a Head Dress, something or other in Furbelow, and then, she's so much indebted to, be sure; in short, she rings the Changes upon his Estate, 'till 'tis sunk; and his Credit suspected, and then she discards. She renews her Intreagues to the best Advantage she's able, 'till Diseases come on, with which she may struggle some Years, like a disabled Privateer, that has received many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*, she's oblig'd to put in frequently at *Epsom*, or *Tunbridge*, where she gets her Bottom refitted; but at last, Nature sinks, and she's thrown in an *Hospital*, too abominable to be touch'd with any Thing, but a Pair of *Tongs*, or a *Feëue*, where, if she has Time, she usually wants a Heart for Repentance.

S I R,

Having describ'd the *Bully* and *She-Plyer*, belonging to this (and I suppose every other) *Nanny-House*, 'tis fit that I now inform you, that being sick of this Lewd and Infamous Crew, I knock'd for the Reckoning with the Hilt of my Sword, and came off Conqueror; I mean, I was no ways corrupted in this Frolick, but do now rejoyce at my great Deliverance, for no honest Man upon cool Consideration, wou'd have run the same Risk, for the *Antiquated Taverns* and *blind Coffee-Houses* are most of 'em *Nanny-Houses*; and the Informers keep strict Century o'er such Places: So that if a Man's surpris'd, let his Intentions be as innocent as an Angel's, his Purse and Reputation are both endanger'd. And therefore, as this was the *first Night's Adventure* I ever made, so I resolve it shall be the last. I am——

Your Humble Servant, &c.

Wou'd my Room allow it, the *Whoring Pacquet* had been much larger, for I have just now receiv'd,

1. A Discovery how one Maid got another with Child, being a strange Amusement to expose the Marriage-haters.

2. A pleasant Relation of a Man who wou'd believe he had made himself a Cuckold.

3. News from Dublin of a Young Woman who is got with Child by *Al — n G —* with some serious Advice to that Aged Whoremaster—— with many Discoveries of Kept Misses and great Sellys, &c.

All which we reserve as a proper Appendix to the *Concubine Pacquet*.

I shall only add, My next will be *The Wedding Pacquet*: If therefore any young Gentlemen and Ladys can send me any Pleasant Discoverys (in Verse or Prose) as may properly be inserted in the *Wedding Pacquet*, if they send 'em to *Claypool's Coffee-House* in *Swan Alley* in *Birchin-Lane*, they shan't fail of a Place in our next *Journal*, with Remarks thereon, if there be Occasion.

FINIS.



THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors:
WITH THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Summer-Friend.

To which is Added,
The Lives, Religion, and Honesty of
the *Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, *Rehearsal*, *London-C* — *D*
(*alias Post*) *Interloping Whiffer*, and the other *AT*
FACHE RS of my Person and Goods.

have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Mat. 18. 26

London: Printed in the Year 1706.

B  L

THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors.

My Generous Friends,

MR. Thorp being much in Debt, retreats to the *Mint*, where he falls to writing *A Poem* on himself, which he calls *A LIVING ELEGY*; and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his Death: But (Gentlemen) tho' I call this *Letter The Living Elegy*, you'll have no Reason to lament (my *Life* or *Death*) on the Account of any Loss you'll receive by me; for I have taken Care (as you'll hear anon) that if any Creditor come to my Funeral, that he'll have Cause rather to lament the Loss of my Life (*were it worth a Tear*) than any thing else he can lose by me: So that if a Fix'd Resolution to pay my Creditors (whether I live or die) will dry up your Tears, (and make you chearful) you'll laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shan't miss of as much Compassion as this *Living Elegy* (or *Word of Comfort* to you that trust me) mourns and laments for. And the Truth is,

A a 2

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813. The list is followed by a signature, which appears to be "John Smith".



THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors.

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MR. Thorp being much in Debt, retreats to the *Mint*, where he falls to writing *A Poem* on himself, which he calls *A LIVING ELEGY*; and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his Death: But (Gentlemen) tho' I call this *Letter The Living Elegy*, you'll have no Reason to lament (my *Life or Death*) on the Account of any Loss you'll receive by me; for I have taken Care (as you'll hear anon) that if any *Creditor* come to my *Funeral*, that he'll have Cause rather to lament the Loss of my *Life* (were it worth a *Tear*) than any thing else he can lose by me: So that if a *Fix'd Resolution* to pay my Creditors (whether I live or die) will dry up your Tears, (and make you chearful) you'll laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shan't miss of as much *Compassion* as this *Living Elegy* (or *Word of Comfort* to you that trust me) mourns and laments for. And the Truth is,

I greatly admire, that Men that stand in need of *Mercy* themselves, should be hard-hearted and cruel to their *Poor Debtors*: I own Gentlemen, this is none of your Temper or Practice; for I have Traded with you for many Years, and can say, from my own Experience, None can be more pitiful to the Distressed, or more willing to succour the Unfortunate. And I must say, if there be such a thing as a Friend, (which some question) 'tis only he who has the *Courage* and *Honour* to defend and assist us from the Beginning of *Winter* to the End of it; for when the *Summer* [of Health and Prosperity] comes, all the World will care for and serve us: But where are these *Winter-Friends*? For my own share, (my few Creditors excepted) I never saw the Man that would own a Friend in Adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has to serve others in their Distress: But this I have done for several; but upon the first Cloud that arose, I found those that I most obliged, the very First that would cut my Throat: So that (as Cowley says),
 "There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings. FRIENDS!"
 "What hard Word was that? Gentlemen, did you ever see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women?"
 "If they are, they come from Bantam, or Japan; for my part, I never saw any such born in England."
 "'Tis true, I have seen some thing like 'em, call'd by the Delicate Name of *Well-wishers*; Persons that have it often in their Mouths, Well, Mr.

The Character of a Summer-Friend. "Dunton, I'm glad to see you well, and shou'd mightily rejoyce if your Mother would lend you 500 l. or your Sister B—— could pay you, that you might discharge your Debts, and be as happy as formerly; when these *Shadows of Friends* would not step over the Threshold to do me a Kindness—— So that except I'd put my self in the Gazer, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irish Man, with my Breeches full of Petitions, delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills, to all I see, I shall get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my Purse is empty

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 5

empty, no Body knows me; (neither Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, &c.) (a) The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an Embroider'd Waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. Ann Godfrey; it has stuck to me for Twenty Years, and I cou'd almost grow superstitious over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my DOG (b) METTLE; for like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close to his Master in all Weathers—— He's a DOG of Honour, and teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as slight their Friends in Distress—— Well might Job say, Ask now the Beasts, and they shall teach thee—— There Job 12. 7. is such true Love and Gratitude in some Brutes, (but more especially in the English Spaniel) that my Summer-Friends (the greater Brutes of the two) are meer Strangers to—— But tho' there is Friendship in Dogs and Waistcoats, there is none in Men; or at least, none in that waspish Creditor that (like S——n and C——r) had so little Honour and Friendship, as to ATTACH (I mean Insult) Dunton, in his Life and Errors; and that only for giving him a good Character, (meaning thereby, that I had said too little in his Commendation)—— This is the only Fool I have of a Creditor; but 'tis not his want of Manners or Patience that does discharge my Debt; and therefore I say to this Sneaking Coxcomb, as I do to my Generous Creditors—— Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. (Luke 10. 12.) But oblige an ungrateful Block-head (as I did C——r in Forty Instances) and he'll be your Enemy the first Opportunity. Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat. How-

(a) Dr. R—— Mr. Larkin.—— Sister S——ry,—— Aunt M—— at —— and Cousin Nath. Reading, only excepted.

(b) Mettle is the Name of a Spaniel that was presented to me January the 27th 1705, by my worthy and constant Friend, Mr. George Larkin.

ever

ever. I hope to make such good use of this *Fellow's Ingratitude*, as may turn more to my Advantage than all the Services of my *Triend Friends*; for *ungrateful Men* are the only Persons can make me to abhor in my self what I see so odious in them: For to reflect upon my *ungratitude to God*; how humble and modest should it make me in exalting *Gratitude to my self*, a poor sinful Mortal, who never think how much I am indebted to God's Favour and Goodness, for all the Means he gives me of helping others. And I ought to esteem the Services I did my *Summer-Friends* as Special Blessings Heaven bestow'd upon me; nor can their want of Acknowledgment do me the least Injury: For, if I look into my self, to see with what Mind I serv'd 'em, and find I had no Worldly Respects in it, but was carry'd to it by a *Charitable Sense of their Wants*, and Respect to my Duty, they then by their *Ingratitude turn me over to God for my Reward*; and how much better is that, than the best of their Acknowledgments? Or if my sole Aim was to tie 'em to me, that they might repay me in the same Coin, how well do I deserve to lose so vain a Reward? Or suppose 'twas a Fawning and pretended Affection that deluded me (*A Misfortune Men of my Credulous Temper are most liable to*) I have amends made me, by their shewing me that the World is fill'd with *False Appearances*, and that 'tis a Folly to rely on Humane Comforts; for *Change of Fortune, changes Friends*, for the most part. All I have to regret is, that my Pains and Cost shou'd be so far lost, as hit the Kindness I intended, shou'd be turn'd to an Injury, by making 'em guilty of so Black a Crime as every one calls *Ingratitude*.

But however I am treated now by *Ungrateful Persons* (or *Summer-Friends*, for they are *Synonymous Terms*) I have all imaginable Reason to be thankful to the Goodness and Care of Providence, I had my length of Prosperity as well as other Men; nor am I yet such a *Forren Hope*, but my Sin may rise again, and chase those Shadows in which I am now a Wanderer. And I have

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 7

have always entertain'd a very grateful Sense of the Goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smil'd on me so long as dear (a) *Iris* liv'd; and indeed ever since, my Life has been no more than a *WAKING DREAM*: (rather a *Living Death*.) And for that Reason I call this Letter *The Living Elegy*; for all such as are poor or unfortunate (tho' alive and well) are *Dead to their Rich Friends*. Whilst I liv'd in *Ireland*, my Friend Mr. *Larkin* brought me acquainted with a Gentleman, who in his perfect Health, sent for the Sexton to *Ring his Knell*; being ask'd the Reason, he reply'd, *because he was dead*; that is, (said he) in a Civil Sense, *I am dead*, (tho' I walk about) for my Money is gone, and I were as good be out of the World. This Gentleman that thought he was as good as dead when his Money was gone, might have some Cause to think himself *Really Dead*, tho' he walk'd about, perceiving the Fear every ones Countenance discover'd at the Sight of him.—Those also that grudge themselves the Conveniences of Life, may be said to be *DEAD* (whilst they are yet *Breathing*) as much as the *foresaid Gentleman*; for the one is starv'd for the want of Money, and the other is starv'd with his Abundance; and in this Sense, each Miser is *Dead*: Like a Dog in a Wheel, he toils to roast Meat for others eating, and therefore is a fit Subject for a *Living Elegy*: So that you see, Gentlemen, 'tis a clear Case: If I have a great deal of Money and no Heart to use it, I'm dead, (and buried in my *useless Heaps*) Or, if I want Money (to pay my Debts) I'm Dead to my *Summer-Friends*; which is my Case: And as I'm Civilly dead, A *Living Elegy* is the fittest Title for this Letter: But when an Enlarged Fortune shall make me alive again to my *Quondam Friends*, (that is, when I can breathe so much as to tell the World I'm out of Debt) I shall then come into Being again: Which is such a Word of Comfort to all my Creditors, as will ('till I close my Eyes on this vain World) further

(a) *My first Wife.*

prove

prove this Letter *The Living Elegy*: So that my want of Money (in the Opinion of Fools and Enaves) hath chang'd my *Now Living Body* into a *Dead Carkase*. But if I can grow Rich, my *Summer-Friends* (like *Timon's Admirers*) will think me *alive* again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and if I en't partial to my great Losses, I have as much Reason to expect this *Resurrection from Civil Death* [or *New Life of Credit*] as any Debtor whatever: For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask *compassion* to my own Misfortunes, than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same Circumstance (of which *Fineaux of Canterbury*, *R——d of St. Omers*, and *M——ry of Cornhil*, are Three late Instances) but 'till that *Enlargement* happens, the *BEST*, (I might add the *ONLY*) Friends I have in the World, are my *VERY CREDITORS*, who have known my Life and Dealings for Twenty Years. But, tho' Gentlemen, by Trading with such as you, I have fallen into *Generous Hands*, yet it must be confess'd that *Debtors* are commonly the most abject Creatures in the World; and there be very few *Traders* (*your selves excepted*) while they pity and relieve 'em, but at the same Time have a great deal of Contempt for them; so little Reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all *Debtors*, not having the least Right to the poorest Blessing upon Earth: (for what was given at our Creation, was forfeited by Rebellion) So that every Thing lives under a Necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are. *And this Debt I can never pay*—— But as to your selves, Gentlemen, (were my Name but cross'd in your Books) I'd owe you, nor no Man, any thing else but Love, (Rom. 13. 8.)

As to the Moneys I owe you, 'tis more than I can pay at present, but I don't owe more than I am willing and able to pay; and therefore (*as no Man will lose a Farthing by me*) I presume, I have still a Title to your good

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 9

good Opinion. ' Indeed, all Men under a Cloud, are call'd *Knaves and Maggots*; but 'tis a Word I cou'd never digest, and by the Grace of God, I will never deserve it: Yet I can't deny but most Men *OWE* not only their Learning to their Plenty, but likewise their Virtue and their Honesty. For, how many Thousands are there in the World, in great Reputation for their Honest and Just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were put to their shifts, (as others, as honestly inclin'd, are) wou'd soon lose their Reputation, and be as *ILL* thought of, as they now think of such as are Poor and Insolvent. (a) And for that Reason, I have ever had a great Aversion to be in Debt, in Small as well as in Greater Matters: I suppose (Gentlemen) most of you will own this, when you call to mind my Evening with you (and all the World) every six Months. 'Twas this made ye *FORWARD* to trust me for Twenty Years; (the Time I Traded in Publick(b) and as ready to Compassionate that Melancholy Circumstance, some People's Unnatural Wharice had laid me under—— You consider'd when I ceas'd to be less Punctual than formerly, that 'twas owing to my Great Losses, and not to any Neglects or Injustice. For this Reason, (like Generous Creditors) my Misfortunes did but excite and enlarge your Friendship; for you have been as willing to trust me since I liv'd Incognito, (and out of your Reach) as you were when the World smil'd: So that the 200 L. I am still Indebted, is chiefly owing to the Trust you gave me since D——y (and my Summer Friends) treated me like a Bankrupt——

Gentlemen, how far I have deserv'd your good Opinion, will appear by that Full Payment I hope to make you in a Few Months: I confess, I have just finish'd a Merry Paradox, proving—— No Man is Honest, but he that is Rich—— But this is only a

(a) See the History of my Life. P. 230.

(b) viz. In Princes-street—— The Poultry—— And Jewen-street——

10 *The Living Elegy: Or.*

Paradox to divert that Melancholy I groan under, for being so long your Debtor; for I'll make it appear that you are not deceiv'd in *DUNTON*, but that he is and will (always) be *as honest as you can desire*.

Gentlemen, Whatever my Losses in Trade were, I still took effectual Care they shou'd be none of yours, (*saving the waiting for your just Debts a little longer than usual*) And to convince you of this, I shall now (*as a Word of Comfort after long waiting*) tell you the *VERY DAY*, when I shall pay you all to a Farthing. 'Tis true, (as I said before) *I had great Losses in Trade*, (many of which have been owing to *M*——— telling me there was 400 Sold of a Book when there was not 60) and have had a much greater Disappointment in the Sale of my Woods; for, on the Account that the Mortgage on my Estate was expir'd, I was forc'd to sell that for 300 *l.* that (cou'd I have help'd it) shou'd not have gone for Six: But as good as the Bargain was, (my Three Farms being Joyntur'd) had I not surmounted a Hundred Difficulties, been at a great Expence to secure the Title, and besides that, met with a Generous Chapman, (the only Good Samaritan, that wou'd part with Money to heal my Wounds) I cou'd not possibly have clear'd so far as I did: But now (*the Mortgage being paid off*) 200 *l.* is all I owe in the World; and cou'd my Sister *B*——— now pay me that 200 *l.* (a) I can prove she owes me, I wou'd clear with the whole World before I slept. However, this 200 *l.* is a further Argument to convince my Creditors that I shall pay 'em all at the Time I promise; for my Sister *B*——— is a very grateful and just Person, and as I never ask'd her till now, for the Money she owes me, (*in meer Compassion to her great Losses*) so now I expect to be paid in a Few Months, out of her *JAMAICA* Windfall, which will amount to some Hundred Pounds——
—But perhaps you'll say, Suppose your Sister shou'd never pay you, what, must we lose our Money?

(a) Or rather more, in Principal and Interest-money.

No

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 11

No Gentlemen! No Man shall lose a Farthing by me; for as I have now clear'd the Mortgage, to the Full Satisfaction of those concern'd, so I have made Provision (as you'll hear anon) to satisfy those **FEW CREDITORS** that are yet unpaid. But tho' I don't wholly depend on the Money my Sister owes me, yet 'twas necessary to mention it in this Place, to humble those who forget to own it: (and the voluntary Offer I made of Boarding **Gratis**, a Fatherless, Brother and Sister) And which is Ten Times **BLACKER**, to abuse me for it—— “ But I can't see how the
“ Misfortunes of a Friend can cancel every Kindness he
“ has done me; Because he's unhappy, therefore I'll be
“ ungrateful: But the Business lies here, when a Man be-
“ gins to sink every Body runs at a distance, that they
“ mayn't be taken within the Compass of the Ruines. (a)
This was the Case of the Ingenious **Suckling**, which made him cry,

*One Thing alone I fain wou'd ask,
Of all the Pow'rs Above,
That I were once but out of Debt,
As I am out of Love.*

'Tis the Misfortune of some Men to run in Debt to **MEER UPSTARTS**; (I mean such as are distinguish'd from all others, by their Ingratitude to their old Friends) And the *Insults and Contempt* they frequently meet with on that Account, are such as no Flesh can bear—— But Sir John was only treated ill, because his Money was spent: But my *Summer Friends* have quite mistaken my Case, for to return to my *Generous Creditors*——

Gentlemen, I can now assure you, that the Trust you gave me in **Trade**, will be but *Few Months* longer unpaid than the Credit others gave me in **Ready Money**. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I can't pay you at the

(a) *History of my Life*, from P. 104. to P. 112.

Time I promis'd; for my Woods did but just clear the Mortgage and old Arrears for *Physick, Cloaths, and very Subsistence*, yet you may depend upon this, (except I shou'd disappoint you so far as to pay you sooner, that *October the 10th, 1708*, I'll sell the Reversion of *Bottom-Farme*, but I'll clear with the whole World.

'Tis true, Mr. *Tooke* (an old Creditor) Importun'd me for Work that very Week my Goods were Attach'd, adding this *Friendly Expression*, (which I can never forget, as 'twas spoke in my greatest Extremity) "*That I was serv'd but right, for going to Printers that did not know me. And Mr. Bradenell was so Kind and Generous, as to tell my Friend Mr. Larkin, that if I'd still employ him, he'd never ask me for a Penny of Money 'till some Windfall happen'd. And another Creditor has been so Noble as to send me word he'd take Ten Shillings in the Pound, and give me the Remainder to Trade with: But I scorn to pay, either him or any Man else, less than Twenty: For, 'twas ever my Thoughts, that COMPOSITION (where it can be avoided) is Plain Cheating; or at least, 'twou'd be so in me; for as hastily as the TWO ATTACHERS (a) were for their Money (Loo'd on by M—— to delay her Accounting with me (b) I'm able to prove (if my Relatives do me Justice) that I shall have Ten Thousand Pounds to enjoy (c) after every Penny I owe in the World is paid—— Then, how base was*

(a) H—— and M——

(b) M—— (One of the Attachers) hinted this to my self and another Person; and with this Addition, "That had he not been put upon Attaching my Goods (by M——) he had never done it. And to shew his Sincerity in this Matter, both he and his Partner in the Attachment, withdrew it at their own Charge; which engag'd me to write a Paradox, proving, To Imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty——

(c) In Possession and Reversion.

M——

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 13

M—— and her Two Scoundrels (a) to call me *Dunderhead*—— *Simplton*—— *Fractur'd Bookseller*—— *Whipping Spark* (that can't hold it) *Bankrupt*, *Fail-Bird*; and to tell the World *I was starving*, &c.—— when none of my Creditors ever question'd their Money; and are here told to *A DAY*, when they shall be pay'd every Farthing I owe them——

Had M—— call'd me *Sot*, or *Madman*, for trusting such a *Hedge-Publisher*, perhaps those that did not know me, might have believ'd her; but to call me *Bankrupt*, *Fail-Bird*, one that Writes to prevent Starving, is a malicious Falshood. Nay, says another of M——'s Hackneys, (for she hir'd these Fellows to blast my Credit if possible) "*Would I hang my self, no Chandler in Town would trust me with a Penny Cord. So that if I'll die in a String, (if you'll) believe a Rake that has more W——s than Pence*) I must be hang'd upon meer Charity. And the *Wandering Spy* (*alias W——*) is so very hasty to send me to *Tyburn*, that "*He would have it Death for me (b) to Print a Word, more, till my last Dying Speech and Confession came out*" *Sign'd by the Ordinary of Newgate*—— To this I answer.

I do confess, (for it was Herbert said it)
If Virtue has no Coyn, she has no Credit.

But tho' in the Eye of the World, the want of Money has Wickedness in't, and no Man is Honest but he that is Rich, yet by your Leave Gentlemen, I shall ne'er think the worse of my self for a Spiteful Character. "*'Tis easy to dress even an Apostle in a Fool's Coat, and then laugh at him. The Great Sherlock could not pass thro' the World without a WEASLE nibbling at his Reputation*—— So much as the Peaceable F—— had his share in this vile Treatment: For, what a lewd and ridiculous Figure did W—— make of a *Fe-*

(a) *The Moderator and Wandering Spy.*

(b) *Wandering Spy, Numb. 10.*

Salmon? (a) Yet none are so weak, as to think
 S——— a W——— or F——— a R———ge, be-
 cause W——— said it. His bad Word is a Panegyrick.
 And the same may be said of M———; for, like a
 right Slanderer, She'll Publish that to all, she dares not
 own to any: Which is so like W———y, that———

But I'll say no more; for without SHE humbles
 her self, the World shall see Her, &c. in Dutton's
 Whipping-Post, with all the Formalities and Respect due
 to a Publisher of Lyes and Slander.

Bankrupt! Fail-Bird! &c. Why poor Dutton, is thy
 own Estate of **four** Thousand Pound, (b) and **Six**
 Thousand Pound that is owing to thee from Near Re-
 lations, of so little value as to be worth nothing; no, not so
 much as a Penny Halter to dangle thy wretched Carcase?

Why S. underls! Why M——— with what Face can
 you Publish such known and Ridiculous Lyes as these.
 For, you can't deny my Printers and Stationers knew
 the Misfortunes I labour'd under, and as they had the
 Product of their own Trust to a Farthing, (so far as I
 have yet receiv'd) 'tis both base and sordid to reflect
 thus for Present Deficiencies, seeing they'll be made good
 to a Tittle: And 'tis yet the baser in these Detractors,
 as one of 'em (c) is still in my Debt; and the rest
 never saw my Face. But, as Philip said of the Greci-
 ans, "If Men slander me without Reason, what would
 they do if I shou'd do them hurt? But (added he) they
 make me a better Man, for I strive Daily, both in my
 Words and Deeds, to prove them Lyars. That I may
 imitate Philip in this Excellent Practice, all I shall say
 to M——— and her Two Hackneys [the Moderator
 and Wandering Spy] is, what one said of Scandals,
 "If I do not deserve (saith he) what is thrown upon me,
 my Life will give them the Lye; if I do, it's my Duty
 to be Patient and amend——— And sure enough, I had
 need have Patience to deal with M———: For, D———y

(a) In the Wandering Spy Numb. 7. (b) In present
 Possession and Reversion. (c) viz. M——— when

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 15

when he *Attach'd my Life, and Athenian Oracle*, finding he had only *Attach'd the Credit that Printers gave me, &c.* was ashamed (or I'm sure he might) of what he had done, and withdrew the *Attachment* of his own Accord; which *M——* finding, she contrives that other *Attachment* mention'd before, and did me all the Private Mischief she cou'd. The Thing is true, (*tho' D——y has Attach'd his Books*) but pray say nothing you had it from me, is a Wound can never be cured: 'Tis stabbing a Man behind, and is the worst Sort of Murder, as it leaves no room for Defence. This way of Attaching (or rather stabbing) is so unmanly, that *Anthony* put those Slandereers to Death which cou'd not prove their Accusations. But *M——* never consider'd this, and therefore (to revenge my going to another Publisher) hir'd the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, to call me "*All the Simple and Poor Fellows in Nature.*" But tho' *M——* and her little Scoundrels, thought me so very low, that they might venture to trample upon me; yet, **UNGENEROUS FOOLS!** I must here tell 'em, (for tread on a Worm and he'll turn again) that my *Printers* and *Stationers* are as willing to trust me as ever. I wou'd give many Instances to prove this, were not the *Whipping-Post* (a) (or *Satyr upon every Body*) and a *Diverting Project*. I've now in the Press, sufficient to prove, That no Disappointment in Trade can lessen my Credit with such as know me; and as for others (I mean such that speak Ill of a Man that they can't prove) "*Their good Word is a Scandal.*" And for all such, I as little want their Trust, as they need my Friendship: For, as *Fractur'd and starv'd as M——* wou'd now make me; till I had **Great Losses**, I e'en Dunn'd the *Printers* to take their Money, and shall do it again in a little Time—— Then, en't it *Rare Gratitude* in *M——*, who tells me in several Letters, "*That I was the only Friend in the VWorld that had stood by her*" to hire a Crew of Hack-

(a) To be Published in Parts.

neys (the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*) to slander me at this Rate: But if I hear any more of Her, (except it be to pay me for the 600 Books she convey'd away) the World shall know, I shall be able to shew my Head as long as M—— and her Louzy Authors will be able to shew their Ears—— Ears! Have they any left? — For the *Wandering Spy*, was Sentenc'd in the Old Bailey, for a *Fabulous, Obscene, Scandalous Writer*: (or rather Beast in the shape of a Man) Whosoever you say, he will draw to Bawdry. He makes *Christenings*, and sometimes *Funerals*, speak it. He ne'er sees a Woman but he Lusts after her, strips Her Naked, and enjoys Her streight in Imagination. Every thing with him is Incentive unto Lust; and every Woman, Devil enough to tempt him to't. Silk Gowns and Red Petticoats are all alike to him, he playing at Women, just as he does at Cards, while every Suit, in their Turns, is turn'd up Trump. Whence he has (as 'tis thought) more Diseases than an *Hospital*, of which he lyes in every Spring and Fall. His very Publisher was a Midwife, his *SPY* is a Pimp, and his Wit is never so Quick as here: The *Pox* only converts him, and that only when it kills him. *Joan's as good as my Lady*. And since W—— (the suppos'd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) can't Feast on other Men's Goods, he is resolv'd to enjoy their Wives. His Whore in *Little Britain* Besieg'd his Door with a Child from Sunday Noon to Sunday Night; but came too late for Admittance, his other Strumper having been there with a Bastard before her. (a) His Word is, *A merry Life and a short*. I know not how merry 'tis, but I'm sure 'tis short enough, he consuming just like a Candle at both Ends, betwixt Wine and Women; without which (in spite of his *Fabulous Morals*) he holds there is no Pleasure in this World: And for the other, he wou'd fain be an *Arse*, and believe there is none at all, whilst his

(a) For a further Account of this, I refer the Reader to his own Confession, or rather to *Peregrine's Maid*.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 17

Minners and Ignorance supply his want of Faith; for he lives like One, and knows no Soul he has: For, he can't but own, he repents more the omitting an evil Action (but more especially Whoredome and Drunkenness) than any Saint wou'd the committing it—— This is the Lewd and Scandalous Life of the *Wandering* (or rather Earless) *Spy*; and I judge his Death won't be much better, for *Atheism* is ever the Refuge of such Sinners as *W——*, whose Repentance will be only to hang himself; for a *Deliberate* Hanging at *Tyburn* (the Death he'd prefer me to) is too great an Honour for such a *Libertine*: For he makes a *Jest* of Repentance and Modesty, and is an *Artificial* Fool (or *Jack-Pudding*) that gets his Living by making others and himself Ridiculous. In a Word, *He is the Rich Man's Anick, and the Devil's Factor*, that by a strange *Fable of Invisibilty*, sends Men Laughing to Hell. And all this (with *Lewder Things* that I hear of him) is the true Character of the *Wandering Spy*. EARS! (can such a Letcher as this have EARS?) 'Tis to affront all the Women he ever met, to say he has either EARS, NOSE, or so much as *Genitals*.

As to the *Moderator*, he is rather worse than the Former; for, being a *Designing Hypocrite*, (and meer *Hackney Author*) there is no Hopes of his Repentance, or Amendment; whereas, the *Wandering Spy* owning himself a *RAKE*, may with the Prodigal return at last: But there is no Hopes of the *Moderator*, for all his *Papers* are so *Abusive, Dull, and Foolish*, They can be writ for no other End, but to get a Penny, and distract the Kingdom. This *Fellow* is a *Cunning Archer*, that looking to the *Publick Service*, as the Mark he aims at, yet squints aside at his own *Ends*, (viz. *Bread to keep him from starving*) which is the True *BUTT* all his *Moderators* are shot at. He fights with a *Tacking Gun*, (a) [*alias B——*]

(a) There is a Latent Meaning in these Words, which the World shall know, if there be Occasion.

neys (the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*) to slander me at this Rate: But if I hear any more of Her, (except it be to pay me for the 600 Books she convey'd away) the World shall know, I shall be able to shew my Head as long as M—— and her Lousy Authors will be able to shew their Ears—— Ears! Have they any left? — For the *Wandering Spy*, was Sentenc'd in the Old Bailey, for a *Fabulous, Obscene, Scandalous Writer*: (or rather Beast in the Shape of a Man) Whatever you say, he will draw to Bawdry. He makes *Christenings*, and sometimes *Funerals*, speak it. He ne'er sees a Woman but he Lusts after her, strips Her Naked, and enjoys Her streight in Imagination. Every thing with him is Incentive unto Lust; and every Woman, Devil enough to tempt him to't. Silk Gowns and Red Petticoats are all alike to him, he playing at Women, just as he does at Cards, while every Suit, in their Turns, is turn'd up Trump. Whence he has (as 'tis thought) more Diseases than an Hospital, of which he lyes in every Spring and Fall. His very Publisher was a Midwife, his *SPY* is a Pimp, and his Wit is never so Quick as here: The *Pox* only converts him, and that only when it kills him. *Joan's as good as my Lady*. And since W—— (the suppos'd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) can't Feast on other Men's Goods, he is resolv'd to enjoy their Wives. His Whore in Little Britain Besieg'd his Door with a Child from Sunday Noon to Sunday Night; but came too late for Admittance, his other Strumpet having been there with a Bastard before her. (a) His Word is, *A merry Life and a short*. I know not how merry 'tis, but I'm sure 'tis short enough, he consuming just like a Candle at both Ends, betwixt Wine and Women; without which (in spite of his *Fabulous Morals*) he holds there is no Pleasure in this World: And for the other, he wou'd fain be an *Idiot*, and believe there is none at all, whilst his

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Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 17

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and yet has the Impudence to tell the World, his *Moderator* is Publish'd for *promoting us Peace, and Reconciling of Differences between Parties*. St. *Jerome* tells us, there was a Woman that to every Body appear'd a *Beast*, to *Hilarius* only a Woman. The same may be safely asserted of this *Wethercock*, [the *Moderator*] He seems to all Men a *Blockhead*, a *Parasite*, a *Beaujeau*, a *Scoundrel*; to himself only he seems a *Moderator*, the only *Wise-Man*, and *Reconciler of Differences*: But he seems so to no Body else. For, as *Tutchin* (a) observes, "Let the *Moderator* look to his Title, and see whether his Paper answers it; and whilst he reflects on others for unmannerly Language, let him consider whether his Readers mayn't say *Clodius accusat Mœchos*, and what Difference there is betwixt the Words *MODERATE* and *Exasperate*—— The *Moderator* (so fallily call'd) is the unfittest *Changeling* that ever was, to *Reconcile Parties*: For, being neither Hot nor Cold, but *Lukewarm*, (for that's all the *Moderation* we find in his dull Papers) he is detestable both to God and Man. In *Moderator* Numb. 1. he tells us, "Here are *Scandalous Clubs* (b) "to expose *Citizen's Vices*, and teach the *Government* what to do—— And here is a *Scandalous Observer*, that "cooks up his *Puns*, and *Dishes out* his *Malitious Bombast*, "to render the *High-Church Ridiculous*—— But consult him in other Papers, and you'll find Mr. *Foe* *Much* in his Favour, and the *Observer* a *Useful Paper*. The *Moderator* is a meer *Polypus*, always of the same Colour of the Side he meets with; for he varies his *Shape* and *Religion* as often as his *Company*. In short, the *Moderator* is a meer every Thing; and if he have two *EARS*, (which I much question) honest Men have been depriv'd of theirs. His *Religion* is yet to chuse; what he shall be, he knows not, nor what he is; for he tells us (c) "He writes for no *Denomination of People* in particular. Yet I hold him an *INDEPENDENT*: For,

(a) *Observer* Vol. 4. Numb. 38. (b) Meaning Mr. *Foe's* Reviews. (c) *Moderator* Numb. 1.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 19

whilst he sides with all Religions, he'll be sure to *rene* like a Pair of Compasses, the one End of him stands fast, whilst with the other of his Speeches he walks the Round of every prevailing Faction. No Man pretends more to Religion, and the Publick Good, than the Moderator; and yet no Man intends it less; (and we'll may be in *shew* advance that which keeps his Grinders a going) Like that Notorious **Pick-Pocket**, that whilst (according to the Custom) every one held up their Hands at *Rehearsing the Creed*, he by a Device, had a False Hand, which he held up like the rest, whilst his True Hand was false in other Mens Pockets — In a Word, the Moderator is a very **BLANK**, wherein you may write any thing that will make for his Profit: (with the *Hebghog*) he turns his DEN which way soever the Wind of Prosperity blows — To Sum up his Character (in Three Words) he's — **A MERCENARY SCOUNDREL**. And for that Reason propoles "To have all Papers, but his own, suppress'd; but as a Judgment upon him, (for telling so many Lyes of their kind Reception) his own Papers have led the way: So that all the Honour the Moderator has, (after Publishing Thirty Numbers) is now to wipe —

EARS! Can such an *Ambo-dexter* — *Parasit* — Scoundrel, — Nothing at all, &c. have EARS? — No! — 'Tis to call in Question the Understanding of Men of Learning and Temper, to say he has had either EARS or Credit, ever since he disgrac'd that Excellent Vertue of Moderation, in pretending to write for it.

Thus have I given a brief (but true) Character of those *Carless Fellows*, (if they had their Due) the Moderator and *Wandering Spy*, that (to oblige M —) said all they could to blast my Credit with *Printers and Stationers*.

I come next to the **WHIPSTER**, (*Drunken Aleto*) who stole my Title of *Whipping-Post*, and then spits, and froaths, and drivels as much *Nonsense, Malice and Vanity* at me, as *Tom S* — would pay him for. This **SOT** of an Author is a Compound of all that's

Wile, Dull, and Abusive in the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, with this Addition, That *P——s* is the **Greater Sot** — In order to his Preferment, *P——s* Friends sent him to *Oxford*, where he *eat, and drank, and slept*, plaid a March or two at Foot-ball, (perhaps) stole a Pig, ran away from the *Proctor*, and study'd Three or Four Years to as much purpose as was his stealing my *Whipping Title*; or if they did not steal my Title, let 'em clear themselves by an *Affidavit*, and then I'll fairly own there's no **Thieving**, but only *Good Wits Jump in the Case*: But without this, let the World judge how basely they have way-laid me; as if 'twas entail'd upon *S——s* Family, to steal both Titles and Projects from *John Dunton*, for this Bulky *Whipster* is Son to that very *S——s* who undermin'd my *Question-Project*, 'till he lost about Twenty Pound, and then flung up his **Lacedemonian Mercury**, (as his Son has done the *Whipping-Post*) as the Just Reward of an *Interloper*. So that (if I en't mistaken) here is **TRIM TRAM**; or whatever the Master is, sure I am the **Rake**, or **Tool** he employs, is both **SOT** and **Coxcomb**. His Head is like an *Irish Bog*, a *Spungy Quagmire*, his Brains are in a perpetual **Souce-Tub**, the **Pickle** (since he stole my Title) is only chang'd from Ale to Wine. This profound Soaker (*alias WHIPSTER*) is one of the common Scorns of all Civil People, as carrying about him all the Signs and Tokens of a *Shameless Sot* — His **EYES** are ready to tumble out of his Head — His **Bacon-Complexion** is Greasy, and like the Jelly of Veal, and his Breath and Belchings are strong enough to cause an Infection — And as the **BEAST** hath on him the Drunkard's Mark, so he hath their Rewards, *Shame and Poverty* — This **Parboil'd Bat** (had his Interloping succeeded) had been accounted a *Rabbin* with *Tom S——*; but to every Body else, his besotted Countenance betrays and discovers his Ignorant, Dull, Stupid Soul — This *Drunken Whipster* (if you dare take his Word for't) studies only at the Tavern, in Company with **Rakes** and **Scoundrels**:

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 21

drels : For, in his [*Miscellanies over Claret*] he tells his Readers " But as *Motteux* desir'd his Letters (after " Postage paid) to be sent to the Coffee-House, so we have " Two or Three among us such exceeing Drunkards as to " submit to no Place but the Tavern: At present our " Office is kept at the Rose-Tavern without Temple-bar ; " which may be as well call'd an Office of Credit as the " Land-Bank, for we pay our Reckonings after the same " manner Dr. Ch——n does his Salaries, that is, not " at all. But no matter, our Landlord is an Honest Man, " (that he is) tho' I believe he'll soon be weary of his Poets, " for we have just now chalk'd up a Crown with him——

These are his own Words, in the Preface to his [*Miscellanies over Claret*] by which he insinuates, " He that drinks well, sleeps well ; and he that sleeps well, " thinks no harm. The Falshood of which may be soon confuted, because he STAGGERS in the Argument; and which is yet worse, he glories in his Drunkenness, for to convince the World he's a Shameless Sor, In his DEDICATION to the 'foresaid Book, he tells his Patron (a) " My Lord, We are Four or Five, some say Honest, " others Foolish, but all say Drunken Fellows, now drinking your Lordship's Health at the Tavern ; and our Poetical Inclinations are all attended with Poetical Pockets. " Some of us have Six Pence and Eight Farthings, some " neither Eight Farthings, nor a Six Pence ; so that " the chiefest of our Dependance is upon the Strength of " this Dedication. And since the Majority of us are too " dirty for your Levee, we have pick'd out the Nicest " Spark of us all, to make this Present by. He is our " Plenipotentiary, and we give full Power to receive, " &c. any thing your Lordship shall order towards the Continuance of your Lordship's Health. Your Lordship may guess by him, what a Figure the rest make, for he's the " very Quintessence of Gentility among us all—— But " the Rogue of a Drawer will bring up the Reckoning, " unless we call for more Wine ; therefore, to avert that

(a) The Earl of D——

Judgment,

" *Judgment, we beg Leave (tho' abruptly) to Subscribe —*
 " *My Lord — Your Lordships most Dutiful and Obedient*
 " *Servants, &c. — Thus (Gentlemen) you see that*
P — s (my Whipping Enemy) is a Drunken Scot by
his own Confession; and for that Reason, (if he have
any EARS) the Pillory or Stocks is the most likely
Place to find 'em. And that he might want no Ac-
complishment necessary for a TOWN RAKE, he
is as great a Sharper as he is a Drunkard: For,
" He'll offer a Dinner, or Bottle of Claret, out of his Joy
" to see you; and in Requital of this Curiosity, you can do
" no less than pay for it. So that no Man puts his
Brains to more use than P — s, for his Life is a
Daily Invention, (for Punch and Claret) and each Meal
a new Stratagem. And I suppose no Man will question
this, that reads his Drunken Letter to Dr. Read, which
was Sign'd with his own Hand, and was to this Effect. —
" That he got drunk the Night before, at the Rummer-
" Tavern at Charing-Cross, that he was Benighted, and
" forc'd to lye at the Star Inn, where he was dip'd over
" Head and Ears for 3s. 6d. and had no Friend, &c. — (a)

By means of such Drunken Adventures (as are here concess'd) P — s often wants a Surgeon to Plaster his Countenance; and is as often in danger of Drowning, except when he rides at Anchor in Newgate, (where we find him often) the Round-house, or Bridewell — But it appears by his Letter to Dr. Read, that his most usual Rest and Repose is upon Benches, and Chairs, in Petty Inns and Tap-Houses, unless he chance to creep under some Cart, and get a Pile of Faggots to shelter him — Now (Gentlemen) I leave you to judge who is — the greatest Maggot, — or Lunatick — (the Epithets this Whipster gives me) Dunton, or P — s — For, as to the First, he can't do me a greater Honour than to call me Maggot; for if a Man must be call'd a Maggot, for starting Thoughts that are wholly New, then farewell Invention. (Even Philosophy it self had never been improv'd had it not been for New Opinions.) (b)

(a) *Observer*, Vol. IV. Numb. 38.

(b) *See the Preface to my Life and Errors.*

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 23

And as to his Charge of *LUNACY*, if *New Projects* to pay my *Debts*, and to act justly, be a Sign I have lost my *Senses*, I desire to be so accounted: Tho' it must be own'd, the Loss of one's Reason and one's Liberty at once, wou'd break a Body; and a *Statute of Bankrupt* might be awarded against me by the *Great Governor* of the Intellectual World who has given me a *redie* for my *Facultie*, when he's like to lose both *Principal* and *Interest*. But whatever *Dunton* is, (who has had enough to *Disfract* a stronger Brain than his) sure I am that Man is absolutely *M A D*, (or worse) than like *P——s*, instead of *Quenching his Thirst*, drown his *Soul*—— How many *Brute Beasts* will rise up in Judgment against *P——s*, who make the *Sufficiency of Nature* their Standard, in *Eating and Drinking*—— Then en't this a special Fellow to *WHIP* the Age into Sobriety? But let him remember the *Story of Dives*; there is no *Tipling* in Hell—— But he's a *Hard-ned Sot*, and there is no *Hopes* of his Reformation: For, he was Famous even in *Oxford*, by the Name of *Drunken P——s*; but the *Sot* (his *Brains* a little settled) had the Luck to reel out of *Oxford* to *London*, and from thence, in pursuit of *Adventures*, to *S——* in *Little Britain*, there to steal other Men's *Projects*, and to guzzle (had their *WHIPPING* succeeded) as deeply in the Juice of the Grape as he had (whilst he liv'd at *Oxford*) *Swill'd* himself in that of good Ale. But tho' *Oxford* has *Spew'd* him out, yet he has taken all his *Degrees* in the school of *Bacchus*; and is now accounted a *Finish'd Toper*, a *Living Conduit*, a *Drunken Rake*, a *Sot* all over—— Gentlemen, this is the *Interloper* that wou'd whip the Age into good Manners! But I have given but a Taste of his *Drunken Practices*, shou'd I mention all, I shou'd never have done—— I might proceed to his other Crimes (which are yet *Blackier*)—— As his *Swearing*—— *Prophaning* the Sabbath—— *Jesting* with *Sacred Things*, &c.

And here (*Gentlemen*) I shou'd tell you that his *Oaths* are all his *Prayers*: (he never but in them remembering

membering God) He crys the Church is in danger, but 'tis thought (as is usual with such **Atheists**) he never sees the Church, but on purpose to sleep in it, or when some **Enemy to the Church** Preaches, (as he calls a Pious and Moderate Clergy-man) with whom he means to make **SPORT** in his next Whipping-Post. He comes to Sermons, not to learn, but to catch; and if there be but one **Solecism**, that's all he carries away. In a Word, he laughs at Heaven, and sports with Hell; and (being an Incorrigible Sot) 'tis thought he has Committed the Unpardonable Sin. I have many Reasons for this Censure, but I han't Patience, and my Ink is too clean for a further Description: However, as 't has some Reference to his **Reeling** Vice, (oy which he is most known) I must (at parting) commend his Excellent Skill in a **Silber Tankard**, which I resolve to clank at **Dunton's Whipping-Post**, if he **DARE** answer the Character I have here given him: But I'm now satisfy'd for the Wrongs he (and his **Master**) did me, and shall say no more (either of **Tom S** ——— or his Whipping Tool) 'till I'm further provok'd; and I'm sure then I shall have good Authority to discover the **Hasty Amour**, and to lash **P** ———'s where'er I find him. For, **P** ———'s whilst he is waking and drunk. (and when is he otherwise?) Himself purges all **Secrets**: Lest I therefore in keeping him awake longer shou'd err in the same kind, I have (by dropping the Tankard) now cast him into a **Deep Sleep**; but if he ben't **DEAD DRUNK**, we shall find him alive (and like other **Topers**) as dry as a **LEACH**) when he's wak'd at the **Cart's Arse** ——— **EARS!** Can such a mercenary shameless **Toper** as this, have Ears? 'Tis to **WHIP** all the **Beadles of Bridewell**, to say he had either **Ears**, or a **Sound Back**, ever since he trick'd **Dr. Read** of 3s. 6d. Reel'd to the **Star-Inn**, &c. abus'd **Dr. Willis** for his **Healing Sermon** before the **QUEEN**, and stole my Title of **WHIPPING POST**.

My last undeserv'd and Publick Enemy (and consequently, the last I shall lash in Publick) is **L** ———

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Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 25

(the Tacking Author of that Scandalous Paper called *The Rehearsal*)—— this *Hackney* Writer has more Wit and Learning than either *The Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, or *Drunken Whiffler*, and therefore I wou'd LASH him more (severely) than I do those Empty Blackheads, did not his Reverend Gown protect him. This scribbling Levite hath flung a great deal of Dirt at me and the Present Government: And for that Reason (*his Hands and Soul are so foul and black*) I'll not Stain my Paper with answering of him: However, I'll draw his Picture, that my Porter (the fittest Man to correct him) may find him out. And *Honest Friend*, come hither and mind my Directions; “*Tho’ I’d have you down with his Breeches, and LASH him ’till he owns Perkin a Sham, and his Looing the Tackers at me, (a) a Jacobite Trick; yet don’t kick him, as you may the Moderator, Spy, Whiffler, &c. for the sake of his GOWN; and that’s all the Respect you need shew him on my Account.*”

But to come to his Character, what I shall say of him will chiefly respect 1. *His Scholarship*—— 2. *His Behaviour towards Dissenters*—— 3. *His Religion*—— And 4. *His Loyalty*——

As to his *Scholarship*, he shou’d be Learn’d, for he is always in Controversies about the Government—— His *REHEARSAL* is a meer Horse-Fly, ingendred of the Corruption of a Kingdom, when too much Peace and Learning hath set men a Quarrelling—— His *Sophistry* lyes in telling the World that some sort of Government must necessarily be *Jure Divino*—— One wou’d think he had had a Kiss of his Holiness’s Slipper, (as the first Step to the *Popedome*) for he’d be thought Infallible, in what he says of the *Primo-Geniture*; (b) and disputes *Liberty and Property* out of the World—— He’s a CRITICK in Royal Titles, and can prove

(a) See his Weekly Lampoon call’d *The Rehearsal*, Numb. 21. and my Satyr upon the Tackers, P. 15.

(b) *Rehearsal* Numb. 57.

(if you dare believe him) "that one *Man* is mark'd by
 "God above another, ——— that *Kings* come Booted and
 "Spurr'd into the World, and my (*Jure Divino*) ride and
 "Tyrannize over their Subjects, &c. But 'tis Treason to
 follow him here; for *FOE* has prov'd that *L*——y's
 Project of *Divine Right* is no other than "A de-
 "nying and invalidating the *QUEEN's* Title, a super-
 "seding all Parliamentary Authority, and the introducing a
 "Tyrannick and arbitrary Power in its full Exercise——
 So that whatever Skill he has in the Sciences, 'tis plain,
 he's *MASTER IN THE ART OF BULLY-*
ING (a) and *Tyranny*; and if ever Young *Perkins*
 return, he'll prove *Persecution* a Royal Virtue.

So much for his *Tyrannick and Jesuitical Knowledge*——
 I come next to his *GOWN*, and here I must tell
 the World, he took his *DEGREES* in *Dublin*, and
 had (what he never deserv'd) *Episcopal Ordination*: Yet
 I can't call him a *Clergy-man*, for he (sometimes) wears
 a Grey Coat and Sword, instead of a *GOWN* and
CASSOCK: But whether he embrace the Title
 of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the Martial, or
 Spiritual Sword, I won't determine; yet this I'm sure
 he has *IMPUDENCE* (I shou'd say *Courage*)
 enough to hang or burn all the *CUCKOES* (b) (for
 so he calls the Whigs) in the Three Kingdoms——
 He thinks *Foe's Shortest Way with the Dissenters* might
 (justly) be made yet a little shorter: Or, if any one doubt
 this, let 'em read his *Spitesul Remarks* upon that Book.

And this leads me (having done with his Scholarship)
 to the Second Head I promis'd to treat of, viz——
His Behaviour towards Dissenters—— And here I shall
 prove, he cares not how maliciously he spits at and
 abuses the Loyal Dissenters, witness his *LOOK* (c)
 into Mr. *Burgess's* Meeting, and hunching the moving
 Stars—— He'll rail at the *Plainest Truths*, if a *Dissen-*

(a) See his Rehearsal upon that Subject, Numb. 21.

(b) See his Rehearsal, Numb. 50.

(c) In his Rehearsal, Numb. 18

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 27

er speak or write them—— Read his Answers to *Foe*, or *Tutchin*, or what he says of *The Oxford Weather-Cock*—— *Salter's-Hall*—— And of the *Dissenters* keeping the 30th of *January*, &c. and you'll find Lying and Slandering his *MASTER SIN*—— How many false Stories did he tell about the *Affair of Sandwich*, and *Tutchin's Tryals*, &c?—— He is not inferior to a Woman in Malice, for she is that way limited, tho' determinable, but he transcends; accounting it his *POM P* to be infinitely abusive, if the Subject be a *DISSENTER*—— Dissenters! He thinks 'em *Phanaticks*, and had rather be a Rebel than a Conscientious Whigg.

In Brief, *L*——y is an absolute *Bigot*, (or which is worse, a *Tacker*) and having lost all *Moderation* and Candour himself, is loth to find it in another—— But *Curst Cows* have but *short Horns*; for this *Bigot's Religion* consists much in venting his *Malice* against that People and Truth he never well understood——

Cou'd he have his Will (to ute one of his witty Sayings) he wou'd Massacre all the Dissenters and Low-Church-men “By way of *Moderation*; but who can blame him? For, he tells you “*The Dissenters attack the Creed*; (a) (I suppose his *Sword* was on, and he was willing the World should see he cou'd banter Religion in *Terms of War*) “*that Popery is at the Bottom*, and that the *Dissenters* are the *Cats-Foot*, &c. But he that is so well acquainted with the Religion of other Men, (I doubt) can give no certain Account of his own; for he puts his Foot into *Perkinism* in *France*, into the *Faction* in *Scotland*, (b) into *Tackism* in *England*, tenderly as a Cat in the Water, and pulls it out again; and still something unanswer'd delays him, yet he bears away some Parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him, than ONE—— And this leads me to consider his *Piety*.

(a) *Rehearsal Numb. 32.* (b) *See his Rehearsal Numb. 26*
D d 2
For

For his Religion (if he have any) it is altogether for Liberty of Conscience; but whilst he keeps loose his own, he stickles hard for an *Occasional Bill* to blind other Mens—— He wou'd make a bad MARTYR, and a good TRAVELLER, for his Conscience is so large, he cou'd never wander out of it; and in *Amsterdam* (as much as he hates Dissenters) cou'd pass for a stiff Independent: For Things that are Furious, never last; and he that's a *Bigotted Church-man* to Day, wou'd (shou'd the Wind of Government turn) be as much a Dissenter to Morrow. (a) "By which it appears 'tis the Moderate Man credits Religion, and that the Way to Heaven lies between all Extreame——" (b)

This is the Arch (or Spiritual) Guide to the Lay-Tackers——He talks HIGH for the Church, &c. but cou'd like the *Grey Hairs of Popery*, did not some Dogmages there stagger him——In our Differences with Rome, he is strangely unfix'd, for he wants to see which Side will be uppermost, yet wou'd be a Papist, Jew, Turk, &c. or any thing, rather than a Presbyterian.

(a) See my *New Practice of Piety*, P. 53.

(b) As much as L——y has banter'd the Word Moderation, Moderation is the Ballast of the Soul, which keeps it upright. By Moderation I don't mean a Lukewarmness in Religion, but the subduing our (Irregular) Passions. This made Dr. Fuller say "Once in an Age the Moderate Man is in Fashion, each Extreame Courts him to make them Friends. The Moderate Man is neither of an hot, fiery, nor of a Key-cold Temper, but of a Moderate, between those Two Extreame, which is the Healthfullest (the only Reconciler) and will be the longest Liv'd. In a Word, MODERATION is a Princely Virtue, and is often recommended by Queen ANNE: But as Neutrality gains much by having Moderation for its Vizard, so Moderation suffers more by having Neutrality for its Neighbour; yet may they be easily discern'd, for Neutrality hath only its own Ends for its Aim, but Moderation looks only at the Truth——"

Yet

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 29

Yet (which is a Great Paradox) He has not any Design of Religion in what he writes against the Dissenters; for he cares not (as Tutchin proves (a)) "whether the Directory be in Scotland, the Mass-Book in England, or the Alcoran in Ireland: His Business is to create Feuds and Animosities, to clear the way for his Little Master at St. Germain's ——— And for this Reason he always sides with the Tackers, and is more Furious against Protestant Dissenters than he is against Papists or Libertines ——— He'd come wholly over to the Church of Rome, did not the Scandalous Name of TURN-COAT affright him: So that his Religion is Tyranny and Popsy, and he's a Jesuite or nothing. If he commends Moderation, 'tis to banter the Government; and his pretending to be a Protestant is a Greater Slayr upon the Church of England than he is able to write ——— Or if he be a Protestant, 'tis a Fiery one, for Peace and Union are Two Words that fright him; neither will he hearken to Moderation (for he thinks it a Canting Word) 'till he lacks his EARS, if he han't lost them already for REHEARSING Treason, and Festing with Sacred Things ———

L ——— y (after all his Noise of the Church's Danger) is a MONSTER in Religion, having not the right Mark and Shape of a Christian. He's Deficient in what he ought to do, and Redundant in what he ought not; and is a meer Heteroclise in Divinity. Religion, that shou'd be a Matter of Practice, L ——— y has made a Business of Controversy: The ITCH of Disputing is grown to such a SCAB in the Church, (by means of this Weekly Wrangler) that 'twill hardly be cured without some such Wrimstone as fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah ——— He rails against Moderation as an Empty Thing, a study'd Cheat, Occasional Conformity as an Artifice to subvert the Church; and (as if Persecution were the Air he breath'd in) he studies strange Arguments to defend his Heterodox and Fiery Tenents, as tho' the Spring

(a) Observator Vol. 4. Numb. 91.

of *Living Water*, were a *Fountain of Contention* —
L——y by his *Intemperate Zeal* (which he calls
Religion) would set Church and State in a Flame —
 His very Looks, as well as his Fortune, seem Desperate
 for *High-Church*: That is, (as Bishop Burnet explains
 it) the Church of Rome. (a) As tho' he had a Design
 (like another Guido) to attempt some Solemn Mischief,
 with a Dark Lanthorn, in another *Hellish Powder-Plot*.
 But before he writes for the Church (if he means the
Protestant Church) I'd advise him to take Tutchin's Advice,
 "In the first Place take the Oaths to the QUEEN,
 "live in Obedience to his Spiritual Fathers, and then set
 "up for Monarchy and the Church (b) — But this
 (with all his Religion and Zeal for the Church) is what
 he will never do, for *L*——y is a *High-Flyer* in the
 worst Sense that the Word can bear; nothing terrifies
 him so much as to think of our *Healing Parliament*, and be-
 ing punish'd (as he justly deserves) for his *Weekly Lampoons*,
 'tis therefore his Policy to be an *EVIL ANGEL*,
 and (by his *Rehearsals*) mud the Waters, like the Fish
Septia that he may go away undiscern'd — He
 calls Tutchin [*The Observer confounded*: (c)] But if
 one *Observer* (to use his Words) "is enough to hang a
 "County, his *Weekly Rehearsal* is enough to poyson the
 World — And this is all the RELIGION I can
 find in him —

I come next to his Loyalty — But I ask his Pardon
 for calling him Loyal, for he SCORNS to be so to
 a Protestant QUEEN: So that, to do him Justice,
 He is only a Rotten Sepulchre newly Painted over with
 a Colour of Loyalty — By refusing to take the Oaths
 to Her MAJESTY, he does (as 'twere) wear the
Livery of young Perkin; and all his Policy is, if he can
 carry it undilcover'd, (as 'tis likely he will) for he tells

(a) See Bishop Burnet's Speech in the House of Lords,
 about Occasional Conformity.

(b) *Observer*, Vol. 4. Numb. 58.

(c) In his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 24.

Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.* 31

his *Friends*, (if I may believe a Person that had it from his own Mouth.) “*That he refuses to take the Oaths to the QUEEN, that he may do the great Service to the Church of England.* (a) But what *FRIEND* can he be to the Church or State, that scruples to take the Oaths to be Loyal to it? So that *L* — — *y* is an *Essence* needing a double Definition; for he is not what he appears, but like some of the *Spheres*, that besides their General Motion with the others, have a particular one to themselves, like a *Water-man* that looks one Way, but rows another: But for all his *Out*, he cannot change his *Inside*; so that he differs nothing from an *Hypocrite* — — He says the *Observer* “*Is of no Church, and Mob Principles* (b) (which by the Way, is a great Mistake) or, were it true, I think it a better Character than for a Man to enter into *Holy Orders*, and then disgrace his *Gown* by *Tacking Principles*, and Lampooning the Government — — He extolls and commends the Bloody Reign of *James II.* and despairs (except the *French Tyrant* shou'd conquer *England*) of ever seeing the like; yet is he always desiring of Change, like Sick Folks, thinking *Unquietness* wou'd procure *Rest* — *Loyalty* is as often in his Mouth, as seldom in his Heart; for like a Corrupt Chyrurgion, he lives upon keeping the Sore raw — — All his *Rehearsals* are invectives against the Government, and like a Froward Child, because he cannot be happy according to his own Will, he will be miserable in *Spight* — — He rails against *Church and State*, in that very *REHEARSAL* that treats of *Loyalty*: (c) And tho' he han't Courage to do it openly, speaks *TREASONS* confidently to himself alone, expecting an Event of his Desires — — He is a meer Bladder, puff'd up with the Wind of Hope, and could

(a) This was asserted, in Mr. Larkin's Presence and mine; but whether True or False, is left to their Consideration who waste so much Time every Week as to read his *Rehearsal*.

(b) *Rehearsal Numb. 16.*

(c) See his *Rehearsal, Numb. 2.*

he

32 Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.*

he prove the Succession in the *Primo-Geniture*, from Adam to Noah, and so down to these present Times, he'd take the Oaths to the *Sham Prince*: But 'tis "past Twelve a Clock (a) with this Weekly Incendiary; for whilst he wishes harm to the QUEEN, it rebounds to himself: And the Loyal Dissenters (like *Cammomil*) grow the better for his envious Treading—I could say more of his *Sham Loyalty*, but all his *Rehearsals* proves, he wishes all Things turn'd Top-sy-Turvy: And for that Reason, (were there no Proof of his Treasons) he deserves to be H—d by an *INNEND O.* And were I his Judge, this Sentence would pass for *Lex Talionis*, (or a just Judgment upon him.) For all must own, that his *Rehearsal* (Numb. 21.) was design'd for my *Utter Rutne*, that remembers I publish'd my First Edition of the *Tackers* whilst the Parliament was actually sitting: And for this Reason, he tells the World, "The most considerable Men in the House were Tackers; but yet (continues this FRENCH TOOL) you see John Dunton defies them, and dares Publish his Character of a Tacker while the House of Commons is sitting. (b) ——— But tho' the *Tacking Members* were provok'd by my *Satyr* upon them, (and L——y said all he cou'd to procure me a Visit from the *Serjeant at Arms*) yet these *Pinacle Gentlemen* being asham'd of their *Tacking Bill*, never win'd at my *Satyr* upon them; nor did they give L——y the *Thanks of the House* for making such a Noise about it, but wou'd have been glad that the very Word *Tacker* might have been forgotten. However, L——y shew'd his Teeth; and none will question his being a *Perkinette*, (or Spight and Malice to John Dunton) that reads his *Rehearsal*, Numb 21. ———

EARS! Can such a Rebel as this have Ears? 'Tis to Impeach the Law, and to say the Hangman neglects his Duty, to say L——y has had either Ears (or Head)

(a) See his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 41.

(b) In his *Weekly Lampoon* call'd the *Rehearsal*, Numb. 21.

Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.* 33

ever since he wrote that Treasonable and Scandalous
Paper call'd *The Rehearsal*——

So much for his *Scholarship*—— *Religion*——
Loyalty—— Now, in meer Respect to that *Coast and Church* which he strives to disgrace, (by his *Weekly Rehearsals*) I leave him hatching Plots against the State, and Building *Castles in the Air* for the Reception of young *Perkin*: And who knows (as much as he deserves the *G*——s) but an Hundred Years hence he may chance to creep (as a Saint) into the *Roman Calendar*, for turning *Nonjuror*, alias *Tacker*, alias *Papist*.

I cou'd enlarge, but he is an *Everlasting Argument*; and I am weary of him, and perhaps some will think I have said too much; but I've dwelt the longer on this Character, that L——y (and the other ATTACHERS of my Person and Goods) may see what a pretty Figure they make when they are drawn at Length——

Having given a brief Account of the *Libels, Beligion and Honesty, &c.* of the *Moderator, Spy, Rehearsal, Whiffler, &c.* I come next to *M——*, that *Spiteful Woman* that hir'd these Fellows to slander me——

"M—— was the Famous Publisher of Grub-street
 "News; She Copies her Religion and Honesty from
 "Hackney Authors—— and if she have any EARS,
 'tis more than I dare assert of any Scoundrel that
 writes for Her—— M—— is one in whom good
 Women suffer, and have their Truth and Fidelity misin-
 terpreted by her Flattery and Ingratitude—— She
 is one she knows not what her self, if you ask her;
 (for she recommends *Funeral Sermons* and *Wandering*
Spies, &c. with the same Breath) she rails at other Wo-
 men (*especially her Cousin S——*) by the Name of
 W——, and calls her very Father a —— Her
Purity consists much in her *Linnen*. Her *Wealth* in
 strutting and talking Big; but her *Cunning* is chiefly
 seen in preserving her EARS: However, she sets up
 for a WIT, and if she can say no Ill of a Man, she
 seems to speak *Riddles*, as if she cou'd tell strange
 Stories if she wou'd: And when she has rack'd her
 E c Revenge

Revenge to the uttermost, she ends. "*But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my Peace*—— She is a private Slanderer, but (where she is known) all her Words go for Jest, and all her Jest for nothing. *Her very Courtesies* are intolerable, they are done with such Arrogance, (*and Design upon you*) and she is the only Person you may hate after a *Good Turn*, and not be ungrateful.— I may justly reckon it among my *Calamities* that ever I listned to her *Double Tongue*, or suffer'd my self to be *Treated* by her; but I en't the only Person that was deceiv'd: For, *M*—— having learn'd to *Whetdle* from *D*—— *N*——, and the *Art of Shamming* from her first Husband, she has put such Tricks on the *Printers and Stationers*, &c. she can now pay but 2 s. 6 d. f' th' Pound.

Gentlemen, this is the Woman, and these are the Earless Fellows (if they had their Due) that were trying for Ten Months to blast my Credit with *Printers and Stationers*, to tdvance their own——

I own (*Gentlemen*) that *L*——y, *M*——, &c. and all the rest of my *Scribling Enemies*, are such a RABBLE (a) of nois'y, empty, scandalous Authors, they are scarce worth my Notice; and if they shou'd provoke me a Second Time, (*as they are beneath my Pen and Sword*) I'll only stoop so low as to hire some *Able Porter* to kick 'em into better Manners: But I thought it needful to draw their *Pictures* in this Letter, that my *Creditors* might all see what sort of *Hackneys* they are that were so Zealous to Blast my Credit, and (*had it been in their Power*) to ruine me quite——

But I won't enlarge, for (*except they are hardned*) they now see *their Sin in their Punishment*. But if they reply to this, I have now DRAWN MY PEN, (and a Brighter Weapon is always at Hand in a Just Cause) and resolve to humble 'em.

(a) As Mr. Foe calls 'em, Review Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 35

1.

Yes M——s know, since thou'rt grown so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown,
Thou'dst else in the forgotten Crowd
Of Common ~~Whimsies~~ ^{Whimsies} liv'd unknown,
Had not my Books proclaim'd thy Name,
And Impt it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

That boasted Credit is none of thine,
I gave it to thy Shop and SPYES,
Thy MODERATOR too is mine; (a)
Thou art my star, shin'st in my Skies:
Then dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere,
Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat me then with Abuse no more,
Lest what I Made, I Uncreate;
Let CLARK (b) thy Haughty Looks adore,
I knew thee in thy Begging State. (c)
Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in Tales,
Knew Her themselves thro' all her Vails.

(a) Reader, don't mistake me here, for I don't mean by these Lines, that I have any Hand, either in Writing or Printing that DULL and Foolish Paper call'd *The Moderator*; or that more Scandalous One, call'd *The Wandering Spy*; but purely, as M——s owes all the Credit she had with Printers and Stationers, to that great Trust I gave her at her first setting up for a *Publisher*.

(b) This is a *Printer* in *Thames-street*, who was very Zealous to oblige M——; but what she has got by her (except an Opportunity to trust her with Twelve Pounds) He that knows, can tell——

(c) *Begging* indeed! For M—— was so low at first, as to promise me to even every Day, if I would but deal with her.

Thus, with the *PHÆNIX*, I do, as 'twere flourish in my own Ashes, or rather Revive from those Attachments and Slanders, &c. that *M——* and her *Weekly Hackneys* thought they had bury'd me in.

So that all they got by their *Two Attachments and Private Slandering*, was the Pleasure of musing upon the Mischief they wou'd ha' done me, had it been in their Power. But I shall say no more of these *Detractors*, for *Alexander*, (a) at the *Olympick Games*, wou'd run with none but Monarchs. And tho' I think as meanly of what I write or Print, as either *Prejudice* or *Malice* it self can do, yet as no Man will lose a Farthing by me, I shan't condescend so low as to think *DUNTON* (with all his Weakness and Losses, &c.) a fit Match for such *Fack-Puddings*; [as the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, &c.] And therefore, as the Generous Mastiff is above minding the Yelping of little Curs, so for the Future, (except they'll put their Names to what they Print) I shall take no Notice of any of our *Weekly Writers*, except it be *Mr. Review* and the *Observer*, and only those, as they have the *Courage and Honesty* to subscribe their Names to all they Publish.

The Ingenious *Tutchin* puts his Name to his *Observations*; and *Foe* says, "I never write Penny Papers, (the Review excepted) nor ever shall, unless my Name is publicly set to them. [Review Vol. 3. Numb. 16.]

But as to *M——* and her two Scriblers, they stab a Man in the Dark, like a Serpent they bite *Dunton* by the Heel, and then creep into their Hole again, (alias *Garret*, the chief Residence of *Hackney Authors*) for want of Courage to abet their Actions. This is such a *Sneaking Cowardice*, that I shall answer no Man that is ashamed of his Name, or that like *M——* and her *Anonymous Rakes*, han't the *Courage and Honesty* to vindicate what they write——

(a) *Alexander*, when his Father wish'd him to run for the Prize at the *Olympick Games*, (for he was very swift) said, "He wou'd, if he might run with Kings.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 37

If M—— think this too *hard Treatment*, she must thank her self; for wou'd any but M—— (if her Name be M——) endeavour to lessen the Reputation of her BEST FRIEND; for so she call'd me, 'till (by Advertizing my Books) she began to make a FIGURE in Trade. And as PRIVATE as she now lives, I scarce think she'll deny this; for I can prove by her own Letter, "That without my Assistance, she had never got so much as the Name of a Publisher— And (which further shews her Ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, "That all her Friends in Town, but my self, either had, or at least had endeavour'd, to make a Prey of her——

Now, for such a Woman as this to call me Bankrupt—— Fail-Bird—— Person not worth a Halter, &c. and to heighten the Impudence, to be the first Aggressor, (when my bare trusting of her was a sort of Attachment) is such Ingratitude as has no Paralel—— But why shou'd I wonder at her, when I have Neighbours Fare; for, (not to mention her Reprinting a Copy (a) I brought her to Publish—— Her dispersing Bawdy Falshoods in the *Wandering Spy*—— And Fifty Things that will keep cold) She slander'd S——b——N——t——B——g—— and so much as her own Father: (Moorgate for that!) Of which I'll give a particular Account, if she L O O her Whelps any more at me—— Whelps indeed! —— for none but such will bite the Hand that gives 'em Bread——

Gentlemen—— I had never discover'd M——'s ungrateful Treatment, or once mention'd the Service I did her, had not "her Publick Detraction render'd a Publick Vindication necessary. I reckon it much below me "to mention the Favours I have done, but 'tis Labour in vain you know, to oblige where every Kindness is misrepresented and unmade again, and a Man must shake off his Nature, and grow insensible, if he find no Resentment in him upon such Occasions—— (b)

(a) De-laune's Plea for the Nonconformists.

(b) History of my Life and Errors. P. 104.

And what greater Provocations could be given, than for M—— to seek my Overthrow, after I had ventur'd my ALL to serve her, and that too, at a Time when her Rich Friends refus'd to appear for her: So that I meerly trusted her in her Extremity! and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "That tho' her Husband M—— was very unfortunate, yet I hop'd his Widow (our New Publisher) would have all the Encouragement the Trade could give her: for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and her self free from all that Pride and Arrogance (for so I thought, by her great Care to oblige at first) that was found in the Carriage of other Publishers.

Having as Publickly vindicated my Credit with Printers and Stationers as M—— (and her Two Hackneys) endeavour'd to blast it, I now forgive 'em; and except M—— and her Black Guard sling any more Dirt, I have nothing further to say to 'em, but advise 'em to practise my Idea of a New Life, (Publish'd, or rather ATTACH'D by M——) and to sin (I mean slander) no more, &c. And then I hope we shall all meet in that PURE and Holy Place, where none transgress, so much as in Thought——

Gentlemen—— this is a brief Hint of those many Losses and Wrongs I have groan'd under; (and that from Persons that ow'd all the Credit they had in Trade, and in Usurer's Bonds, to my appearing so heartily for 'em) by which it appears, that an over Credulity (and Readiness to serve the Unfortunate) has been the great Misfortune of my whole Life: But JUSTICE was still in my Eye under all my Losses; and whatever Treatment I have from others, no Man shall tax me with being a MONSTER: (I mean ungrateful) And this Resolution has so far blest my Affairs, that (as I said before) "I can now tell to a Day when I shall pay every Farthing I owe.

I wish B——l, S——ge, and M——s, that were so Zealous to lessen my Credit with Printers and Stationers, could give 'em the same Assurance; for 'tis what I can make good, and I hope will satisfy all my

my Creditors: Or, if it don't, my **CRAZY BODY** is at their Service. But were I now in Prison, I cou'd neither say nor do more than I here promise; but 'tis such a Promise (*if it gives Satisfaction to all my Creditors*) that I'll make good to a Tittle; for that **Generous Person** to whom I sold my Woods, has obliged himself, [*by a Writing under his Hand*] either to Release **Ever-Estate**, (which secures his Bargain) or else to purchase the *Reversion of Bottom-Farme*, which will pay six Times more than I owe—— And when I am out of Debt, (having given **A Farewel to Trade**(a)) I'll then purchase an *usefully Pleasant Library*, throw off the Drudgery of the Press, live at Liberty, and get ready for Heaven, and that shall be the **Last Act** of the Play.

So that you see *Gentlemen*, (as I said before) *I have taken effectual Care that my Losses in Trade shou'd be none of yours*: For, if I live till *October the 10th, 1708*, I have secured your Money every way; or if I die before that Time, 'tis **A Clause in my Will**, That my Heir shall not receive a Penny 'till all my Debts are discharged. 'Tis true, my Heir will think this a Hardship upon him, but a Just Debt ought to be paid; (tho' 'twere but a **Verbal Promise**(b)) and I'll rather displease my Heir than wrong my Creditors: And as all are alike kind, so I'll make no Distinction in my Justice to 'em; but will pay 'em all at the same Time, [*viz. October the 10th, 1708.*] Or next Week, wou'd my Friends enable me, as perhaps they may; for there is such a **Fair Correspondence** between me and *Valeria*,

(a) *In an Essay now ready for the Press.*

(b) *As for that sort of Debt which is brought upon a Man by his own voluntary Promise, it cannot, without great Injustice, be with-holden; for it is now the Man's Right, and then 'tis no matter by what Means it came to be so—— Thus far the Whole Duty of Man, P. 227. And (he adds) Surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, that does not punctually observe this part of Justice.* that

And what greater Provocations could be given, than for M—— to seek my Overthrow, after I had ventur'd my ALL to serve her, and that too, at a Time when her Rich Friends refus'd to appear for her: So that I meerly trusted her in her Extremity! and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "That tho' her Husband M—— was very unfortunate, yet I hop'd his Widow (our New Publisher) would have all the Encouragement the Trade could give her: for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and her self free from all that Pride and Arrogance (for so I thought, by her great Care to oblige at first) that was found in the Carriage of other Publishers.

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40 Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.

that [in Answer to a Letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my Debts, for this Reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an Heir to her Joynture, wou'd cheat my Creditors.] She writes thus.

" My Dear—— I was resolv'd to let you see how much
 " I lov'd you, in getting my Mother to pay for my Food and
 " Raiment, and all my Expences in other Things——
 [And She adds in the same Letter] " Considering (my
 " Dear) your frequent Fits of the Stone and Rheumatism,
 " &c. 'tis necessary you shou'd take a Servant to look after
 " you; and you may assure your self, I shall like any Ser-
 " vant that is tender of you: And my Mother will like any staid
 " Person [that you approve of] to be with me, before she
 " leaves the World, which she is very like'y soon to do. In
 " the Case she is in, every one thinks her Dangerous, and
 " her Life short. Which is all at present from Your Loving
 " Wife 'till Death—— Sarah Dunton——

Gentlemen—— I give you this Brief Account of my Wife's Letter, to convince you and the World, how Happy we shall be when Providence brings us together; and not to insinuate as if I intended (ONLY) to pay you with Dead Folks Shoes. For, tho' my Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, (whose Deaths give me a Just Title to Four Estates) shou'd prove an Exception to the common Law of Mortality, yet I so little need or desire their Death, that, if my Creditors are contented with what I have here promised, if they please (and can Bribe Death) they may live for ever. And therefore, as I never waited for Dead Mens Shoes, (a) so I hope mine are as little desir'd: For the Sale of what I mention'd before, will pay all I owe, (and leave me a clear Estate) and that without the least Thanks to any Relation. And when my Debts are paid, (which is a Word of Comfort your other Debtors do seldom give) I will not

(a) As I have Proved in An Essay upon Dead-Mens Shoes, &c. now ready for the Press.

desire

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 41

desire that *Six Months Credit* that is usually given in Trade, but will always be a **Ready Money Customer** to all my Creditors, that so I may make them a large and constant Amends for their *Kind and long Forbearance*. But (*Gentlemen*) I shan't need to say any thing more to make you Credit my Promise, for I challenge all the Persons I ever dealt with (*both before and since my Misfortunes*) to prove I ever over-reach'd or deceiv'd 'em in any one Instance.

'Tis true, *The London C——d* (I shou'd say *The London Post*) had the Impudence to call me Fool and K—— in the following Words(a) —— “*nor is it any of the Celebrated Authors of this Age, no not John D——ton himself; who in spite of Native Dullness, [a better Name for a Fool] resolves to be a Wit, as he always did to be a K—— in spite of Second Spira, and a whole Volume of Repentance.*”

As to my being a Fool, I confess, my serving ungrateful Persons, (but more especially M——, &c.) has given too much Reason for that Reflection—— But as to my being a K—— I appeal to the Narrative of *Second Spira* (b) —— To my *Idea of a New Life*, (or that Volume of *Repentance H——* banters) how little I deserve his Infamous Letter K—— But our *London C——d*, like a Hectoring Scandalous T—— talks madly, DASH, DASH, without any Fear or Wit; and never cares how he bespatters others, or defiles himself. He pretends to Courage, but 'tis all BOUNCE; and H—— is as Black and Vile as the Devil wou'd have him—— *En't this a fine Champion for Truth and Honesty?* (The Title he gives to the *London Post*.) For my own share, I have heard so much of *The Secret Sinner*, (a Book he privately sells to debauch the Age) that I shou'd ha' been much concern'd if he had given me a good Word; for the

(a) Printed in the *London Post*, Wednesday April the 11th, 1705.

(b) To be found in *The History of my Life*, P. 218.

40 Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.

that [in Answer to a Letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my Debts, for this Reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an Heir to her Joynture, wou'd cheat my Creditors.] She writes thus.

" My Dear—— I was resolv'd to let you see how much
 " I lov'd you, in geing my Mother to pay for my Food and
 " Raiment, and all my Expences in other Things,——
 [And She adds in the same Letter] " Considering (my
 " Dear) your frequent Fits of the Stone and Rheumatism,
 " &c. 'tis necessary you shou'd take a Servant to look after
 " you; and you may assure your self, I shall like any Ser-
 " vant that is tender of you: And my Mother will like any staid
 " Person [that you approve of] to be with me, before she
 " leaves the World, which she is very like'y soon to do. In
 " the Case she is in, every one thinks her Dangerous, and
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Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 41

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“*who in spite of Native Dullness, [a better Name*
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(a) Printed in the *London Post*, Wednesday April the 11th, 1705.

(b) To be found in *The History of my Life*, P. 218.

Commendation of B—— H—— is the greatest Reproach that an honest Man can meet with. He is so far from having any Dealing with Truth and Honesty, that his Solemn Word (*which he calls as good as his Bond*) is a studied Lye, and he scandalizes Truth and Honesty, in pretending to write for it—— His London Post (or weighing of Truth and Honesty) resembles the Bird of Athens; for it seems to be made up of Face and Feathers: For, setting aside his Billingsgate Language, and hunting up and down the World for any Occasion of venting his Fulsome Slander, there is very little of Wit or Honesty in him, but what he hath stoln from W—— (the Lewd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) or his own Hypocritical Heart.— The Employment (or rather Lively-hood) of B—— H—— is to blast other Men's Credit, and to steal their Copies—— He's a meer F——y for Slander, Falshood, Tricking, and F——le L——y And for this Reason, Dr. Partridge ought to lash him (when he's ty'd to *Dunton's Whipping-Post*) in such manner as will best atone for the Wrongs he did him, which are so notorious and frequent, that the Ingenious Partridge, in his Almanack for this Year, tells the World.

“Whereas, for the Two Years last past, 1704, and
 “1705, I have been abused, and the Country also, by a
 “Supplement added to my Almanack, forg'd and contriv'd
 “by B—— H—— and his Son, and Printed as
 “mine, tho' I knew nothing of it 'till it was Printed.
 “This is therefore to give Notice, If any such Knavish Supplement, or any thing like it, by another Title, is added
 “to the Almanack, this Year, or any other, you may be
 “certain it is not mine, but contriv'd and done by some Knave,
 “[not K—— for 'tis Knave at length] “to abuse the
 “World. And therefore if there is any thing in Print beyond this Hand at the Bottom, it is a Cheat, and he a
 “Knave that did it—— So says your Friend— J. Partridge.



Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 43

Dr. Partridge (by this Advertisement) proves all I have said of H——— And as K——— and T——— is the best Character he has, had he call'd me **Honest Man**, (when he call'd me K———) I shou'd have thought it a great Slander; but seeing he has the Boldness to acknowledge he call'd me K——— were I to assign his Punishment, (That H——— might see how much I forgave him) He shou'd only be Lash'd every Monday and Friday, (the Two Days he Publish'd the London Post) at his own Door, by the Common Hangman: And every Monday and Thursday own himself a K——— and C———d, &c. in the London Gazette; 'till such Time he had ask'd Pardon of Dr. Partridge——— **John Dunton**——— and the other Persons he wrong'd in the London Post——— Or (shou'd he escape Whipping, or doing Penance in the Printed Sheets, yet) we shall find him a Second Time in the Pillory, (with his Wife, like a KIND RIB, standing by, to defend him against the Mob)——— But tho' H——— had the Impudence to call me K———; yet to shew (after he is well Lash'd and Pillory'd) I know how and where to forgive him,

Ben, take this Pass, e'er we for ever part,
Then hang; and then farewell with all my Heart:
Mark'd for a T——— long mayst thou raving lie,
Envyng an Halter, but not dare to die.
And when Condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,
Some Frightful Fiend deny thee Power to read;
Slander, Ned W———, Confusion, Rage, and Shame
Attend you to the Place from whence you came.
To Tyburn thee let Carrion Horses draw,
In Folling Cart, without so much as Straw;
Faded may they lye down i' th' Road, and tir'd,
And (worse than one fair Hanging) twice be mir'd;
(a) Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon,
'Till thou roar out, For Hemp sake drive on Carman.

(a)[Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon.]
The Sexton of St. Sepulchre's Church makes a kind of Preachment to such as go by to be hang'd. Not

Not one good Woman, who in Conscience can
 Cry out—— 'Tis pity Thou—— a Proper Man.
 Stupid and dull, mayst thou rub off like Hone,
 Without an open, or a smother'd Groan.
 May the K or miss the Place, and fitted be
 To plague and torture, not deliver thee;
 Be Half a Day a dying thus, and then
 Revive like Savage, (a) to be hang'd again,
 In Pity now thou shalt no longer live,
 For when thus satisfy'd, I can forgive.

But tho' I forgive, (when he is thus Lash'd, Pillory'd,
 and hang'd) yet he must not expect a Pardon from
 others: For K—— is the Mark he always sets upon
 Honest Men; but C——d and T——, &c. is the fit-
 test Name for himself, as he had a W—— to his
 W—— and a S——n (for what is got in the Bone
 won't out of the Flesh) that crept to Bed to his M——d.

This London C——l (I still forget) I mean Lon-
 don Post, abus'd Sir L——, Dr. C——ward, and
 Honest N——son, &c. as well as me; but they were
 above his Slanders: Neither had he been worth my
 Notice, (for H—— only pretending to Truth and
 Honesty, his Infamous Exit was disgrac'd by as Infamous
 an Elegy (b)) but that my Porter is ready at Hand
 to correct and kick him, for he does not deserve my
 LASH (or Rapier) any further than to tell the
 World, "Accusations make no Man a Criminal; and
 that I challenge this Paper Bully (and all the World)
 to prove Black is my Eye, with Respect to Women,
 Drunkenness, Swearing, Avarice, or K——ry of any Sort.
 And for that Reason, I measure not my self by what
 H——, or any Slanderer, says of me. To be ill
 spoken of (and undeservedly) is neither my Fault, nor
 alone my Case: Christ himself was thought a Wine-bibber,
 and St. Paul Mad—— Men are so often mislead by

(a) [Revive like Savage] One that was hang'd twice.

(b) Written by Drunken P——s the Interloping Whipster.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 45

Prejudice and Misinformation, that if we believe ONE Report in FORTY, we give a very large Allowance. (a) And for that Reason, I am very SLOW in believing Ill of any Man, and much slower in Reporting it: But if Ill Tongues (such as H——) cou'd make Men Ill, Good Men were in an Ill Case. I never regard what Men say against me, but my own Conscience: Tho' all the World condemn me, while God and my self do not, I am Innocent enough. It may be, if I were worse, I shou'd hear better, *The Devil does not accuse his own*. If I were one of H——'s T——'s Crew, he'd call me an Honest Man: But for that Reason, all others wou'd call me K—— So that I esteem his K—— a Real Panegyrick.

But (Gentlemen) ever observe it, They that are forward in Accusing and Censuring others, are usually such themselves. "A Slandering Tongue is a sure Sign of a wicked Person." I cou'd tell you of one that debauch'd a Widow in *Fewen Street*, and since that Platonick Intreague, made a meer Cuckold of his best Friend, that has been the First in Slandering his Innocent Neighbours. Then let H—— call me K—— and F—— as long as he please, I'll never busy my self (having told the World what meer Rubbish my Enemies are) in searching into other Men's Lives, the Errors of my own are more than I can answer for. "It more concerns me to mend One Fault in my self, than to find out a Thousand in others." Two Things I never trouble my self to know; Other Men's Faults, and other Men's Estates: My own Soul, and the Amendment of my own Faults, is all my Study. Nor do I think any Sin (or K——ry) less because it is hid, for to him that shall judge me it is open. — But tho' I was never The First Aggressor in any Quarrel, nor never (like B—— H——) comply'd with the World to slander him that is down, &c. Yet (as For observes (b)) "Self De-

(a) This was a Saying of the Learned and Pious Mr. Mathew Pool, Author of the Synopsis Criticorum.

(b) Review Vol. 2. Numb. 40.

" sence is the Law of Nature, and a Man ought no more
 " to be passive under the Murderer of his Reputation, than
 " of his Life——

Then sure Gentlemen, you won't blame me for this
 Vindication: For, as H—— had the Impudence to
 call me K——, so I was also Attack'd by that
Enigmatical Quack that writ [*The Tale of a Tub.*]
 This Fleering **SQUIRT** tells the World, "That the
 " History of my Life is a Faithful and Painful Collection, &c.
 Yes, Dr. **Know-Not**, so it is, for 'twas wholly ga-
 ther'd from my own Breast; neither is my **Idea of a**
New Life (which Dr. K—— never did, nor in-
 tends to practice) stol'n from any thing else but my
 own Thoughts of becoming a New Man.

And Mr. F—— (without either C——ty, Sense,
 or Manners) takes upon him to slander my **New Pro-**
ject for Reformation. (a) Nay, so much as that
 Louzy Wretch, (and Doggrel Poet) that writ [*A New*
Tears Gift for the Scriblers, &c.] had the Boldness to
 tell the World,

" Let the Renowned D——nt——n next,
 " With Scribling and with Cares perplex;
 " With all the Errors of this Life,
 " Oblige the World, and cease from Strife. (b)
 " For Print and Paper give him Trust,
 " I'll warrant you he will be just.
 " If not, if D——y, M——ls, and H——l,
 " Have Patience, he will pay them all:
 " Patience per Force must be their Cure,
 " Till he a Chapman can procure,
 " To purchase an Estate that lies
 " I know not where, beyond the Skies;
 " Or else, 'till he can get Possession
 " Of an Estate that's in Reversion.
 " All the Right Owners once in Heaven,
 " 'Tis his; and then he'll make all Even.

(a) Publish'd by Mrs. Mallet. (b) This Line is a little alter'd.
 These

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors 47

These LIES were writ to oblige M—— (for Wi—— was her constant Hackney and Partner) but the Rhiming Scoundrel (I can't say Poet) is such a Contemptible Wretch he is not worth my Notice: But as he did me all the Mischief he cou'd, 'tis necessary the World shou'd know him.

He's a Poetical Insect—— A meer Grub-street Poet—— The worst Sort of Hackney—— A Murderer of Paper—— (Nothing he writes Sells)—— The Common Scribler of the Town, that writes and drinks, as he can St——l, or borrow, Coyn or Wit.

His Brains lie all in Notes; Lord! How he'd look,
If he shou'd chance to lose his Table-Book!

His Wit at best is but a Tavern-Tympany—— The Dress of Poetry. (He makes Helicon a Puddle, not a Spring.)—— In Brief, Jack Wi—— is a very POETASTER, that speaks nothing, but Lyes and Bombast—— A Good Conceit or Two, Bates of his Stock of Wit, and makes such a sensible Weakening in him, that his Brains recover it not a Year after—— How did he stare, and sowre his Face, when he writ The Hymn to Money? To vent his Brains (in the Composing this Dull Poem) he eat his very Finger's Excrement, and continually scratch'd his Noddle (his Rhimes were so Hide-bound) to rare 'em out. The very best of his Poems are — The Baboon A-la-mode—— The Welcome to Victory—— The After-Thought—— And New-Years Gift for the Scriblers—— But these are so very silly and impertinent, that even JOHN BUNTAN wou'd be asham'd to own 'em—— And for the rest of his Poems, (which now serve at the Bog-house, or under Mince-Pyes) they are Doggerel Hymns, and Flashes darted out on the sudden, which if you take them while they are warm, may be laugh'd at, (or sh—t upon;) if they Cool, are nothing — But yet (which made M—— so PROUD of her Author) he writes POEMS best Ex Tempore; for Meditation stupifies him,

and the more he is in Travel, the less he brings forth. (a)
 Nay, Wi—— is such a meer DOLT (of a Poet)
 that he takes such Pains to make a Verse, (or a little
 Nonsense Tag'd with Rhime) that at the Birth of Each,
 he twists his Face as if he drew a Tooth. He blots
 and writes, and sometimes HUNTS an Hour, with
 the whole Kennel of the Alphabet, for one single Rhime.
 And all this Pains is only to make him a Poor Ragged
 Scoundrel; and (to do him Justice) he does not desire
 to be thought otherwise: For, in his Poem——
 To the Scriblers (b) he there says——

“ Now, Brother Scriblers, let me tell ye,
 “ Bare Lines will never fill the Belly;
 “ This Poem, and that Satyr too,
 “ As little for the Back will do;
 “ And often 'tis the Fate of many
 “ A Poet, not to have one Penny:
 “ But like Philosophers of Old,
 “ Thro' Pocket-Holes you may behold }
 “ Their A—se exposed to the Cold.
 “ Hard Hap indeed it is of Wit,
 “ But so the Fates do think it fit:
 “ And seldom 'tis they dispence
 “ Money to the same Man, and Sense.
 “ But why is Gold such a cross Devil? (c)
 “ When you are so submissive and civil,
 “ To pawn your very souls, and Sense
 “ To Hell, and every Fool for Pence.
 “ Yet ne'er a Broker in the Town, (d)
 “ On Wit would lend you Half a Crown.
 “ Who then won'd Scribble that has Sense?
 “ That cannot live on Abstinence.

(a) Of which his *Baboon Satyr* is a Notable Instance:
 Or if I mistake the Title, 'tis no Great Matter, for his
 Poems are such meer Stuff, they are all alike condemn'd
 to the Bog-house.

(b) To be found in Wi——'s Hymn to Money, P. 15

(c) (d) These Two Lines are a little altered from what
 they are in The Hymn to Money.

Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.* 49

Gentlemen—— if you wonder why these Verses are
 Lame and Foolish, you must know they Sympathize with
 the Author; for in his *Hymn to Money*, he there
 says, “ He hath been so long beating the Hoof in Quest
 “ of Money, that he hath worn the Skin off his Ten-Toes:
 “ And no wonder (adds our Hackney) if the Fancy limp
 “ when the Body is uneasy—— So that *Wi——* (by
 his own Confession) “ writes for Bread, and lives by
 Defamation—— But (with all his CUNNING and
 Satyr) He is but a Numscul —— a Simpleton——
 a Rhiming Ass—— whole Life is but to laugh and be
 laugh’d at. Had *Wi——* never pretended to POE-
 T R Y, he might have past for a Half-Witted Fellow;
 (which is a Quarter more than he has) for he is
 something the Less unwise than that’s unwise but in Prose.
 But when a Goose dances, and a Fool versifies, there is
 sport alike. He’s twice an Ass, that’s a Rhiming one;
 which is the Case with Respect to *Wi——* for he is
 only a WIT in Jest, and a FOOL in Earnest; and
 yet (like a Right Hackney) he’s so big of himself, that
 when he has writ any thing that has past with Applause,
 he is always Re-acting it alone, and conceits the Ex-
 tacy his Hearers were in at every Period—— Nay,
 he’s so Vain and Foolish, as to hope in Time to be
 POET-LAUREAT—— For, in his [*Advice to*
the Sons of Parnassus] he there says,

“ Don Projectero still in vain,
 “ Plagu’d with the Wind-mills in his Brain,
 “ By Scribling strives to raise Himself
 “ Unto the Lawrel, and to Pelf.

For this Reason he is always talking of Dryden,
 Congreve, and New Poems, &c. For tho’ he knows no-
 thing, he wou’d not have the World know so much.—
 Or if he have any Wit, he wears it as Bravo’s do
 their Swords, to mischief and offend others, not as
 Gentlemen, to defend themselves—— In a Word,
 He’s a meer Empty Fellow; and tho’ he talk

G g

much

much of the *Question Oracle, Learning, and Athenian Catechisms*,
(a) he learns all from Talking; Two Encounters with the
same Man Pumps him, and then he only puts in, or
(GRAVELY) says nothing—— In a Word, his
New Years-Gift shews he has taken Pains to be an *Ass*,
tho' not to be a *Scholar*; and where he is known,
his POEMS are banter'd and laugh'd at——

Gentlemen—— having given *Wi——*'s Character
as a *Poetaster*, I shall next consider him as a *PER-
FUMER* (or Master of Half a Dog-hole in *L—d—n
H——l——S——t*)—— And here I shou'd
tell the World, He has been *A Printer* (b)—— *A
Salesman*—— *A Taylor*—— *A Pattern-Drawer*——
A Jack of all Trades—— But he thriv'd in none,
and broke of all: So that he stinks in the Nostrils of
all he dealt with. 'Tis true, he endeavours to *Sweeten
his Credit* again with *Perfume and Clash-balls*; (c) but
he stinks so Rank of the *Poetaster*, he'll B——ke
again with an *ILL SMELL*: For in *Jack Wi——*
The *Perfumer* and *Poet* are Synonymous Terms; and he
that *SETS UP FOR A POET* Sets up for a
Beggars. (*Wi——* a Poet, then *Wi——* a Beggars!)
His Mind to him a Kingdom is, but 'tis a Kingdom
wanting *Form and Matter*.

*When Beadle Death does him at last attend,
Let him go where he will, in this he's sure to mend,
Death kindly House and Land provides him, more
(Besides the Cage) than e'er he had before.
Thrice miserable they, whom Want and Fate
Eternal Mumpers made at Learning's Gate;
Their Souls indeed they Cram with Notions High,
But let poor Colon live by Sympathy:
To Honourable Beggars they give Place,
Lean Younger Brothers of the Lowly Race.*

(i) *Wi——*'s *New-Years-Gift*, P. 6.

(b) Or if he want a Printer, he intended to be so.

(c) The Trifles he now Sells.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 51

But to proceed in my Account of Wi—— as he's (now) a SWEETNER in L——d——n- H——.l S——t: And here I find he B——sh——tes (instead of PERFUMES) his whole Conversation.

For First, He's a meer Snake-bate, and would set Man and Wife at Dissention the first Day of their Marriage, and Children and Parents the last Day of their Lives.

He's Old Dog at Sc——ing of Mutton, his very Courtship and Wedding was T——ft; and where he can't Int——gue, he'll be sure to make Mischief. To prove this, consult the Angry Vintner in T——loy Street, or his Satyr on my Chaste Wife, in his New-Years-Gift, P. 7. Nor will Innocence ever be safe, or Conversation Honest, 'till such as he leave the World the shortest way. (I mean, 'till he's fairly Hang'd.)

And as for making of Mischief, so for Lying and Slander, (all the High-flights this Poet can call his own) commend me to Jack Wi——. He tells the World, "That I shall pay D——y — M——ls —— and "H——l, the Shortest Way, and that my whole Estate "lies in Reversion——. Whereas, D——y has given a Receipt in full —— M——ls (the Second Attacher) is wholly paid——. And H——t was offer'd (a) Ten Shillings f' th' Pound, and refus'd to take it, as not doubting of Full Payment —— Or had I been as Poor and Needy as this E——k——n Salesman, &c. would represent me, yet Wi—— shou'd have been the Last shou'd have made it known; for his PERFUMES stink so much, no Printer will trust him with Two Farthings; and therefore he might well cry (b)

- " As poor as any Howlet still,
- " A Curse than doth attend the Quill;
- " Hence Buttocks bare look thro' my Breecher,
- " Which more abound in Rags than Riches.

(a) By a Stranger to me.

(b) In his New-Years-Gift, P. 5, 6.

Gentlemen, en't this a SWEET FELLOW, to tell my Printers, &c. "I shou'd ne'er pay 'em? When 'tis thought his whole Estate (either in PERFUMES, or beyond the Skies (a)) won't pay for that Doggrel Poem Entituled *A Hymn to Money*—— for of 1500 Printed, he never Sold an Hundred; so that (for certain) his Printers can never expect a Farthing—— And 'tis well if his *Very Porter* be ever paid: For, after Hawking a whole Day his *Hymn to Money*, left him so bare of CASH, that he did not sell enough to pay his Porter for his Day's Work—— No wonder then he tells his Readers [in his *New-Years-Gift*, P. 8.]

"The Old Year's gone, the New Year's come,
"My Tatters scarce will hide my Bum.

But amongst other of his *Shipwracks*, he hath happily lost *Shame*; and this want supplies him in his *Step*, *Trade*, *Cloaths*, *Diet*, &c.—— But tho he has *Home-spun Impudence*, (b) and can harp enough for his Back and Belly; yet were his Debts honestly paid, he has not a Rag to cover his Nakedness, but must (had he as much Innocence) live as they did in *Paradise*.

"Who then wou'd follow that damn'd Trade,
"By which he's Fool and Beggar made? (c)

Then *Wi*—— (for now my Resentment's over, I'll do thee all the Service I can) in meer Compassion to thy *W*——*k*——*n* Circumstance, I recommend to thee, to follow thy own Advice to the S O T. (d)

(a) See his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 7.

(b) 'Tis a Phrase of his own, in his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 2.——

(c) See his *Hymn to Money*. P. 7.

(d) See *Wi*——'s *Hymn to Money*. P. 14.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 53

" Or beg, or starve, which you like best,
 " In Aged Rags and Tatters dress;
 " Or else in stinking Jail mayst lie
 " Till freed by D——b's Charity.
 " Or if so be thou lo'st Command,
 " Boldly upon the High-way stand,
 " Break open Houses, learn to dive,
 " Some Men by Theft and Sharping live;
 " And at the worst thou'lt have this Hope,
 " To mount to Heaven by the Rope.

Our Poetaster (for Grub street Wits are usually as Conceited and Proud as they are Poor and Base) will think this but a Course Complement; but I look upon Plainness as the best Dress for Truth: And sure our woud-be-Laureat won't give Advice that he won't take. However, I have fairly prov'd him——
 A Rhiming—— B——k——n—— Slandering——
 Lowly, Scoundrel, (alias PERFUMER:) Or if he denies this, I'll tye him up to our next Whipping-Post, and then prove it—— But why do I talk of answering such a WRETCH? For he's below my very Porter's Correction, and will disgrace (even) Newgate it self, when he's sent thither for his Fulsom Libels and SLIPPERY PRANKS.. (a)

Thus (Gentlemen) I have largely prov'd that Wi—— [who sent Advice to the Sons of Parnassus (b)] is as Poor and Base in his Trading as he is in his Rhiming Capacity— He only Buys and Sells (when he dares be seen) to ruine himself and to w——ng others—— In a Word, He's a poor, silly, B——ken Pedler, that meerly Cumber the Ground; and will be only able to render this Account (of his Life and Rhimes) when he comes to die, That he was as long a dying as he did live.

(a) See his New-Years-Gift, P. 7.

(b) 'Tis the Name of a Poem, wherein he abuses Sir Barth—— G—— Sir Charles D—— De
 Foe, Tutchin, Dunton, and several others. Gentle

Gentlemen, having wip'd off all that DIRT that Wi—— and my other Enemies have flung at me, I do now in this *Living Elegy* (*what I do every Night before I sleep*) forgive all the Damage they ever did me: Even that Person that forc'd me (*under a Pin*) to pay 3*l.* for that which other Men wou'd have thought Nobly Rewarded at 20*s* (a) does not miss of my (Nightly) and Hearty Forgiveness. And I find the Injur'd *Taichin* follows the same Practice; for [in his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 95.] he there says, "*I can pass by a Thousand Indignities and Affronts offer'd by so mean a Scoundrel as the Author of The Rehearsal.*" And to shew he forgives all his Enemies, [In his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 94.] he further Adds, "'Tis the Property of all good Christians to die in Charity with all Men; and as they Launch into Eternity, [and what is Sleep but a sort of Dying?] to forgive even their Enemies—— which I do in so Hearty a manner, that I never close my Eyes (or sleep) in Malice, or rise with the Thoughts of Revenge—— And if I have ever wrong'd any Person my self (either in *Thought, Word, or Deed*) I as Heartily ask their Pardon as I here give them mine.— Or if we must Quarrel at the Bar to please our Clients, (*alias* Readers) yet I hope we do afterwards forgive, and embrace each other when we meet at the Tavern to drink a Health to the QUEEN and our Healing Parliament. Sure I am, however we Expose each other in PRINT, if we live in Malice we are much too blame; for 'tis the Duty of all Men to receive the Sacrament. (*He that denies this, renounces his very Baptism, and does as 'twere say, He desires Christ may be quite forgotten: Or at least does not consider, he that forsakes every KNOWN SIN, but more especially*

(a) Yet I'll pay even this Debt October the 10th, 1708. (the Time set to even with all the World) if the Person to whom I gave a Note for the Money, (after considering of it 'till that Time) thinks he may receive it with a good Conscience.

PRIDE

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 55

PRIDE and MALICE is fit to receive the Communion.) Then (as 'tis in our Litany) "From Malice and all Uncharitableness Good Lord deliver us. For the Sacrament tends "to the increasing our Love one to another—— It is a Feast of Love at our Father's Table, and the Guests are Brethren: Here are all the Engagements to Love set before us: The Love of our Lord, and his express Commandment, John 13. 34. We cannot well chafe but pity our Brother's Infirmitis, and pardon each others Faults, when we see how much God hath pitied our Miseries, and how Graciously he hath pardoned our Offences; our Animosities will be abated, and our Thoughts of Malice and Revenge will die. A Sense of the Pardon of all our Sins, Happiness procur'd, and Death and Hell conquer'd, will swallow up all our little Picques and Displeasures, and so fill us with the Thoughts of Gratitude and Love, that we shall forget our Enmities, and embrace our Foes, and shed abroad our Kindness upon all about us; yea, and extend it to all the World, in Prayers and good Wishes. And certainly, this Spirit of Charity is a most Divine Temper, and a great Happiness; 'tis a Sweet, Serene and Pleasant Thing, a Reward to it self if there were no other; whereas Envy and Malice, and all the Degrees of them, are an Hell and Torment to the Soul; they are great Sins, and their own Punishment.

Surely, if these Things were considered, all Men wou'd frequent the Sacrament, and we shou'd have no more Slandering Spies—— Abusive Moderators—— Spiteful Whipping-Posts—— Lying Rehearsals—— Revengeful Dialogues, or Scandal Clubs—— But, however ready we are to quarrel, yet I hope we are as ready to forgive, and love as Brethren—— For my own part, having done my self Publick Justice, (for the Publick Wrongs I receiv'd) I am willing to lead the Way in a Hearty Forgiveness of all my Enemies; but (as was said before) "Self-Defence is the Law of Nature, and a Man ought no more to be Passive under the Murderer of his Reputation than of his Life—— And for that Reason I prove H—— a K—— and W—— a

Scoun.

Scoundrel—— And (as a Piece of Justice to my self and all that trust me) condescend so far as to answer *The Moderator*—— *Spy*—— *Whipster*—— *M*——

(and the other *Hackneys* that wrote against me) But to what Purpose do they Attach my Person or Credit?

For, *The Little Review* (my Private and worst Enemy) by Apeing my *Question-Project*, only got an Opportunity to shew his Teeth; or could he have *B I T*, (i. e. stol'n my Project) I had Teeth growing in *Bow-lan* *Enfield*, *St. Albans*, (a) shou'd have bit through *HIS Athenian Club*, (consisting only of the *Learned*, *Wise*, and *Honest D—— F——*) and all the *S A T Y R S* he ever Publish'd——

*Thus Interlopers do betray
Their Bad Success the Shortest way*

The Moderator (my dull Enemy) after all his Noise of promoting Peace, (and his Papers selling) went out with a Stink and a Lye in his Mouth.

The Wandring Spy (my Third Attacher) was Arraign'd for a Beastly Fellow, and his *Lowd Spy* (to use a Word of his own) became *INVISIBLE*, in a Literal Sense.

Drunkn D——s (my Reeling Enemy) has Interlop'd so long with my *Whipping-Project*, that a *London Jury* have found him (and his Tacking Master) guilty of Writing and Printing Scandalous Libels; and (if he have Justice done him) has *WHIP'D* himself into the Pillory.

The London Post (my *R——* in Enemy) is prov'd a *K——* and *C——*, by *Dr. Partridge*, and his useless and *T——* in Paper is suppress'd for want of Receivers.

The Rehearsal (my Tacking Enemy) tho' he continues to Scribble at present, yet may soon expect the Fate of a Rebel, (that is, to Expire at *Tyburn*) and to have his *Bowells* and all his *Rehearsals* burnt——

(a) From January the 9th, 1697.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 57

S——l (my Turn-coat-Enemy) 'tis said is run *Dis-tracted*; or if he be'n't, 'tis what he is to expect, for whispering Lyes to our HE- (or G——y) FRIEND, and for defaming the Noncons. — This BROKEN LEVITE has writ at least Twenty or Thirty Books, but what they are, he does not desire DUNTON shou'd discover, nor will he (tho' the Wrong he did me was Base and Private) without just Provocation.

M—— (my Ungrateful Enemy) as a just Judgment upon her, has now neither Books nor *Moderators*, &c. to Publish; and (after all her BOUNCE) can hardly pay 2 s. 6 d. i' th' Pound.

And Wi—— (my Grub-street Enemy and M——'s Poet) is now so far from writing of *Hymns* and *Satyr*s, that no Printer in Town will trust him.

And the same Fate has attended my *Dublin Enemies*, but *I scorn to Triumph over Men in Distress*: And for that Reason my other ATTACHERS shall be conceal'd, (that is) if they'll grow *Honest*, and forbear Slandering a Person that never wrong'd 'em.

But cou'd I *Refine my self to an Angel*, or were as free from K——ry as those in *Paradise*, there's some in the World (cou'd it save 'em *Two Pence*) wou'd rail at me; for you know Gentlemen (*I wish you did not*) I'm guilty of the SIN of being in Debt; and 'till the Sun shines, [*I mean 'till October the 10th, 1708.*] I must pass for a *Poor Fellow* (alias K——) as the Vulgar think and generally call such as are not able to pay their Debts; which makes me to remember the Opinion of the *Chinenses*, who hold *Men's Poverty* for an *Infalible Mark* of their *Sins*. But (*my Generous Friends*) you are Men of a better Principle; not (if I may presume to use the Words of the *Princess Sophia* (a)) "*That I judge of People's Friendship for me, by the good Words they give me*"; but your Friendship (*Gentlemen*) is *Generous Actions*: And therefore I hope won't take it amiss that I only visit you in this Letter: For,

(a) In her Letter to his Grace the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury

as I said at first, *Debt has been the Aversion of my whole Life.* And I had much rather endure a Prison than to See any Person I owe Money to, 'till I am able to pay him——

This is *The Living Elegy*; (or *Mournful State of my present Case*) but it is meet with any Ill Treatment, as I do not deserve it, so I do not value it; for (*Gentlemen*) I write this *Elegy* to satisfy you, and to please my self: And I am sure I shall have my End in the Latter, whatever I have in the Former. But for all others, they are *Dock-Mourners*, (*alias Summer-Friends*) and may go about their Business, for I neither value their Censure, nor shall court their Favour — FAVOUR! I might be a little Satyrical on that Word; but as M—— said (*when she Loo'd her Beagles to Attach my Books, being aham'd to be seen in it her self*) — A Word to the Wife is enough—— But I shan't enlarge, for I have as little Reason to humour the Criticks as Wi—— had to be M——'s *Setting Dog* (I mean to offer in Person to Attach my Books) — However, this *Hatchless Impudence* (*I call it so, as I ow'd him nothing, and scarce know him*) justifies the Character I gave him in P. 47. and plainly shews Wi—— M—— H——l and M——'s *Pist all in a Quill.*

And here (*Gentlemen*) perhaps 'twill be said (for Creditors have Reason to look into the Lives and Souls of their Debtors) — *Dunon, we find you have Enemies in all Religions, [L——y is High-Church—— The Moderator Low-Church—— The Whipster No Church—— S——ge a Tacker—— F—— a Dissenter—— M—— a Trimmer, &c.]* — Then what are you that oppose 'em all? —

To this I answer, (a) “ My Religion is [CHISTI-
“ AN,] I mean, entirely disencumber'd of all those
“ Names, and Sects, and Parties, that have rais'd
“ so much Dust and Noise, and have done the greatest
“ Prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The

(a) *As I formerly hinted in my Idea of a New Life.* P. 2.

“ World,

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 59

" World, 'tis true, has given me that Partial and Pre-
 " cise Name of **Presbyterian**, which I renounce for
 " ever; and take this Opportunity to tell those **Strait-**
 " **Lac'd Souls**, who are for fixing Bounds and Enclo-
 " sures in the Flock of Christ, that I am neither Church-
 " man, *Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, &c.*
 " That Title is the best, and sufficient for me, which
 " obtain'd at *Antioch* under the *Christian Dispensation*: I
 " desire no Character for the Future, but— **CHRISTI-**
 " **AN** ——— A Lover of *Jesus*, and one that intends
 " for Heaven and Happiness in the Life to come; and
 " 'tis of small Moment with me, whether a Malignant
 " World will allow me this Measure of Charity: My
 " Right to the Covenant of Grace, and my Eternal
 " Interests, have no Dependance upon *Ill Nature and Envy*.

This (*Gentlemen*) is the Religion, (call it what you
 please) that I desire to live and die in; and whilst
 others wrangle for this or that Party, or way of Wor-
 ship, I desire to practice it: But tho' (as I said before)
 " My Religion is entirely disencumber'd of all those Names
 " and Parties which promote Divisions, and as 'twere,
 pine and snivel **Right Christianity** into a bare
 Skeleton, yet I profess my self an Impartial Lover of
 all good Men; (by what Names soever dignify'd and dis-
 tinguish'd) and do presume every Man to be Good, 'till
 I find him otherwise ——— I have as little Zeal about
 Things that are manifestly **Indifferent** (either *Pro* or
Con) as any Man in the World, and chuse to reserve
 it for those Things which are truly worthy of it. — 'Tis a
 great Principle with me, that the **Real Differences**
 of Good and Intelligent People are not so wide as they
 seem; and that thro' **Prejudice** and **Interest**, they do
 many times contest about Words, whilst they do Heartily
 think the same Thing ——— And this, in Answer to
 the Question [*What are you?*] is **Dunton's Religion**,
 or the *uncommon Principles upon which he hopes to be sav'd.* (a)

(a) By **Uncommon Principles**, I only mean such as
 are seldom believ'd, and more rarely practis'd.

This is also the Title of a *Large Essay* intended for Publick Views wherein are so many *Theses* different from what is generally believ'd and practis'd, as will make L——y (and my other Enemies) say, *Dunton* had rather err by himself, than hold a Common Truth—— However, I shall advance nothing in this *Essay* but what really are (or I take to be) *Orthodox Truths*; and such on which I intend to venture my Soul and Eternal Happiness—— But I won't anticipate my own Design, [*In this New Scheme of Religion*] having said enough at present to satisfy all my Friends, (and I hope my Enemies too) of what Religion I am, or shou'd be. —Gentlemen, I hope I have fairly prov'd, that as to my *Morals*, I am (or shall be) an *Honest Man* as soon as I get Money: And that *Dunton's Religion* is such (did he seriously practice it) as will bring me to Heaven at last—— I know a *System of Healing Principles*, &c. will be banter'd by L——y and the High-Flyers; but *Moderation* to such as Dissent from us, is what all Men own to be Reasonable, and with they had practis'd on a *Death-bed*; for then Persons are *Open and Plain-Hearted*, find themselves as Fallible as other Men, and dare not Depart in Malice to the *Serious Christian* of any *Perswasion*—— This made King *WILLIAM* declare with his last Breath, “*That he dy'd a Christian of a Comprehensive Charity*——” This with every *Serious Mind* must surely have a much greater “and better Sound, than to have said, *I die in the Enclos'd Communion of one or other Party, or Denomination of Christians*——” Nor do I see how any one can safely leave the World, however they make a shift to live in it, without *A Charity* that reaches to all *Serious Christians* under whatever *Distinguishing Name* they pass. And let others confine their Candour and Communion within *Narrower Limits*, if they dare; but I cou'd never hope to be joyn'd to the *General Assemblée and Church Above*, if I shou'd willingly, and out of Choice, cut off myself from any Part of the Body, or refuse upon truly *Catholick Terms*, to hold *Communion* with 'em: And upon this very Principle it is, that many *Protestant Dissenters* do, and may justify both their *Occasional Communicating* with the *Church of England*, so call'd, and their not daring to do it constantly (a)——

L——y and D——ke may banter this *Moderation*, &c. as much as they please, yet I don't fear (if my *Morals* are good, and my *Religion* as Sincere and Charitable as here describ'd) but I shall meet all such Persons in Heaven that practice this *Healing Doctrine*: And here all the Debt will be LOVE. For, as *Herbert* says,

*All we know of the Elest'd Above,
Is that they Sing, and that they Love.*

Having in this *LIVING ELEGY* briefly (and Publickly) Lamented

1. The Death of a Flourishing Trade

(a) See my *New Practice of Piety*. P. 54.

2. The

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 61

2. The Character and Ingratitude of those *Summer-Friends* that carel'd me as long as the World finil'd.

3. The Spiteful and ungrateful Treatment of M—— that wou'd have blasted my *Credit* with Printers and Stationers.

4. The Little or No-Religion and Honesty that has appear'd in the Lives and Writings of *The Moderator*—— *Spy*—— *Whipster*—— *Rehearsal*, &c.

And as this *Elegy* has wept over, and fairly answer'd these *Impious Wretches*, so in Answer to this Question, [*What are you?*] I have briefly shewn what *Religion* and *Justice* ought to be found in my Conversation: But having Publickly treated on these Heads, the Criticks are now desir'd to withdraw a little, whilst I have some *Private Discourse* with my *Few and Generous Creditors*——

Then (*Gentlemen*) A Word in your Ear, and I'll then dismiss you with this Prayer. "That God wou'd bless all your Affairs, and make up the Disappointment you have met with on my Account, (for that's all you can call it) in the Quick and Full Payments of your other Debtors—— But to the Word in your Ear!

Perhaps you'll ask, *Who do you mean by the a l. — B — l; S — l F — W — P — s L — y H — S — u D — y — C — r M — Wi — &c?*

I Answer—— I mean *no Body* but those that wince; and if any such DARE appear, I am ready and able to make Good every Word that is here Publish'd.

Thus (*Gentlemen*) have I finish'd my *Living Elegy*: (Or all the Words of Comfort your Poor Debtor can give at present) But seeing in all *Elegies*, *Verse* is rather expected than *Prose*; and that in a Fit of the Stone, &c. I scarce know whether I live or die, A *Rhiming Elegy* is the most proper Conclusion of this Letter——

My Body is besieg'd with *The Rheumatism*, *Scurvy*, and *Consumptive Cough*, &c. (which shews Death is not far off) But in a Fit of the Stone, I actually stand (as *Aaron* once did in the Camp) betwixt the *Living* and the *Dead*. And whilst I reflect on my self, I find I participate of both. So that if a *Rhiming Elegy* was ever proper (for a *Living Person*) 'tis so for me; not only as it justifies the Title of this Letter, and shews I have *one Foot in the Grave*, but as I was *Born seemingly Dead*: ('Twas thought I was *Lug'd* out of my *Natural Cell* into my *Grave*.) And I cou'd have been content, had I had no more than the *Register*, or *Sexton*, to tell the World that I had ever been. However, I may venture to say, That from the first laying of these *Mud-walls* in my Conception, they have moulder'd away, and the whole Course of Life is but an *Active Death*: Nay, every Meal we eat, is as it were a *Ransom* from one Death, and lays up for another; and while we think a Thought, we die; for the Clock strikes, and reckons on our Portion of *Eternity*: Nay, we even form our Words with the Breath of our Nostrils, and we have the less Time to live (*won't we dead already*) for every Word we speak.

I say it again, (*want we dead already*) for I have undertook to prove (a) what we call *Life* is *Actual Death*; or at best I am but *Half alive, and half dead*; for Half my Body (by Reason of the Stone, &c.) is dead, and hath already taken Seisin of the Grave for me: And all my Friends (that Hour I grew Unfortunate) dy'd. So that if I wou'd adhere to the greater Number, (as many do in Factions) I must repair to the Dead, if I en't with em already, for my Habitation (my Body) moulders apace, and the very Top and Cover (my Thatch above) turns Coldur, grows Grey, and withers —

So that you see (Gentlemen) not only my *Civil Death*, (by Reason of Debt) but my Crazy (and Dying) Body calls for a *Living Elegy*: And so that Reason, as I have written a *Living Elegy* (in Prose) on my *Civil Death*, so I'll conclude this Letter with a POEM on The Arrest of *Natural Death*, which *Dunton* (did my Creditors forgive all I owe them) can never scape.

[Dunton's Living Elegy in Verse.] *Death is my House, for I perceive I have*
In all my Life ne'er dwellt out of a Grave.
The Womb was (first) my Grave, whence (since I rose,
My Body (Grave-lik-) doth my Soul enclose;
That Body (like a Corps with Sheets o'er spread)
Dying each Night, lies bury'd in my Bed;
O'er which my Spreading Tetter, Large Extent
Born with Carv'd Antiques, makes my Monument.
And o'er my Head (perchance) such Things may stand
When I am quite run out in Dust and band.
My close-Low-builded Chamber, to my Eye,
Shows like a little Chappel; where I lie,
While at my Window pretty Birds do ring
My Knell, and with their Notes my Obits sing.
Thus, when the Day's vain Fo'l my Soul has weary'd,
I in my Body, Bed, and House lie bury'd;
Then have I little Cause to fear my Tomb,
When this (wherein I live) my Grave's become.

Then Crazy Dunton, why dost take such Care
To lengthen out thy Life's short Calendar?
Each dropping Season, and each Flower does cry,
John, as I fade and wither, thou must die.
The beating of thy Pulse when thou art well,
Is but the Tolling of thy Passing Bell.
Night is thy Hearse, whose Sable Canopy
Covers alike Deceased Day and Thee;
And all those weeping Dews which Nightly fall,
Are but as Tears shed for thy Funeral.

(a) *Is a Paradox Entituled The Funeral of Mankind: Or, an Essay proving we are all Dead and Buried, &c.*

whilst

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 63

*Whilst thus I musing lay, to my Bed-side
 (Attir'd in all his Mourning Pride)
 The King of Terrors came;
 Awful his Looks, but not Deform'd and Grim,
 (He's no such Goblin as we fancy him)
 Scarce we our selves so Civiliz'd and Tame.
 Unk nown the Doom assign'd me in this Change,
 Tho' justly I might fear Heaven's worst Revenge,
 Yet with my present Grief's redrest,
 With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds posselt,
 Inflam'd with Thirst of Liberty,
 Long loo'd, but ne'er enjoy'd by me,
 I sw'd for Leave the Fatal Gulf to pass.
 My Vital Sand is almost run,
 And Death, said I, will strike anon.
 Then to dull Life I bid a long Farewel,
 And stretch'd for Flight—— But as the last Grains fell,
 Death fail'd a my Flatter'd Hopes, and turn'd the Glass.*

But (Gentlemen) this is but a *Living Elegy*, for my Soul and Body en't yet parted; or if they were, shou'd you put a *Bag of Guineas* into my Hand, I shou'd let it fall; or cou'd you give me *Sampsil*, (a) 'twou'd be too heavy to carry to the other World, for you'll see (*when I die in Earnest*) that my Eyes are clos'd, and I observe nothing——

Gentlemen—— I have nothing further to Add, but to tell ye again (at parting) [*October the 10th, 1708.*] I shall pay you every Penny I owe you; and that I am, till then (and for ever)

From the *Athenian*
 (alias *Smith's*) Coffee-
 House, in *Stocks-Market*,
 April the 10th, 1706.

Your much Oblig'd,

And very Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

(a) The Name of a Good Estate which my Honoured Mother once offer'd to secure to me, by a Writing under her Hand, which I refus'd to take, as not doubting but she'll perform her Promise of giving it to me and my Wife, after her Death.

Five BOOKS lately Published, viz.

1. THE Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London, written by himself in Solitude; with an Idea of a New Life: Wherein is shewn, how he'd Think, Speak, and Act, might

BOOKS lately Published.

might be live over his Days again: Intermix'd with the New Discoveries the Author has made in his Travels Abroad, and in his Private Conversation at Home. Together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons now Living in London, &c. Digested into Seven Stages, with their Respective Ideas. To this Life is prefix'd the Author's Speaking Picture, Drawn by himself. Price Bound 5s.

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